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There is no end to this one-sided tune,
It goes forever on, like rippling streams.
Telling of lovely things that passed too soon,
Of rude awakening from youthful dreams.
It tells of love unanswered, and of war,
Of melancholy days too full of pain;
The care young lives and rising hopes to war,
Of sentences and true remorse but vain.
It tells of death that comes chill, not to lend,
And of the crumbling, wasting touch of time,
And so he plays his song without an end,
His sad sweet music with no end nor rhyme.

POWERS IN RESERVE

The man to depend on is the one who
has power in reserve. A person may be
able to play well his part on the stage of
life when everything goes smoothly and
all is harmony, but the one who can
meet emergency, who can transmute calamity into
greatness, is the man worth while.

This is possible only to him possessed of powers
in reserve. Napoleon said, "Providence is always on
the side of the last reserve."

A tree on a cliff may easily endure the gentle
breezes of springtime and summer, but it needs power
in reserve to withstand the furious blasts of winter.
This it gains by sinking its roots deep into the earth
and entwining them about the solid rock. So we in
times of crisis stand or fall by our reserve power.

The young apprentice may incline towards apply-
ing himself no more than is actually necessary for the
time. The student is taught to prepare a lesson no
better than will warrant a full recitation. He may be
content with a passing grade for his term's work, and
thus they limit their attainments in life by a lack of
power in reserve.

Student-life is the opportunity for the accumula-
tion of this latent energy. It is the knowledge, ex-
perience, character and the mental and moral wealth
acquired during our college life that will count in after-
life, when times of severe testing come. This we
will learn to our chagrin or satisfaction.

A reserve force collected in times of opportunity
has brought fame to many a man, when an occasion
THE DEMON IN WHITE

Very railroad has its hoodoo car. If there is an accident the hoodoo car is there. If there is a fault in the track or trestle, that car always takes the plunge. The Mason Valley Traction Company was no exception to the hoodoo rule, and No. 49 was the car. Old hands refused to run her, but as she was the finest car in the sheds, the company succeeded in keeping her on by manning her with new employees unprejudiced by superstitution. Some thought the car’s luck would change when Lucky Jack Harter and his Gray were promoted from the shops to 49, but the old hands shook their heads, saying that 49 was hoodooed and no power on earth could break the mystic charm.

Jack Harter was a dare-devil, and the mystic hoodoo connected with 49 only made him more desirous of acting as her conductor.

But even his phenomenal luck seemed unable to overcome the hoodoo of 49. On the night of the first run, while descending the Danub grade, Widow Lee’s son was killed. At this point the track descends into a valley, and then up a steep grade. The rule of the road is to gain sufficient momentum on the down grade to carry the car fast on the up grade. Young Lee had not heard the car, and had been carried home to his frantic mother a horribly mutilated corpse. 49 had received her taste of blood. The old hands begged Jack to give 49 up.

"Prairid of a hoodoo! Not much," was his indignant reply. "Bob said I will run 49 if she runs into h—l for a terminal."

Two weeks later the operator at telegraph station No. 5, on the M. V. T. R. R., is drowsily indulging in waking dreams. It is eleven o’clock and No. 49, the last car, is due at 11.45. Suddenly his attention is attracted by a strange message flashing over the wires.

"No. 49 running away. Can’t stop." It is No. 7 signaling station No. 6; then No. 6 calls No. 5; No. 5 calls No. 4 with the same message; then No. 4 signals him.

"No. 49 running away; clear track. For God’s sake—"

The instrument ceased speaking. The operator listens for so more, but rushes to the door. For several minutes he peers out into that Tartarren blackness. The wind is howling through the pines and tossing the creaking branches of the oaks. The wires are humming dizzily. The dizzying rain with angry swash is dashed by the roaring wind against the station. Then he hears the faint hum on the rails of the approaching car. Dimly, through the blinding rain, he sees the distant light. Nearer! Comes, flashing its brilliant light against a wall of blackness, and running at break-neck speed. Nearer! The operator can see the face of the motorman. He is hollering forward as if scanning the track, but the eyes are fixed and glassy, and the wind is streaming his hair as the car rushes on in its mad race. Now the car is in front of the operator. What screams of mortal agony reaches his ear like the cries of the tortured on thequisition rack, and then, horrors! he sees the figure of a demon clad in white, with long silvery hair covering her shoulders, a look of fiendish glees on her witch-like countenance, mingling shouts of derision
with those screams of deathly anguish. The operator rushes back, repeats his message, and faints on his desk.

