

LAST NIGHT

I wandered down the river of dreams,
Out into the sea of sleep.
There many castles I have owned,
And kingdoms I could not keep.

I saw in the clouds my life unclad,
Stripped of its sorrow and pain.
I saw a life filled with joy—
Oh! I want to go back again,

But never again will I wander there,
Under the clear blue sky,
For now I am old, withered, and gray,
And now I'm prepared to die.

—J. W. C. '60

THE TREASURE HUNT

"It was rather a cold night, late in the fall, about November I'd say", the old man related. "I was only a child then; my father was the keeper of the light-house. There was a hint of snow in the air and my mother announced, as she came in from the wood-pile, her shawl wrapped around her, "There a storm a brewin' fer sure". Mother was always right about the weather and though my father said in joking that she was a witch, he always made preparations when she predicted a storm.

"After the supper grandfather told us a story or two and then we said our prayers and piled into bed. Father was outside, I remember, putting shutters on the windows, for I could hear them banging against the stone walls in the wind. My older brother John had gone up to the tower to trim the lamps, we didn't have the electric then as we do now".

The old man paused as he emptied his pipe, sucked on it, stogged it with Beaver Cut and lit it again.

"Now where was I? Oh yes. John had gone to trim the lamps; I believe I went up there once before I was twelve years old; it was really a creepy place, specially in the fall; it was dark when you went up there and the light from the lamps spread ghosts and phantoms on the walls, and the drafts of wind, besides chilling you to the bone often blew out the flame and there you were in all that blackness."

Someone moved, sort of breaking the atmosphere and was given a few dirty looks.