THE PROFESSOR.

I rang for Jane to bring my tea upstairs, and hunted for the sal volatile to compose my nerves. The new professor had arrived to deliver his first lecture to the pupils of Heliotrope Female academy. As the "accomplished principal"—so the newspaper expressed it—of this great institution, I consider it my duty to have a professor of science added to my corps of teachers. It sounded well in speaking to say: "Professor East, of Wisteria Academy." I must say it was the aim of my life to have everything appear much better than it really was. At a teachers' meeting we had discussed the matter. "I shall stipulate for an unmarried man," I informed the ladies, "middle-aged, learned and companionable for intellectual women like ourselves." The teachers all agreed with me, but Col. Noel, my wealthy patron, demurred at the proposed advance. He came in just as our meeting adjourned. Being a widower, and as Eva had taken her history lesson in the study to learn, I begged him to sit down and tell us how he managed his dear motherless children.

"I don't manage them, blessed if I do. I've turned them over to you ladies to manage. Keep that rascal Jack Norris away from my Eva. That's all I ask. Bless my heart, what can I do with a parcel of girls on my hands?"

"My dear Colonel," I said, in a sympathetic tone, for he certainly glanced at me while speaking, "in my position the care of tender, innocent girls has become a lovely study. I dote upon it. The only trouble to me is that my care of them is too short."

"So it is, and a confounded shame, too," and the Colonel looked at me again, straight in the eyes.

"In my position vigilance, wisdom and foresight are required," I said again in my most impressive manner. "I may safely claim for myself these requisities to a perfect manager of young girls."

The colonel laughed good-naturedly as he added: "I wager she's safe—Eva is; she will have a fortune of her own, and that scoundrel Norris knows it."

"In my position," I remarked, for the third time, "the ultimate good of my charges is the aim of my life. Under my roof dearest Eva is secure. Mr. Jack Noris will never try to outwit me. He may be a bold rascal, but Mr. Jack Norris won't venture to trifle with me."

Col. Noel was emphatic in his assent to this assertion. "He's a dare devil, Norris is, a wild, harum-scarum, worthless scamp, but blessed if I believe he'd have the hardihood to defy you," laughed my chief patron, in that complimentary way of his which showed me in a quiet way his preference for myself. I had numberless answers to my advertisement for a professor, but I tossed them all aside and engaged Prof. East. The moment my eyes rested upon him I felt intuitively that the very person I desired had presented himself. So handsome, so very handsome, in spite of immense green goggles; so gentle, and refined, and so good, so innocently good, I engaged him at once on the easiest terms. Indeed, Prof. East declared himself so appreciative of the great advantage of enjoying our society that he almost forgot the question of salary. He was quite indifferent to money. I found him willing to come for a mere pittance which went far to bias me in his favor, as it always does seem hard to pay out so much money to teachers. The flutter of nerves mentioned above was occasioned by the arrival of the professor. He was actually in the house. All the teachers were struck by his ingenuous manner and straight-forward, beautiful candor

"He says he never met a more charming set of ladies," observed Miss Leonard, the English teacher.

"He says the girls are not to his taste, he despises such young things; he says m yeyes are lovely."

"Ma foi! Your eyes, indeed!" ejaculated Mam'selle Adele, the French teacher. "He yows my retrousse nose is piquante, charmante, ah, monsieur is one grand gentleman."

"I don't believe in flattery," interjected Miss Wenham. Nobody insults me by compliments. The professor thought I was one of the girls. Indeed, I never saw a man so amazed as when I told him I was a teacher." Miss Wenham looked every day of forty-five years.

"He is very near-sighted," I reminded her.

"Not at all," insisted Miss Wenham. "He only wears glasses to shade his eyes, and he always says just what he thinks."

Putting on my glasses I drew out a note. It was from the professor. I was determined to read it merely as a check to their vanity and conceit. "Let me see," I began, quite as if the idea had that moment occurred to me. "He says in this note: 'I am coming early to have a better opportunity of knowing a lady whom I have long admired for her talents and erudition.'" Without the smallest notice of a decidedly envious laugh, I folded the note and went to my room to read up on the miocene period. The professor was to lecture on the miocene period. After taking my seat and leaving my glasses on the table—they always made me look ten years older—I went down to see Prof. East. To my amazement there sat Mam'selle Adele in her best black silk, with crimson trimmings, talking in her execrable foreign way! There, on the other side, was Miss Leonard in her best plaid, smiling in her bland amiability. Miss Wenham in her Sunday cashmere ogled him in front. To do the professor justice, he seemed restless and in evident expectation of some one else. As he turned at once to me, I felt certain that I was the person for whom my handsome young professor waited. We discussed extinct pachyderms of the miocene period. I made some strong points, to which he yielded without argument. Miss Wenham whispered quite audibly that the professor had not a chance to put in a word.

