

have been at. I think now it is time I were getting back to my work before I lose all knowledge of law, and find myself suddenly transformed into a boy again."

So he went away, promising his friends, however, that he would take a run up from C—in a few weeks and make them a short visit.

True to his word, we find the Judge at Mr. Raymond's again before the end of a month. "Times are rather dull at C—," he said, after he had been warmly greeted by his friends—especially Miss Raymond, "and I thought I might count on your hospitality until after Christmas." We hasten over events here, well knowing that our indulgent readers are anxious to hear the conclusion of the whole matter."

Christmas was over and the Judge made ready to depart. He shook hands with Mr. Raymond and Aunt Jemima, but saw nothing of Miss Nellie. Mr. Raymond suggested that his daughter might be in the parlor. Thither went the Judge and found her on a sofa, apparently engaged at nothing else than winding a bit of green ribbon around her finger, and then, for a change of diversion, unwinding it again.

Howard held out his hand. "You will say good-by, will you not?"

"Why, I did not think that you would be off already!" said Miss Nellie.

Howard did not seem to notice this remark, but squeezing her hand a little tighter said, "You remember, Nellie, the old maxim that you wrote on the fly-leaf of my Terance—'*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*' Can you not trust me with this (*hand* we suspect he meant) now?"

Miss Nellie looked straight at a spot in the carpet as she said slowly, "'Times change and we change with them,' if you mean by the maxim that we *grow old* as 'times change,' and I readily concede that you are in the right."

"Pshaw, Nellie! would you insinuate that you and I are any older than we used to be? As for me I feel quite as young as

I ever did. But you take a one-sided view of the matter, when you think that our bodies alone change with time. Do not our minds and characters change as well?"

Miss Raymond still kept her eyes fixed on the spot in the carpet. Judge McKee, orator as he was, began to warm with his subject, and exclaimed, "Look at me, Nellie! I am going away in a few minutes! Will you be—" here Miss Nellie looked up suddenly, and with just a little coquettish pucker of the red lips asked him whether he would like to hear her maxim before he went away.

"By all means," replied Howard.

"Here it is, then," said she, darting a single quick glance at him from two brown eyes that sparkled and glistened like morning dew: '*Semper vincit qui se vincit.*'—He always conquers who conquers himself."

What Miss Nellie meant by this maxim you, reader can probably surmise as well as I. Women, you know, have a queer way of hitting at a thing at long range. It is probable that the Judge understood it, or if he did not perhaps Miss Nellie explained it, but as to this I am not prepared to say positively, as I have now told you all that I know of the "facts in the case," and of course I would not care to make any statement that I could not substantiate. But that you may the more readily surmise the result of these reciprocated maxims, I will say that Dr. Bosnell told his wife, and his wife told me, that Judge McKee went home "*unusually good-natured.*" Mrs. Dr. Bosnell winked roguishly, and laid special stress on the "*unusually good-natured,*" so I think we may as well take it for granted that matters were arranged satisfactorily to the Judge, and that the "conclusion of the whole matter was," that the twain at last got married. It is not my province to moralize, so whatever moral there may be in this humble tale I will leave to suggest itself to whomsoever the "shoe may fit."

SYLVESTER.

FINIS.