But 49 continued her mad career until she was turned on a siding and her trolley disconnected. Slower and slower she was impelled by her wild momentum. Slower and slower and stopped. The door of 49 was found reeking with human gore. Lucky Jack Harter's life's blood was ebbing through a wound in the shoulder. By his side lay a knife and a revolver, one of whose cartridges had been discharged. The window of the front door was shattered by a bullet, and the motorman, like a marble statue, was leaning over the motor with glassy eyes and fixed stare; one hand on the motor, the other on the brake-himself a lifeless corpse. 49 had run her race, with Death as her crew and Murder her passenger.

A physician declared Harter's wound not necessarily fatal. He was conveyed to a hospital. Medical skill triumphed in the struggle for life, and daily Harter regained strength.

But how changed! He shrank from visitors. His eyes were fixed on space in fearful perpetual stare. The muscles of his face were distorted like one who had met a fiend face to face, and lived with that sight engraved on his soul. In two weeks he was sufficiently strong to appear on trial for the murder of Robert Gray.

It was the most unique trial in criminal history. The prisoner refused to converse with anyone. He even refused his lawyer, whom his friends had retained for him. The prosecution wove a damning web of circumstances around him. The revolver was produced. One cartridge was discharged. Two showed the print of the hammer. Hence it was clear that Harter had murdered Gray, and as the revolver had failed him in his attempt at suicide, he had used his knife. The evidence of operator No. 3 was ridiculed as an hallucination. The motive was the convenient one of jealousy. Gray was to have married a girl to whom both had paid court. The jury was out nearly an hour and returned the verdict of guilty.

"Prisoner, stand up."

Harter arose.

"Is there any reason why judgment of this court should not be passed on you?""

The court room was astonished at the change in Harter's face. The tension of muscle relaxed, and old time Jack Harter returned. He looked wonderingly at the assemblage and the court.

The judge repeated the question.

"Sentence," he exclaimed: "What have I done?"

"You have murdered Robert Gray."

"Not guilty, your honor," he cried. Harter had awakened from his waking sleep, and excitedly told the story of what happened on 49 that night.

"We had made up our minds, Bob and I, to run 49 until she was smashed to splinters, loodoo or no loodoo. After killing young Lee, Bob began to weaken, but I ridiculed him so much that he stopped talking loodoo. I used to think of the 200 feet every time I passed Dumb's grade. One night, by the car light, I saw a hideous figure, clad in white, standing by some bushes near the track. I thought it was an hallucination. But it appeared the second and third nights, and still I blamed my over-worked fancy. Bob was too proud to speak. On this night the car was scarcely crawling up the grade with full power on. I
sat alone in the car. There I saw the ghastly figure close to the car. It jumped on the rear platform and stood peering at me with hollow sunken eyes. In its bony fingers it clutched a gleaming revolver. At last I was in my senses. That face was the face of a raving maniac. The mad woman was already standing in the open door, with revolver leveled, about to fire. I drew my knife and rushed at her. 'Cree!' went the report of a pistol, and then two clicks. She had missed her mark. By a sudden blow I knocked the revolver from her hand. But she had the strength of a thousand devils, and struggled desperately for my knife. Slowly, with superhuman strength, she turned my wrist and drove the knife home. Screaming, I lay there, while she stood over my prostrate body with fiendish delight. Then I lost consciousness."

Harter was remanded to jail. Search was made in the neighborhood, and at the foot of Ward River trestle was found the murderous whom operator No. 3 had seen in the car.

The following notice from the Buffalo States explains the rest:

"Lunatic escaped from the Incurable Asylum. Helen Lee, dangerous. She is armed with a revolver, and intends to avenge the deaths of her son. Has been traced to Dunstion, where she was seen near the M. V. T. Co.'s tracks, where her son was killed. Liberal reward for information."

Helen Lee had avenged her son, and the hoodoo was satisfied with human blood.

Edward Guy Nellis, '05.

OPPORTUNITY

Out fate is what we make From out the solid block Of opportunity. Our life is what we do, When comes the knock Of opportunity. Let each prepare to grasp, As if it were his last, His opportunity. In an endeavor clap, In haste, for it moves fast, Fair opportunity. None but hesitate Through fear, to make the most Of opportunity, He need not sit and wait, He has irrevocably lost His opportunity.

