

“ And she,” I cried, “ what under the canopy did Alpha do ? ”

“ She—she just put her arms around my neck and did the same ! ”

Touching, did you say ? Heart-moving if you see it with my eyes ; the quiet faith she has that they are as good as engaged, the torture he goes through two or three times a week. For now, as though by inspiration, Miss Omega has relented, and wants him by her side continually. She—Alpha—has only hinted about the ring as yet ; he has a month before he will be in close quarters over it. And his total capital is fifty cents, which he borrowed yesterday from me. Assets—\$0,000—carry them as far as you wish.

So, classmates—his and mine—let’s all drop a tear for the sad fate of Senior O’Donahue—for there can be but one finish—and hope that we will all have better luck. And now your hands—a long good-bye. For he will learn of this, in time, and then—Hic jacet.

A Few of Our New Books

“ The Sign of the Two,” by Harry Chesterfield Coffeen.

“ Eight Years Under One Flag,” by H. Zuckerman.

“ Valuable Hints on How to Manage a Dance,” by W. Parker.

“ Goats : Their Habits and Peculiarities.”—Norman Riggs.