When we were passing into the lecture-room I observed that he looked at Edith Sands, who contrived to be in the way, and that she laughed rather pertly. Before I could speak to her the professor said in a low tone: "What a great figure you have, my dear lady, queenly, positively queenly."

I heard that silly Eva titter so rudely that common decorum induced me to send her to a back seat. She is considered beautiful by some people, but to my thinking her face is weak; besides, she has a round, chubby figure. I had it from the professor himself that he admired a queenly figure. The lecture was rather obscure, of course. I saw that the professor was very deep, but I am sure the girls appreciated their privilege. Eva Noel turned very red and almost choked with laughter. If it had been anybody else but Prof. East I might have imagined that he became a trifle mixed and confusing on the miocene strata, but then he was certainly a handsome man. By the merest accident I happened to be in the hall when the professor was putting on his overcoat, and found the teachers around him in an admiring circle. I must say that my acumen and knowledge of human nature never evinced itself so distinctly as when I engaged Prof. East. He turned at once to me and spoke in the most complimentary manner of my observations of the teritary epoch. "Nothing ever interested me so much. We must talk it over thoroughly, it is most absorbing," he declared. "Besides, we don't often have the advantage of such an intellect as yours to elucidate abstruse matters." Which proved how very much interested he was in the subject.

Eva Noel came in from the library for a book just as the professor closed the door behind him. I noticed that she wore a buttonhole bouquet with a jacqueminot rose and smilax, which I am positive the professor wore delivering his lecture. The artful minx must have picked it up somewhere.

"How did you come by those flowers, Miss Eva?" I demanded severely.

The girl turned very red. "Somebody gave them to me," she said, in insolent defiance.

"You wicked girl," broke in Miss Wenham; "do you remember Ananias and Sapphira? Those are the professor's flowers. Vain creature, to suppose that he would give them to a chit like you! It is shameful."

Eva reddened more and more, but I could see that she was tittering and laughing to herself while I sent her to bed. "I will speak to Eva to-morrow. She can't trifle with me. I do believe I can see through a millstone. No one can blind me," I said in a tone of deep meaning.

"Some one ought to give the professor a hint of Eva's duplicity," suggested Miss Leonard.

"Perhaps it would be just as well to give him a hint of her shocking behavior towards that dissolute wretch, Jack Norris," supplemented Miss Wenham.

"I shall certainly do so," I returned in emphatic approval. "Prof. East must be warned—he is such a good man—such an innocent, unsuspecting disposition—we must take care of him. I do flatter myself I am a judge of men—yes, he must be told about Eva Noel."

The teachers agreed with me perfectly; indeed, I could not recollect when we were all so unanimous upon any subject. I thought over all I had to say to the professor, until I had arranged quite a happy and affecting way of putting it. Plainly it was my duty to secure the professor against the arts and wiles of this, weak, pretty face—a girl without the faintest claim to a queenly figure.

Prof. East arrived much earlier than was expected. However, the moment I heard of it I saw my opportunity to give him a precautionary hint about Eva's indecorus, artful ways. The parlor door was partly open, and the professor's voice audible from within. I had the curiosity to stop and listen. My position demands watchfulness.

"Don't be alarmed," he was saying, "my luck never wavers. That old dragon is no match for me."

"But I'm dying with fright all the time. How can you do it."

The voice was no other than Eva's. She broke off into a laugh, but turned first red then pale when I walked in, holding myself very erect and assuming my most commanding aspect. It evidently impressed the professor, for he put on his immense green glasses and at once began to talk to me of the fossils of the tertiary epoch. I made my points about extinct pachyderms while I had a chance. They were telling and powerful and, I must say, delivered in an eloquent and scientific style. I had been awake until two in the morning reading upon the subject. Prof. East turned his head on one side, then the other, and looked meditative.

"I am lost in admiration; it is your figure—the form of Juno superb! inspiring!" he suddenly declared, with the delightful, ingenuous candor which I discovered from the very first as a beautiful trait of his disposition.

"Don't flatter me, you dear, naughty man!" I exclaimed, as I shook my head at him.

"Flattery!" he retorted: "I am an unsophisticated fellow, always letting some truth slip out and giving offence. Ah, me, I know you are furious."