EDWARD GUY NELLIS.
ONLY A FRESHMAN

"Just remember that you’re a Freshman, and you’re not supposed to speak unless you’re spoken to."

A group of Liberty College students was gathered in front of one of the halls, discussing an affair of some importance to the student body. Nearly all the group were upper-classmen, leaders in the college life; but here and there was a Freshman or a Sophomore, not taking part in the discussion, but listening to the talk of their elders. One of the Freshmen, Jack Alles by name, had paid strict attention to all that was being said, and his keen mind was busy with some solution of the problem. At length he offered a suggestion, a good one, too, and Blaine, the big center on the ‘varsity, answered him with the above remark.

Poor Jack—he was a little fellow and modest—was cut severely by Blaine’s remark; and deeply mortified, he tried to escape the eyes turned in his direction by shrinking behind the big arm of Brown, the guard. He knew that he had committed no sin, and yet in his desire to contribute something to the common weal, he had violated a fundamental part of the unwritten law of the college. He was somewhat consol’d by Brown, who remarked in a low voice: “Never mind him, little chap, you meant all right.”

The fall term wore slowly away. Jack Alles became more used to college ways, and soon had more college spirit, or responded quicker to such needs of his alma mater, as he could help supply. Every night found him on the “bleachers” watching the practice, and entering with spirit into every cheer and song. He watched the big fellows rush the ball down the field, and wished that he could have a part in those deeds of prowess. Would that he could show them that even though he was a mere Freshman he was not unequal to doing some difficult task.

But wishes were of no avail. Jack, while longing for great things, had, like the most of us, to content himself with the common duties of life. But, though only a Freshman as far as the student body was concerned, his influence among his own classmates deepened and broadened.

The football season came to a close with a notable victory over the perpetual rivals of Liberty. Nothing was more natural than that the event should be celebrated by a bonfire; and so it happened that all the next afternoon the campus was alive with men carrying underbrush, boxes, barrels, anything in fact that would help to increase the steadily growing pile of combustible material.

Jack was among the hardest workers. His size and strength were against him, but what he lacked in might he made up in spirit and willingness, and so from the time the first frame pole was placed in position, until the old tar barrel was hoisted to the apex of the big cone, he toiled with an eagerness that took no account of fatigue.

After supper came the big parade. First came a big carriage containing the heroes who had enduringly battled for alma mater’s glory. Who could that sight look back over a successful season, at every time of which each man had done his very best. Then after the wagon came the band, discoursing its sweetest airs,
then in order were the grave Seniors, the dignified Juniors, the gay Sophomores and the verdant Freshmen, with the inevitable crows of little orphans following behind, and running along the rocks. Thus with shout and cheer and song, with glaze of fireworks and roar of exploding powder, with toot of horn and martial note, the procession marched off the campus, over the hill, and through the applauding city.

Jack would have desired nothing more than to be a part of the parade, but he, with others, was assigned to the duty of guarding the big pile that no malicious-minded person might set it prematurely. And without a hint Jack took his post and kept it faithfully until the marchers again reached the campus, when he fell back with the crowd to view the crowning spectacle of the evening.

George Hulbert lighted the big mass of combustibles. At first there was but a little point of light, feeble and flickering, but reaching out it lapped the oil-soaked material around it, setting that ablaze, and then creeping serpent-like over and around and through the pile, with a weird blaring it plunged its fangs into the powerless prey, devouring it with ever-increasing appetite, and band and students and spectators before the flame.

The team that had drawn the players was standing opposite the big pile, and several of the men were still in the wagon. The crackling flames and the attendant confusion made the horses, powerful bay, restless; and when someone discharged a giant "cracker" in their immediate neighborhood, their terror was complete—they defied the driver and ran.

Jack Allen was standing near them. Before them was an open space of a few yards. Beyond that was a crowd of men, women and children for whom injury or death was inevitable unless—. For an instant Jack hesitated, feeling his weakness against such an array of power, but with an "I must," he flung himself at the head of the off horse.

For his size Jack was very strong in the arms, and he grabbed the bit with all his strength, but the powerful animal swung him off the ground and galloped on.

