home a French concert-hall singer as my wife—and I can't do anything else.' The upshot was that I decided to leave for Paris in the morning.

"About nine next day, feeling horribly nervous, I presented myself with a bunch of forget-me-nots at her door. I stated my errand and bade her good-bye. I had never thought she cared for me, you know, and when her eyes filled with tears I began to waver, stammered, and stood still blushing like an awkward schoolboy. 'Why do you go?' she asked, in the midst of her tears, 'Why do you leave me?' 'Hélène,' said I, 'you don't understand,—I can't stay here with you,—I must go, dear.' 'No, I don't,' she sobbed; 'take me with you,' and with that she flung her warm arms about my neck and with tumultuous kisses pressed me convulsively to her heart. My brain was on fire, my hands like ice, but I made the grandest fight of my life, and gently removed her arms. 'Good-bye, darling,' was all I said, and I left her standing, tearful, sorrowful, but fairer than a poet's dream. I turned away sore at heart and sought for distraction on the Continent, but the restless gayety of France, the phlegmatic calm of Germany, the joy and light-heartedness of sunny-skied Italy alike failed in giving relief. Finally I sailed for home, reached New York the other day,—then came to see you. And now Jack, I don't know what you will think, but last night I wrote to her and asked her to—to—my pipe's out, old man, give me your hand—to be my wife."

DISENCHANTMENT.

As she sits by the open window
I pause on the steps below;
Will she sing some plaintive ditty,
Some song of long ago?
The song which floats through the gloaming
Wrings from my heart a sigh;
'Tis "Throw him down McClosky
You can lick him if you try."

A Dream.

Without the house a high wind blew;
Its sound upon my fancy grew,
And all my pleasant reveries through
A vision shone.
We stood upon the stormy shore,
We heard the raging breakers roar,
And saw the ledges boiling o'er
With seething foam.
We felt the storm wind rushing by,
We heard the frightened sea-birds cry;
Borne by the gale they labored by
Far from their home.
We saw out in the storm-torn gloom
A noble ship borne to her doom,
On sunken ledge where breakers boom
With thund'ring tone.
And as we watched the angry sea
A tender feeling came o'er me,
A wish that she might never be
Quite all alone.
I'd shield her heart with mine, and fold
Her from the wicked world and bold,
For in the bank a million cold
Was all her own.

It is said that Oxford University has expressed its willingness to send an eight-oared crew to Chicago for the World's Fair, provided it can be assured that American college crews will be there to compete.

IN OLDEN TIMES.

In olden time, when hearts were true
And eyes were black, or brown, or blue,
Beneath a blossomed apple bough
A youth and maiden sat; and how
They acted, I'll relate to you.
The sun sank low, just peeping thro'
The parted leaves (as people do),
And kissed the pretty maiden's brow,
In olden time.
The hint was plain, we must allow;
The youth not backward too, I vow;
But what forthwith transpired to view
I'll not describe; 'twas nothing new.
They acted just as we would now,
In olden time.
—The Inlander.