

through with the old accustomed fervor, greatly to the delight of the spectators. But how was this rapid change from one actress to another effected? Ever nursing her old attachment, the former prima donna was accustomed to come to the opera that she might see the idol of all her fancies. When the crisis occurred, thinking only of him and his disappointment, she slipped through the stage door and behind the scenes, from which position she continued the interrupted song. As to the detail of costume her own plain dress was more or less appropriate to the part. All Hochstadt was in an uproar. The resignation of the prima donna was demanded. The Grand Duke called it a personal affront, and though he stormed a great deal about it, he finally agreed to retire the prima donna on a handsome pension. Restored once more to her old position, the young singer became once more the centre of attraction; but what she cared for much more was the love of the Director, which came back not as the mere admiration which he had given her before, but the true love of the man was laid at her feet.

About a year later the opera house was burned, and as at about the same time the Grand Duchy was confiscated by Prussia, it was never rebuilt. The Director removed to one of the large cities of Europe, where his talents gained for him a considerable reputation, while the genius of his wife became famous throughout Europe.

The Wail of a Lost Soul.

Classmates gather close around me,
Screen me from the prof's dread eye;
This exam. I'm forced to pass it,
Or, my classmates, fond good-bye.

Often, often have I struggled,
Wasted cans of midnight oil,
'Till I carefully had mastered
Poker rules contained in Hoyle.

Then I entered the arena,
Struggled, fought for red and blue,
Wasted all my shining shekels,
Left my board bill overdue.

Help me, help me, now my classmates,
In my sad and woeful lot;
If you ever hope for pardon,
Help me win this big jack-pot.

— *Trinity Tablet.*

Among the Sheep.

THE spring shearing on the ranch was over and the sheep had been turned out to recover from the effects of the necessary rough handling of the shearers and to prepare for a three days' drive to the summer range which lay on higher ground to the northward. The shearers had departed, and with them the noise and bustle, leaving the ranch in its normal quiet state, save perhaps in the extra labor of shoeing a half-dozen saddle horses for the drive. The lull of excitement was acceptable to us all for a few days, but it was not long before the younger of us would-be ranchers became restless and expectant. A few wild cows with calves straying on the scene afforded an outlet for our spirits and we soon had them in the big corral. Then followed the excitement of branding these with the comical result of us all sitting on the corral fence when the cows were released from the lassoes. The following day an order came from the city for six hundred mutton sheep, which was very agreeable to us, for it meant that the whole flock of six thousand sheep had to be searched through for the largest and fattest wethers. Bright and early next morning we were out scouring the range for the sheep, and by nine o'clock had them all collected into one huge band. These we drove along for an hour longer, till the heat of the day drove them into the shade, and there we left them; for had there been a man to every sheep, we could not have driven them any farther before the end of the afternoon. Toward the middle of the afternoon we returned to the band and succeeded in setting the sheep in motion a little while before sundown, finally reaching the corrals before darkness came on. Before sunrise next morning we began selecting the mutton sheep by the process of "legging." Several hundred of the sheep were driven from the large corral into a smaller one, a part of these then into a smaller pen still. At one end of this enclosure there was a chute some eight feet long, at the other end of which there swung a gate allowing a communication with either of