Jack clung tighter. Then he felt a terrific blow, and a sharp pain shot through his leg. Unmindful, he tightened the grip of one hand, and placing the other over the horse's nose, shut down with all his strength. The beast, snorting and tossing its head, shook off the grip and in doing so hit Jack a blow on the head. Poor Jack, feeling giddy and sick, once more got a grip on the horse's nose, and held on with desperation.

The pace slackened. Jack felt somebody at his side, and somebody else had held of the other horse. There were excited voices on every hand. Everything seemed queer and confused to Jack. A heavy mist fell over his vision. Here and there were little lights that danced off until they got ever so far away. And the ringing of bells and blowing of whistles and shouts of men and yelp of horses were all mingled in a grand confusion of sound that grew fainter and fainter and farther away. And then he was carried, ever so swiftly, away off into space.

When next Jack awoke to the world, he was in a strange place. He felt weak and sick, and his eyelids were heavy. His head pained him, and his limbs seemed to be fixed immovably. Looking through half-closed eyes he saw the next, clean room, and seve-
one with white cap and gown moving about with noiseless step. He wondered what place it was, and how he came to be there, and why he felt so tired. Again he closed his eyes, and little by little the events of the previous day came back to him and he understood.

Hearing voices above him, he opened his eyes and saw Brown and Blaine standing over him. How kind they looked, and how good it seemed to see them. Seeing he was awake, Brown took his hand and held it fondly. "We're all talking of your bravery up on the hill, to-day," he said, "and we want you to get well and come back as soon as you can."

Blaine stooped over and smoothed back the hair of Jack's forehead. There was a very tender look in his eyes. "I want to thank you, little chap," he said in low tones. "We both owe our escape from injury to you." He hesitated, then went on: "Jack, I was mean to you last fall; I want you to forgive me. It's true you are a Freshman, but some Freshmen are heroes."

A. H. W., 'OL.

---

PRESENT the spot down by the river,
Where the rushes bend and shiver,
And the boat-house stands in silent gazing alone;
Where the weeping willows bend,
Almost touch the frozen sand,
As if grieving for the pleasures that are gone.

'Neath the aged weeping-willow,
Hunt upon a vagrant herring,
Like a bent, drooping leaf of rudder and of oar;
Emblem of evil many a pleasure,
But a poor and worthless treasure,
Almost mocking now the joys that were before.

Rude the wind that shakes the elder,
Blowing from the frigid water,
All the sense a dismal spell is hanging o'er;
While the cheerless heart keeps time,
In a grim and soulless rhyme,
To the beating of the ice-dulls on the shore.

When the heart for aught is weary,
Haunts neglected, wild and dreary,
Seem to mock th' annoying arrows of the breast;
So I'll wander by the river,
Where the rushes bend and shiver,
And from rough and wild surroundings gather rest.

—R. Gold.
AN EPISODE; OR, LOVE VS. PHILOSOPHY

UNDERNEATH a large willow tree, whose drooping branches the gleaming sun robbed of their dull saffron appearance, was a singularly beautiful girl. Seated on a rustic bench, a merry brook dashed by at her feet. A lapper streamlet it was whose gentle gurgling was a merry laugh to rippled smiles. But Grace was entirely oblivious to her sylvan environs. Other thoughts occupied her attention and the little brook murmured.

The greater part of the seat encircling the knotted trunk was o'erlaid with great yellow sunbeams, which golden spots immemorable shadows designed with the varied motions of the branches. But Grace sat in the shade—fit retreat for the vexed spirit—as she mused. "What can there be in this dry old philosophy which he is always reading and never notices me enough to—? Well, I am going to find out." Impatiently she opened the huge volume she had stolen from her uncle's library, and which he had especially bought for the philosopher, his neighbor, to enjoy when spending the day with him, and curiously read.

