



SHORT STORIES.

A PATHETIC STORY.

J. H. JAMES.

The scene is in one of the fashionable drinking resorts in ———.

It is a cloudless summer day, and a number of gayly dressed young men are passing the time away in the saloon, drinking and talking over events of the day.

Another man enters—a man with very uncouth appearance, one who is surely not expected in so gay a crowd of young men.

Upon observing the new arrival the young men crowd around him, laughing and making sport of him. When their laugh had somewhat subsided he asked them for a drink. This they gave him.

They wished him to tell them a story, and without hesitation he began by telling them that he was once an artist, had plenty of money, and was accustomed to visit fashionable resorts. He was just beginning to rise in fame when he met a woman, whom he loved, and shortly afterwards married. He had not been married long, however, when a young friend of his, so he thought, stole his wife, and he had never been able to find her and her abductor. This had broken his heart; he had taken to drink, lost his well paying custom, and here he was, a broken-hearted wretch. Many were the sympathizers in this little crowd of young men when he had finished his story.

He was an artist. Would he paint them his wife's picture on the floor? Yes, he would do this gladly if they would

give him another drink. They procured for him crayon and he began to sketch a most beautiful picture on the bar-room floor.

He seemed strangely excited; his eyes sparkled with fierce determination as he placed the last lock on the shapely head. As he gave the last finishing touch he gave a scream, leaped, and fell dead across the picture.

A LAUGHABLE OCCURRENCE.

The evening the A. and M. ball team played their game with Waxahachie a large crowd of the cadets gathered at the mess hall, instead of falling in with the companies to march down to supper. After the bugle had sounded about a dozen of these boys marched into the hall and began eating. They were not at all afraid of being caught or seen. At this juncture Colonel Edmonds came in from the rear of the mess hall. Such scrambling. They all managed to get out, and were perfectly willing to wait for the battalion.

THE FISH SENTINEL.

J. W. HART.

He was at retreat, and as he heard his name read out to go on guard mount for the first time, he wondered what fate would have in store for him on the morrow. After retreat he began cleaning up, continuing the process until taps. Even as he starts to guard mount in the morning he carefully dusts his shoes and arranges his necktie. At the sound of the