

though in reality it was only a little after nine, and Leah and Patty were quietly stirring fudge, and exchanging sentiments by the flickering light of a candle close to the window.

"Amasa Little!" Leah exclaimed after a moment's earnest attention. "I know his voice. Oh! isn't it too bad to let him make such a goose of himself! Couldn't we stop him?"

"Sh! Patty, you mustn't giggle," Leah pleaded, alarmed; "he'll hear you."

"Stop him! why no. This is rich; I haven't heard such a violin solo for ages. You don't appreciate what is being done. Just listen to that! The youth is putting his whole soul into it," and Patty made a dramatic gesture with her hands as the violin continued to moan and the Strephon to sigh.

"'I love thee, I love but thee—'"

"Oh! Patty, that's too much. I shall be the laughing stock of the whole school. Quick, can't we do something?"

On the window-sill stood a bottle of alcohol and a sauce pan of bright red dye the girls had been using in getting up gowns for the Senior play.

"I have it," and Leah grasped the sauce pan with determined hands.

"'With a love that will not d—i—e—'"

Splash! splash! the last chord came to an abrupt close; the serenader was heard to sputter, to gasp, then hasty steps sounded on the asphalt and all was quiet.

"Now you've done it," Patty remarked, comfortingly, eying Leah, who was scrubbing assiduously at red stains on the window-sill the next morning. "Read this," and she held out the *Bloomington Gazette*.

"Amasa Little has been forced to leave town for an indefinite length of time."

"Perhaps we've ruined his hair," Patty ventured, the corners of her mouth twitching.

"Don't fret yourself, Patty, but let's go down to Clough's and drink to his health in some good hot chocolate. I'm hungry."

"Here's life to his hair,
Here's death to his pride,
And here's to the night
When we trust they both died (dyed)."

BEULAH RECTOR, '08