Very soon she frowned in her perplexity. "Philosophy"— she skipped a page—"contemplation of the beautiful." Bang went the book, and she leaned her chin on her hand. "That was so nice. I just was about to read more because it might mean something else. If I'm, so that's what philosophy is. Well, how can he be so indifferent then? I know I'm pretty. I am afraid it means something else. Well, now I'll 'sophize,' and her dainty lips came together in marked decision, while a solemn look of profound thought tried to pervade upon her mood. "If he loves the beautiful—I wonder if my hair is alright; I guess I'll take this pin out. There—. And if I am pretty"—impulsively she half arrose, looked around and then sat down, saying "Oh, well, there is no harm; I am not a Narcissus," and quickly she ran to a little spring lying in a recess along the bank and for a long time critically looked at herself. She was a charming girl, looking into the eyes of one just as sweet, and she was pleased. With a fingering glance she rose and took her seat, meanwhile excusing herself thus: "I am not conceited though; just establishing my premise." Her uncle was a man fond of argument, and this use of his word often spoken in her hearing gave a dignity to her deliberation. Seated on the bench again she continued to 'sophize.' "Let me see—if he loves beauty, and if I am beautiful and I make him look at me so—why, then it follows; what follows?" A roguish smile answers. "What's that?" She quickly turns, and her head is at once basked in the sunlight, and she knew well how charming she must be, her golden hair needing only to be unrolled. There, directly opposite her, sitting on the other side of the tree, deep in thought, was the philosopher. She was pleased, mostly with herself, but with him she was vexed. "He never sees me when I am pretty. If he would only turn. Oh, dear, I might sit here forever and never be noticed." Thus she gazed at him fretted and disquieted, and at last gently called:

"Mr. Sigmund!" He did not hear her, and louder she called:

"Mr. Sigmund! Mr. Sigmund!"
"What, my dear?" he answered, still absorbed.
"It's a freezing cold day to-day, isn't it?"
"Yes, my dear," he replied.
"If I'm, I thought so," she said musingly, now, and rising, went round to him with all the grace of a charming woman.
"May I introduce myself to you? Your friend Grace," she said mockingly, with a profound salaam. Slowly he comprehended, and deliberately invited her to a seat.
"I did not see you, Miss Aphis, I guess."
"I hope so. Do you now object?"
"N-o," he said, with hesitation. A long pause followed, during which Grace's eyes were just a little teary.
"Can I do anything for you, Miss Aphis?" he asked.
"Yes. Put that book aside and listen to me."
While he reluctantly obeyed, she ran around the tree and, with an effort, brought round the big volume she had been reading, and said: "I was just reading—Mr. Sigismund," she said sharply, "I am talking—" for he had again fallen into a reverie.
"Excuse me, my dear. What book is that?"
"That's a book of philosophy."
"May I look at it a moment, dear?"
"Never. I know what that means. You just listen to me while I read." At once he was interested, and, as she was hurrying her pace, she read the last word on each page quite unconsciously, "radically—from—love—all—joy—in—Oh here—philosophy. I remember that word. Now listen, Mr. Sigismund."
"Excuse me, Miss Aphis, but who did you say was the author of that book? Now, on the contrary, perfect beatitude is the contemplation of—"
"Oh, yes, I know—the beautiful."
"But," he continued. "Loy is but a—"
"Exactly—a fruition of that contemplation," eagerly interrupted Grace.
"My dear child—"
"Mr. Sigismund, I am no child, but, on the contrary, a woman, and I do not want to be treated as a child. Look at me!" Gravely he raised his soft grey eyes to hers, and before his steady gaze her own eyes dropped down to meet a deep blank expression in her face. "Look away now, Mr. Sigismund—but anyway, I am a woman and I want you—"
"But, Miss Aphis—"
"You may call me Grace, tho'—"
"But that will confound you and the virtue of which I was about to speak."
"Well then, why not call me dear," she said demurely.
"Just as you please then, dear—"
"Why not as you please?" Again Grace's eyes swelled with tears and her lips quivered. "Can't he understand?"
"Well then, my dear..."
"Oh, but I didn't say you could use—my."
"That is so." The philosopher looked embarrassed, and glanced at his fair friend bewilderly. Slowly he moved away from her. He did not understand.
Impassively Grace rose and approached him, but he had sought refuge in his big book in which he was helplessly lost, and the appeal of her eyes, aided by
two glistening tears, was lavishly wasted. With a little sigh and a shrug of despair she turned, and with drooping head retired. From afar she looked back. The philosopher was moving farther away with awkward stealth.

