Love's Token.

DAINTY piece of linen,
A-hanging on my wall,
What pleasing, passing fancies
Back to my mind you call!

Lips so red and eyes so blue;
Face so fair and heart so true;
Long be the years ere I shall rue
I snatched thee at the ball.

Linen oft serves as a bandage
To heal the wound of a dart;
Perchance some day I'll use thee
To bind a wounded heart.

Love's Token.

My Grandfather's Ghost Story.

WHEN I was a boy I went to old Mt.
St. Mary's College, in Maryland, where
the laws were very strict. They wanted to
make us good boys, and so clipped our wings,
and we could not fly over the top of the moun-
tain, or up into apple-trees, or into neighbors'
yards by moonlight, to look at chickens sitting
on their roosts, or buxom country daughters
sitting under quiet porches, with the doors
locked on the outside and fond parents sleeping
as hard as they could inside. One rule was
very strict, awfully rigid, against this simple
virtue in which I am now indulging, with this
little, fragrant brown thing wrapped all so nicely
in tobacco leaves and christened a cigar.
Smoking at our college was high treason, and
we all thought that he who should be caught in
the act, would suffer what poor Raleigh suffered
—capital punishment. We were simple block-
heads, all of us, in that matter; for, in truth,
they did not take our heads from us, but our
cigars.

Now, I had learned to smoke when I was more
of a boy than I was then; and if I had not, the
very severity would have made me a smoker.
The village barber was the villain who was
our source of tobacco supply. The village was
three miles off, but the barber was very often
nearer to us than the village. He used to
bring us bundles of cigars, and deposit them in an
old stump at the end of the college wall; and we
would sneak and slide down to that tobacco
warehouse and fill our pockets, to smoke when
we got a chance, or on holidays, when we could
steal up into the mountains and blow our clouds
in peace, like the ancient Indians.

I once got a rich bundle of cigars from the
barber, so one day I wandered over the moun-
tain with my chum, and we got rid of a good lot
them, reserving enough for some other lucky
occasion. That occasion did not come to me,