

show your boasted independence. Take care of yourself.

ISRAEL. Or grow lovely.

EUPHROSYNE. How shall I grow lovely? Tell me, Marie.

MARIE. How can I, Mimi? I do not understand it myself. It seems—like—a heaven-sent—gift—for which one cannot be too thankful.

ISRAEL. What do you mean by being lovely?

EUPHROSYNE. My first thought of it was as synonymous with beauty. But that, I see, is only its secondary significance. To be lovely is to be worthy of love. Not because the face, but because the heart is beautiful.

ISRAEL. Such a loveliness is surely within your reach. Do you not know if your thought, your heart, your life is pure you have a loveliness that is recognized and claimed as kindred by all the purity and loveliness upon the broad earth?

MARIE. And one that nothing can destroy.

ISRAEL. Do you remember that theory of which we were reading the other day, that like only recognises like, that we know of things only as we are of them, that the animate substance is the only medium of knowledge of the inanimate? Why not apply this to immaterial things as well as material—and with more show of probability. If you are more susceptible to loveliness than I, is it not because you are lovelier than I? If you recognize more purity in the actions of men than I, are you not purer than I? If you have a firmer belief in virtue than I have are you not more virtuous than I? Is it not true that a vicious man is more ready to impute evil motives, (when there is a doubt as to what the real motives are), than a man whose own heart is pure? When I find a man ready with foul insinuations against a fallen brother, or even with blatant denunciations of wrong-doing, I feel certain that he is not the better of the two. If he has not fallen it is only because he has not been tempted. Let the outward life of such a man be as blameless as it may, reveals the inward nature in the attitude he takes toward the transgressor of social law.

EUPHROSYNE. I believe that is true. Often I wonder men do not perceive how clearly they reveal the cloven hoof—how plainly they sometime show the real person behind the mask they have worn until it comes to seem even to themselves their true appearance.

ISRAEL. Hazlitt says of Salvator that he lacked self-knowledge and that respect for others which is both a cause and a consequence of it. How many of us do you suppose this description would not fit?

EUPHROSYNE. But is it applicable to the type the of man you were just discussing? If such a man really knew his own base nature, if he truly knew himself, would it increase his already sufficiently little respect for others?

ISRAEL. I think so, if he pursues the right course. Let him seek self-knowledge is a consequence of a respect for others not as a cause. There are natures which even the vilest cannot help but admire. They are men as well as himself and all are possessed of the same general characteristics. If he have but the slightest feeling of kinship, (as he cannot help but have), with those nobler natures is there not developed a respect for himself because of that kinship, remote though it be? May it not, does it not, often become a powerful

agent in the complete renovation of the man and a mighty instrument in building a new self,—knowledge of which shall in time develop a greater respect for the universal brotherhood to which he belongs by virtue of life? It is a magic circle whose end is a beginning.

EUPHROSYNE. Perhaps you are right. Still it is easier to judge outward from the standard of your worst self than to generalize inward from the stand point of the best self of some one else.

MARIE. Come, you have talked long enough. You are too serious now. Let us go in to the light and sing again.

NOTE—three years later. How refreshing it is in this age of shams and small hypocrites to accidentally discover the real opinion your friends have of you, fully expressed! "Haughty," "self-asserting," "impatient" and above all, "romantic" is the verdict of a friend who is supposed to know me intimately. Well, perhaps he did know me—as well as men ever do comprehend us! I am sure I prided myself in those days upon being as free from the romance natural to the weak mind of the feminine species! If I was a "law unto myself" it was because it seemed to me the safest life, and to be self-contained and self-sufficient the bravest life. Asking nothing, giving only what was asked of me, and doing my work with a steady indifference to the opinions of those around me. I went my own way.

"My strength was as the strength of ten
Because my heart was pure."

EUPHROSYNE.

What Became of Him.

BY C. V. M.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER III.

BRENLY.

Once more the seventeenth of September had rolled around out at Brenly College. And the clear, rapid pealing of the chapel bell cheerily summoned all, senior, junior, sophomore and freshman to the odd, weather-stained brown stone chapel. In groups of twos, threes, fives and tens, the jubilant youth, rejoicing in the full possession of their mental and physical powers, gradually assemble in the campus, with many a hearty greeting and warm pressure of the hand. And as the slackening strokes of the bell warn them of the approach of the chapel hour, they rush forward—pushing, jostling and crowding into the doorways, in what would, to the casual observer, seem to be a rather undignified method of procedure for the supposed staid academicians. But to them infinitely preferable to marching soberly in and taking their seats, with their faces drawn out as though they were thoroughly prepared for the infliction of the one hundred and nineteenth psalm. After the chapter, prayer and hymn, the chancellor addressed a few cursory remarks of counsel, command and welcome appropriate to their return to their collegiate duties and relations. Then closed the service, and another year's work was begun.

"Say, Zante, what on earth do you expect to do with all this litter and stuff; sticks, stones, stuffed birds and beasts and—I'm sure I don't know what else?" helplessly inquired his room-mate, Alvin De Puy, just as they had come home after chapel service, and were gazing perplexedly upon the accumulation of trophies of their vacation campaign.

"Why after all, Al, I don't see that we can do any better than to buy a couple of ordinary bookcases with glass doors, just like the one Gordon Venner keeps his seaweed, she ls and fossils in."

"A couple of ordinary bookcases with glass doors!" That's just like you, Zante, you always do consider the pleasure before the price. The very cheapest that you can get will cost seventeen or eighteen dollars for a pair. However, it

wouldn't be any more a waste of money than your ten dollar aquarium, they would be quite inkeeping with it."

