

his adoration his highest compliment when he compares her to the bursting rosebud blushing crimson at its own loveliness. He talks of the roses of her mouth, the rosebuds of her lips.

"A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red;
Delightful change! thus Indian iv'ry shows,
Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows,—
Or lillies damask'ed by the neighb'ring rose."

Jennie Barr seems to write from sad experience; she says:

"None pluck the rose who do not sharpest thorns discover,
And rarely love is found but keenly wounds the lover.
But none despite the roses thorns could bear to lose it,
Ah! Love may wound the eager heart but still we choose it.

Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe of San Antonio, in describing that period of woman's existence when she is most bewitchingly beautiful, and when she plays saddest havoc with masculine hearts, makes beautiful comparison with the rose.

" 'Tis not the bud, though wondrous fair,
Nor yet the full blown, regal rose;
But that rare charm, half seen, half guessed,
Unfolding from her spicy breast
A subtle fragrance on the air;
A pink flush where her sweets repose,
And slow unveil in modest bliss,
Wooded by the sun's warm, loving kiss."

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"Then sing me a song of the rose,
A song that is tender and true;
She wears her red robes like the daintiest queen,
All gleaming with jewels of dew."

—WILLIAM BLEDSOE PHILPOTT.

Interrogatory.

About 5 o'clock p. m. commencement day had you been near the front entrance of the main building you could have seen a weary old gentleman almost dragging the bright-eyed youth who was with him. They were evidently going to witness "dress parade" for they were following the crowd that was going out and soon they were lost among the sight-seers.

I really felt an interest for that bright eyed boy and for fear something would happen to him I decided to keep him in my sight. During the parade I was not very far from the couple and could distinctly overhear their conversation which was soon opened by an exclamation of surprise from our hero.

"Goodness! Pa, what's them?"

"That is the band, my son."

"What's a band, Pa?"

"A band consists of those who furnish music."

"Do all bands furnish music?"

"Yes, my boy."

"A hat band don't though, does it?"

"No."

"It could if it wanted to, couldn't it?"

"No."

"What makes us call it a band then?"

The old gentleman evidently did not hear the last question, for he made no reply.

"Gee Whiz—Pa, there comes some more bands, but they are not dressed like those first ones."

"Those are not bands—they are companies of Cadets."

"What is a Cadet?"

"A Cadet is a military Student."

"What is a Student, Pa?"

"A student is a boy who studies science."

"What's science?"

"Please keep quiet."

"Oh, Pa!"

"What is it?"

"I am a boy, ain't I?"

"Yes."

"I can be a student, then, can't I?"

"Yes, my son."

"Will I ever be a Cadet?"

"I don't know."

"I could if I wanted to, couldn't I?"

"I suppose so."

"Pa, were you ever a Cadet?"

"Yes."

"Did you like to be a Cadet?"

"Yes."

"Didn't hurt you to be a Cadet, did it?"

"No."

"Cadets don't get licked, do they Pa?"

"No."

"When can I be a Cadet?"

"When you get a little bigger."

"I am nearly big enough now, ain't I, Pa?"

"Not quite."

"I will be next year, won't I?"

"Maybe so."

"I hope so."

The conversation lagged as the Adjutant took his position front and center of the battalion, but was renewed immediately:—

"Pa, what made that Cadet do like that for?"

"He was saluting the commanding officer."

"What's a commanding officer?"

"He is the head one."

"Who is the foot one?"

"Shut up."

"Pa, does he like to be a commanding officer?"

"I don't know."

"You were one, wasn't you?"

"No."

"Will I ever be one?"

"I don't know."

"I could if I wanted to, couldn't I?"

"Please hush, I want to hear what those orders are."

"What's orders?"

"That is what the Cadets must do."

"Do they always have to have orders before they can do anything?"

"Nearly—yes."

"Will I?"

"I don't know."

"Pa, what's that the commanding officer has hanging around his waist?"

"It's a sword."

"What's a sword?"

"It is what he commands with."

"Does he always have it when he commands?"

"Not always."

"Why has he got it on now?"

"Because the battalion is under arms."

"What's a battalion?"

It is four or more companies."

"Couldn't three companies be a battalion?"

"No."