"Don't apologize, I know the truth will slip out," I said very kindly; he did look so wonderfully handsome, even with those hideous green glasses on. "We quite understand each other, and I may say are so congenial that we are sometimes imposed upon. I feel it my painful duty to warn—yes, really warn—you against a pert, forward, insolent girl, as shallow and vain as a peacock."

The professor came a step nearer. "I think I know who you mean," he whispered. I fairly lost my temper—not with the professor—not at all, he was so good looking, but with that abandoned girl trying to attract his attention. It was scandalous.

"She is an unprincipled, designing creature," I went on.

"And so desperately homely," he added.

"I know you must think so," was my triumphant reply; "but would you believe it, some people call Eva Noel pretty?"

"Where have I heard that name?" he questioned thoughtfully. "Oh, I have it, the little girl just now I scarcely noticed; very ordinary, is she not?"

"Fearfully so," I assured him. "She has been badly compromised by a shocking affair with a dissolute scoundrel, Jack Norris. I watch her very closely. The miserable knave can't trifle with me. I beg you to remember that this is a mark of my confidence, purely confidential. I mean to outwit that rascal Norris, and, of course, can't allow you to be taken in. Come to me if Eva speaks, or even looks at you, my dear professor. I will protect you."

The teachers interrupted me by coming in at that moment, but the professor pressed my hand gratefully and thanked me in the sweetest way as he went out to the lecture-room. It quite startled and kept me awake long after my hour for retiring, and then, late as it was, I caught a glimpse through the window of Prof. East moving through the shrubbery in the moonlight, gazing up at the windows, perhaps at mine. The professor is so unsophisticated, and so very good.

. . . .

I believe I mentioned above how perturbed and broken my rest was on that eventful night. Several nights have passed since, but as far as I can see there is no prospect of anything but wakeful nights for a long time. I slept rather late in the morning, after the night that unprincipled heartless, wicked man delivered his last—shall I call it lecture?

Miss Leonard met me in the study, a subdued excitement visible about her. Eva Noel must have gone home without leave; the servants have seen nothing of her; the girls professed equal ignorance. She had not been seen since retiring the night before. It was mysterious. In my position mystery was not to be borne. I sent a messenger to Eva's home. The messenger returned with the appalling news that Eva had not been at home. The mystery deepened. I had the cellars and garrets searched, the cistern dragged, the clothes presses examined, and even the great soap kettle raised to see if she could be underneath. To no purpose. Miss Leonard rushed suddenly into the study, and handed me a note. It explained all:

"Dear Madam—I have relieved you of the care of Eva Noel. We were married this morning. I don't charge you a cent for my two lectures. I'll even finish the course if you will post me on extinct pachyderms. Jack East Norris."

Prof. East and Jack Norris was one and the same. The perfidious wretch! Where is the salvolatile?—Family Fiction.

The Future of Our Families.

What is our duty as regards provision for the future for those who are or may be dependent upon us? There are two facts that point the path of duty too plainly to be misunderstood. The first is, that public opinion is dially strengthening in the conviction that, in view of uncertain business ventures, unexpected reverses and unfulfilled business plans, all ending in early death or, at least, before life's expectancy, that it is much the duty of the head of the family to protect the life which produces the bread, clothing and homes of the family, by sharing with a large number of persons the risks on a certain amount of valuation on such a life, as it is to protect the house which shelters the family by sharing the risk of its loss by fire with a large number of owners of other houses. This kind of public opinion shows no mercy to the householder who fails to insure his house, and the time hastens when the same public sentiment will say of the deceased protector, whatever other good things he may have done, he failed in his duty to accept the propositions of those who offered to share with him the risks of a portion, at least, of the valuation of his life.

The second and stronger motive results from the inward consciousness which approves this public sentiment, and which will be clear if we remember that only one-fifth of the deceased are solvent, that is, only one-fifth leave anything for friends after the liabilities of their estates are paid. Two-fifths have enough to pay their indebtedness, and the other two-fifths do not leave anything. Every individual in commencing life hopes to be of the one-fifth, but four-fifths fail of this end. It would seem from this, that failure is the rule of life, and financial success is the exception. It is well known in business ventures that a small fraction only secure their aim. A few succeed and the courage of the struggling masses is kept up, as they point to their success.

Now, friend, saying nothing of the uncertainty of the life which would enable you to secure what you desire for the family, your chances are too small in the stern competition of the age, for you to rely on business success alone for this result. Join our Order and secure a certainty, and then you will enter upon the race of business and all the struggles of life with the more confidence and stronger hopes. It will give peace to your pillow and strength to the day's battle. The expense is so small and the advantage so great you cannot afford to neglect this opportunity. Remember still further that now is the only sure time; sickness or death may be approaching.—Rainbow.

