

But there are other scenes. The secret marriage, the anguish of waiting and expectancy so faithfully portrayed by Shakespeare, Romeo scaling the wall to his true love, and the parting and grief of the morning, the fierce fight between members of the rival houses, the death of Tybalt, the flight of Romeo, the induced trance of Juliet, the tragic death of Paris and the lovers, cannot be better described than in the play itself and for the present I have not further time for detailed comment or enology.

E. M. OVERSHINER.

The Inn at Rantowles.

It was one of those soft autumnal days that give to the skies on the coast of South Carolina the glowing and melting tones of the Italian Campagna. The woods were flecked with the many tints that belong to the season. Only the live-oaks and the roadside hedges of the Cherokee rose kept their uniform hue of green. There were no growing crops in view. The siege of Charleston by Green's army had been too recent to allow of any husbandry so near the beleaguered city.

But the British force in the city had surrendered and marched out to their ships in the harbor, and men were now free to come and go on the roads that stretched away through a broken and desolate land. This was the old road that led to Savannah, a road over which many armies had passed to and fro during the long war now just ended.

It was seldom that any ventured to travel it alone, for the country was still disturbed. There were ruined men on the winning side, whose negroes had been run off to St. Augustine and sold there, men who were almost ready to turn highwayman. There were broken loyalists, who had carried it with a high hand while the British ruled the state, but their lands were now confiscated, and they had not taken their opportunity to leave the American shores with the King's