

court would like to inquire, how many times did you shoot?"

"Three hundred and fifty-seven times, your Honor."

"Three hundred and fifty-seven!" ejaculated the court.

"Yes, your Honor. I counted them by the box."

"And missed him every time!"

"Yes, your Honor."

The court shook its head. Such shooting had never been heard of west of the Mississippi. The court could hardly explain it. A sudden thought struck the court. "Madam," it remarked, "where did you say you came from?"

"From Boston," said the widow modestly.

"Ah!" said his Honor. "That explains it."

And order had to be restored in the court-room.

The verdict was "Not guilty," and the jury were barely restrained from appending a vote of thanks to the defendant for ridding the State of a cuss who had earned killing forty times over. However, the court-room supplied this omission, and there was the greatest crowd ever seen in Fort Rollins to watch

Walt and the widow mount their broncos and start for the ranch.

So the widow and Walt rode home together — Walt sad and stern, and the widow wiping an occasional tear. When, after the long, silent, twelve-mile ride, they arrived at the ranch-house, Walt looked pale and resolved. Solemnly, as at the funeral of his dearest friend, he dismounted and held up his arms to the widow. Ostensibly it was to help her alight, but actually it was another sort of invitation.

"Well?" said the widow tensely, not stirring to come down.

"Of course you'll *never* marry me now," said Walt huskily. "You'll marry that Simpson."

"Why?" said the widow, strangely. "Why should I marry him and not you?"

"Because I killed Sandy when you said 'please don't again.' If I had heard it a minute sooner — but I had just fired." And Walt hid his face in his hands.

"Oh, Walt," sobbed the widow, "it was I that killed Sandy, not you; and if you are willing to marry such a woman —"

And Bob Sellick, with a good view from the corner of the corral, judged that Walt was willing.

A BOX AT THE OPERA

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

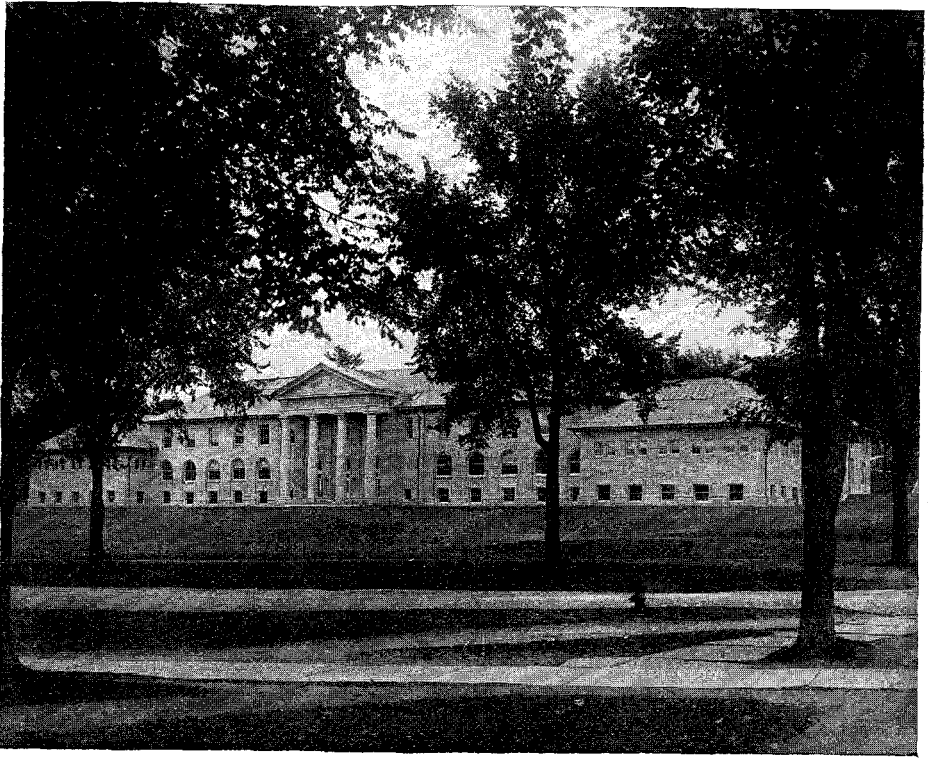
A TWINKLING feminine creature, twilight-eyed,
The glinting curve of jewels to zone her hair,
A mist-gray gown, a tremulous, eager air;

A dissolute boy, with braggadocio calm,
An eye-glass, crafty hands, the smile that sneers,
Who, as the music sobbed, stared at the tiers.

The play was "Siegfried." When the bird-song broke
Like sunlight rippling through the leafy place,
The braggadocio boy laughed low into her face.

The twilight creature started like one hurt,
And, her young twinkling face grown old and gray,
She shut her little hands and leaned away.

The music ran and leaped like nimble fire.
Brynhilde's mystic boundaries burned, wind-blown;
I only saw that soft face turned to stone.



Goldwin Smith Hall at Cornell University

GOLDWIN SMITH'S REMINISCENCES

II. THE FOUNDING OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY AND HIS INTRODUCTION TO WASHINGTON SOCIETY

I

IN 1866 I had to resign my Oxford professorship and take up my abode in my father's house at Mortimer. In 1868, after a long and most painful illness, my father came to a tragical end, in consequence of a malady which had its source in an injury received in a railway accident. I was greatly broken by this, and was some time recovering mental health and tone. Having then no very definite object in life, and having an independent income, I thought of returning to

America and further studying American history and institutions. Just then I had the good luck to come across Andrew White, who was looking out for professors for the new Cornell University, of which he had accepted the presidency. Ezra Cornell, the founder of the University, had been a labourer and had laid telegraph poles with his own hands. Having by a fortunate investment become a millionaire, he at once asked what he could do with his wealth for the public good. The Federal Government was giving each State an allotment of land-scrip to be employed in founding a place of education