Skeggs' Bound Girl.

"Now be quick about it, and don't stand there lookin' at me that way. Them eyes o' yourn is enough to give one the creeps, they air that ugly. I wish they'd a sent one a girl with blue eyes. I never could abide black ones, there's something so evil in 'em. [Crash.] Well, jest look there! if that ain't the second dish you've broke this week. I'll cuff you for that, I will. You'll go without your dinner now, too. We'll see if you can't learn to be more careful. Sech a thing as you air is enough to wear one's life out."

The "thing" referred to turned to her work. There was a sudden scowl upon the face—a little dark, colorless face, lit up with great, black, wide-open eyes, that were just now shining with a vindictive expression that was anything but pleasant. "How I do hate her," she was saying to herself, as she clinched her small fists. "She is always callin' me ugly. As if I could help it." Then she fell to wondering if by any means the color of her eyes might be changed. She had never heard of such a thing, but if they only could, what a great boon it would be to her. Her mother had thought her eyes beautiful, but she was so different from anybody else. If she could have them changed to blue, just exactly the color of the sky, how pretty they would be. So engrossed was she with the idea that she forgot for a time all about her mistress and her surroundings. But that rasping voice again broke the silence. "Do dabble away there in the water, an' be all the forenoon washin' them dishes. 'Pears as if you tries to see how aggrivatin' you kin be. You never stop to think I reckon, that you ought to do somethin' to pay for the home, an' clothes, and vituals you git; but that's the way with sech creeters as you—they're always ongrateful. I don't know what ever put it into my head to want a boun' girl anyway. If you don't do better I'll jest turn you over to the poor-house, I will."

The "creeter" looked at her mistress. If she only dared to speak what a relief it would be. What ugly, hateful words she would spit forth. A home? And what a home! A bare room in the garret, with a hard, scant bed. She did not mind that, if they would only speak to her kindly sometimes, or give her now and then a word of encouragement or commendation. Clothes? Look at them—cast off garments of her mistress, hastily cut down, ill fitting, faded, and worn. She did not care for the holes in them, or for the fit of them. If they had been put on her by loving hands no queen in robes of velvet would have been happier. Food? The very coarsest. She was never allowed any tid-bits. With what hungry eyes she sometimes watched Mrs. Skeggs caress her boy, Sammy, and feed him sweetmeats—hungering not so much for the sweetmeats as for the caresses. Would anybody ever love her again? she wondered. Not since the day her mother, with an effort, turned her white face toward her, and laying her thin hand upon her head tenderly, had whispered, for her voice was nearly gone: "Janie, be a good girl, and we will meet again by and by," had there been a loving word spoken to her. That was only two years ago, but it seemed an age to the little waif. She had looked in tearful perplexity while they screwed down the lid of the rough coffin in which her mother lay, but no one paid any attention to her. She remembered one neighbor woman had said to another: "What an uncanny little thing it is; she's all eyes." After they had carried her mother away she was sent to a children's almshouse, and in a little time a home was provided for her "out west" in the Skeggs family. She was known as Skeggs' bound girl. The neighbors sometimes remarked that it was very kind of Mrs. Skeggs to take that girl to raise; they wouldn't want such a responsibility.

"Well, what air you standin' there about? Why don't you scour your knives now? You always have to wait to be told. An' do take them eyes off me. If I had such ugly eyes I'd never look at ennybody." So the day wore away. The days since she came to the Skeggs family were always tedious, but this one seemed unusually long, perhaps because she had to go without her dinner. She had snatched a crust unperceived, but toward evening she felt faint with hunger, and oppressed with an unaccountable heaviness.