Oh! how economical you are. The change must have been quite recent. But now in good earnest. I think that it would be a good deal better for us to spend a little money wisely for the preservation of our specimens, than to have it vanish like smoke into opera, and sorosial lecture tickets for the benefit of young ladies who don't think any more of us or any other young man than they do of so many broom sticks, except so far as the capacity of our pocket books to furnish amusement for them is concerned."

"Goodness-gracious, old fellow, you're downright ferocious to-day. Some fair one must have been giving you the mitten recently. Now you mustn't get wrathful and fly off at a tangent about any little thing that goes wrong once in a while. You forget that we have to study female character now that we have the opportunity, for if one does not do so, when he has to make his choice for life, he's just as apt to make shipwreck as not. This money business is only one of the attendant evils of your manhood, and what's more, no respectable fellow would begrudge a dollar or two whenever there's a chance of pleasing a lady by so doing."

"Quid ait Alvin? We must apply ourselves to the study of female disposition. That is, get up society sociables, where the young ladies are all seated along the sides of the hall looking like just so many calico and plaster of Paris dolls, patiently waiting for some over-grown masculine child to transfer them to some other place by the means of a little peripatetic exercise. Programme: Mr. A is introduced to Miss H, he immediately whirls around with his back towards her, kinks up his arm and in dubious accents requests her to 'pr-r-r-omenade' with him; Miss H acquiesces, inwardly determined to snub him the very next chance she gets, if she can afford to do so. After they have promenaded up and down the hall once or twice, Miss H sweetly begs Mr. A. to take her to a seat. No sooner are they seated than up comes a committee man and introduces Mr. B. to Miss H and away they go without so much as 'Excuse me, Mr. A.' How do you suppose A feels, when some innocent blunderer comes up to him afterwards and asks him "How have you enjoyed yourself?" This sort of thing, operas, etc., etc., I suppose, go to make up the undiluted bliss and duty that you denigrate the 'study of the feminine disposition.' I think it's 'paying too dear for the whistle,' though I have never as yet enjoyed A's experience."

"You can play the part of a wooden didactic philosopher pretty well, Zante; I guess I'll have to pass round the hat for you one of these days, if you keep on improving at this rate. I rather think, however, that we've got off the point in debate. You really think, then, that we must have those cases?"

"I don't see very well how we can do without them. And a little judicious economy will shortly make up for any little pinch it might give us. So you'll go down town and order them, won't you Al?"

"Yes, I guess I might as well as not. Say, we'd better be going over to our Tacitus. I heard the bell ring just a moment ago. Are you ready?"

"In a minute, Al. I suppose you'll go

to the Galigni's Tuesday evening.

CHAPTER IV. TUESDAY EVENING

Many merry parties were given in Brenly, but none ever matched in point of sociability, those given at Galigni's, whose select little entertainments were very delightful affairs indeed. And no one ever left them without a desire to go again. Mrs. Galigni was a born manager; she could make a young man quite sociable and even induce him to talk, like a christian, to an old maid or the ugly girl that always sits in the corner, in spite of the presence of his "dearest own" and that he was dying to be with her. Never was Mrs. Galigni more in her element than when endeavoring to make some untutored guy feel like a gentleman. Under her tuition, Zante and Alvin had progressed finely. Even to such an extent as to be termed, by their classmates, "ladies' men."

"It's such a pity, Mr. Van Zandt, that you gentlemen can not come oftener than you do. There's Mr. De Puy and Mr. Venner, they dance so finely, and then you know you students give a literary caste to my parties. I adore the classics."

"Indeed, Mrs. Galigni, it is a matter of daily regret to me that I am so often unable, by reason of my studies, to enjoy the ameliorating influence of refined society, that all who frequent your house are favored with."

"Why, Miss Winter, is this you? I'm real glad to see you back again. The last that we heard of you, was that you were spending the summer in Minnesota. And pray, what have you got on hand now? Your eyes are sparkling like diamonds."

"Oh! nothing but our charades. I just wanted to coax Mr. Van Zandt to get the gentlemen to do all the work, and we'll take all the credit as we always do."

"Well, commence your attack. But don't impose too much on him, for he is my pet, you know."

"We're exceedingly obliged to you, Mrs. Galigni."

"Let's go into the library, Miss Winter. I saw Miss Sleight and Miss Agneau go in there a minute ago, and it's a good chance to talk charades to them."

"No sooner to be said than done, Mr. Van Zandt."

"Madge Agneau, what do you think this wiseacre said? He doesn't regard our mental capacities as equal to his."

"I don't think it was very nice of him to say that," said Miss Agneau. Miss Sleight said nothing, but smiled an endorsement to the last.

"You misunderstood me, Miss Winter, I only meant that I thought it was not worth your while for you to bother your heads about the minutiae of things that you would never even think of afterwards. Then, too, I'm not responsible for anything that I said two months ago, am I? But if I did say anything *outré*, I'm very sorry," said Mr. Van Zandt covering his face with his handkerchief.

"This is too affecting, let's go," chimed in Miss Agneau.

"You'll see to the charades, Mr. Van Zandt?"

"With pleasure, ladies."

"Thank you. You're ever so good." And away they went in search of another victim.

"Zante, here's a letter for you with a Kansan post mark. I've just been down to the mail. I knew I'd find you here still."

"Thank you, Al. I'll go home to my room and see what uncle Manter has to say. Don't you stay out all night now, and wake me up by coming to bed at four o'clock in the morning."