R. FRANKLIN FARMER, '05.

"PURTY"

PURTY? Well, I jes reckon my wife air party. And she's a good un, too, pardner. Ye see, she was born an raised in these yere mountans like I was. She come into West Verginia with her Pap and Ma, going nigh on to seven years ago, come next September. They was purty poor, and moved into that little house down in Jos. Pate's chairin', near the old saw mill. Soon as I seen Valley I 'lowed I was goin' to marry 'er or bust a hainestring. Then sez'ral other young bloods 'round these yere parts 'gan to run around her like dogs around a rabbit-kirver. But I hauled wood all winter and a lot of bark next spring, and went to Chicago and got a crackin' new buggy, and I hooked up my old sorrel mare and took her to meetins and picnics and such like, ans' in the fall I took her birds and squirres, ans' un'st to set up late nights with her, ans' then I asked her to marry me, but she wouldn' have me unless I give up chawin', said no gentelman done it, but I warn't no gentelman, jes a mountaineer. But I thought a hainy that girl, so I didn't chew a bit till the preacher jined us together. Then what d'yee think my woman done? The first time she went to town she bought me a dozen big plunks o' "Sailor's Delight," said she jes' wanted to see how much I thought on 'er. So I been chawin' ever since, but if ever I ketch that kid o' mine pullin' twelbacker in his mouth I'll whalce the skin off on him.

M.
EXCHANGES

Perhaps half the magazines that come to the Board have an Editor's Corner or department of college philosophy, wherein the editor delivers himself periodically of the wisdom that accumulates in his grasp. Many of these studies or sketches are fair examples of college thought, but still more often represent the editor himself, blasé, excessively caudal, imbued with the learning of many pre-texts, painting with artistic scorn to the naughtiness of this wicked world. Has the wicked world already scorned his greatness? And why? "Pray, gentle shepherd, tell me why?" All great minds, perhaps, are chafed and sorrowed by the same coldness. Let us hope.

"The Two Vanevevals."

The first portent of decay is luxury. The citizen that has attained the sublimest heights of perfection is doomed by the human law of reaction to a decadence as base in appearance as was its grandeur mean at heart. Its glory is not self-supporting; it stands tottering for the nonce, supported by the inertia of its position, then impelled by the rude thrustings at its base, it falls and is shattered to a thousand fragments, and nothing remains but the dust of it to flicker in the glare of the coming era.

"College Philosophy" in the Dartmouth Magazine is an example of realism certainly not hawking to the college man. It is a record of opinions of the worldly-wise, and is undoubtedly correct. Is there anything uncanny about the surroundings of Dartmouth? One of the "weird sisters" writes a story on the "Royal Flush." This is about the fourth of this variety that has appeared in the magazine this year.

The Virginia Mag., with its eighteen pages of ads., must be a paying proposition. "Vision of Charles XI." is the second translation from Mrinée that has appeared this year. This is very creditable to the University. "His 'V'" is a good story. The poetry of this number is excellent.

The Beloarer shows great improvement. Sichel's "Madonna" is the best frontispiece of the year, with "Green River" in The Williams Lit. a "fair second."

The Charleston Mag. is a new exchange with us. It is like a twin brother to The Gettysburg Mercury. Its last number is weak in most of its departments. The January number was better. "Some Impressions of Carlyle" is its redeeming feature.

The Columbia Lit. is uniformly good, but lacks color, as does also The Red and Blue. "Romance of a Past" is well told.

The Brownian throws in a few timely remarks on the Pioero drama. At it says, nausea is its final reception. The Pioero play, "Iris," which appeared in Easton a short time ago, showed distinctly the meager strength and great unwisdom of the realistic school. "Elder Dobey's Prophet" is a caricature of an old religion, as is the "Unbelieving Cow" of a new Christian religion. They were better omitted. This magazine maintains its position at the van of the printer's art.

Morningide is a newcomer and welcome. We find in it nothing worthy of special mention, unless it is the "Complaint of Narcissus," which begins classically enough, but finds the pace too hot.
We are glad to notice the pertinent, strong-bought expressed in The Nassau Lit. editorials. To the same discussion of unanswered questions should be devoted the time that is too often spent over the "sweet nothings" of the "Editor's chair." The tone of The Nassau Lit. is sound and mature throughout.

Power.
A healthy brain, six feet from ground;
A haughty spirit, girt around with bones;
Proud eyes whose glance was full of scorn,
A will like iron, and as strong—
A man.

Yet once I saw his high head bow,
And weakness overtopp'd his brow—alas!
A dreamless was in his eye;
His will was broken. You ask why?
A las.
—C. L. R. in Armonium.

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