She was drawing a pail of water at the well when Sammy came in from the field with his father. He was a great, overgrown, freckled-faced boy of 12. His father went on to the barn, but Sammy, seeing that Jane had just about got her bucket to the top slipped up behind her, grabbing her arms so suddenly that in fright she let go the windlass, and away rolled the heavy bucket to the bottom again. Sammy, who thought it his legitimate right to tease the "boun' girl" whenever he chose to, burst into loud laughter, but Jane had borne much during the day, and this was the last straw. Snatching up a stick that lay convenient, with a voice full of passion she declared she'd "kill him!" There was no doubt murder in her heart, but the slenderness of the stick, and Sammy's overgrown bulk, were insurmountable difficulties in the way. Something unusual in her manner convinced Sammy she was terribly in earnest. He ran into the house crying, "Ma, Jane says she'll kill me." Mrs. Skeggs sent Sammy for his father. Consternation seized the family. What should be done with a creature that showed such dangerous proclivities! "It's born and bred in her," moaned Mrs. Skeggs, "and however air we goin' to break her?" It was decided that she must be whipped, but Jane was like an animal at bay, dumb, but full of fight. So Mr. Skeggs was obliged to give her a good beating before he could subdue her. She was then dragged up stairs and thrust into her little room. She sat down on the one rickety wooden chair by the window. For a time she was conscious of only one feeling, and that was anger; but after a while other thoughts took possession of her. She went back to her parting from her mother, and wondered what she meant by saying they would meet again. She had heard something about heaven. Her mother had said she was going to her home in the sky. Mrs. Skeggs had told her that only good people went to heaven, and if she didn't mend her ways she would never get there; God could never love such an ill-natured, ugly creature as she. Still her ideas of heaven were very vague. She looked up at the broad expanse of blue, where the stars were just beginning to twinkle, for twilight was just disappearing into the deeper shades of night. She thought the sky very beautiful, but how did people get there? The ache in her heart seemed the biggest part of her now. It filled her breast, and choked her breath. Someone opened her door and put a plate of bread and a mug of water on the floor. She was not hungry now, so she sat still, watching the stars and listening to the frogs croaking in the meadow swale, and the crickets chirping under the window. Suddenly a voice seemed to speak to her: "Why don't you leave them?" She sprang to her feet electrified. Why had she not thought of that before? Yes, she would go. Eagerly she ate of the bread and drank the water. Then she sat down to wait for the family to retire. How the stars sparkled and laughed in her face; the very frogs seemed croaking: "Come! Come!" She clasped her hands together in ecstacy. She would go out into the beautiful, unknown world. What might she not find? Perhaps—aye, perhaps she would find heaven. She listened—only an owl hooting mournfully in the distance.

At 10 o'clock the house was all quiet. Jane got out of her window upon the roof of the low porch, then crept quietly to the corner furtherest from the farmer's sleeping room and easily slipped down the post to the ground. She hurried to the open highway. Awe-stricken, she looked around. She had never been out at night alone before, but she would not go back, not the worst of hobgoblins could equal the horrors she was leaving behind. So she walked on. After a time the moon came up and looked smilingly down upon the wanderer. "What a kind face it has," she thought; "may be that's God," and she was no longer afraid. The dark shadows of the trees, with bright patches of moonlight between, charmed her. The scene reminded her, some way, of the fairy tales her mother used to tell her. On, and on she went, but how tired she was growing, and what a strange, confused feeling in her head. She was now in the outskirts of a village. Creeping under a vine-clad porch she laid down.

"John, see, she is coming to. Why, the poor little pale thing! What beautiful eyes she has, John."

"Oh," thought Jane, "this must be heaven." She looked up; a sweet face was bending over her.

"What do you suppose ever brought her to our porch, John? How pitiful and sorrowful she looks. I wonder if she lay there all night? Here, Maggie, get the tub ready, we will give her a bath and put her right to bed—her pulse seems feverish—make her some gruel."

Yes, it must be heaven, for had they not spoken kindly to her, and called her eyes beautiful. She felt she could be good here. "It must not be so hard to be good when people are kind to you," she argued.

Jane lay in that soft bed sleeping the most of the time, but when awake only about half conscious until the afternoon of the next day, when a voice from the adjoining room reached her ears, startling her into the full possession of her faculties. "It's my boun' girl, sure. We've been lookin' everywhere for her. She's an awful piece, too. Why, the very day she left the little wretch tried to kill my boy Sammy."

Jane got right out of bed. Where were her clothes? She could not find them. No matter, she must go in her night-clothes—anything to get away from that woman. She tried to raise the window, but she had no strength. Everything seemed growing dark. When a few minutes later the good lady of the house came in to look after her charge she found her on the floor in a dead faint. They restored her to consciousness, but she soon became delirious. "Don't let them take me back," she raved. I can't be good there. I want to stay here where they love me." In a few days the fever had done its work. The "little wretch" lay quiet and peaceable enough, with her hands crossed on her bosom, and eyelids closed over the black eyes forever. She was well out of the reach of the Skeggs family—the bound girl was free.

Shattering Our Idols.

A Boston sea captain, who has been afloat for more than forty years, says he never yet heard a sailor use such expressions as "shiver my timbers" or "bless my toplights." If this be indeed true, it demolishes a most cherished acceptation in our boyish readings and dreams of the sea. Unsay those cruel words, oh, sea rover, or a million grown-up boys will have wrested from them the most delightful of their memories of romance. Think, too, of the dangerous precedent thus established. Other ruthless ones may despoil us of the benevolent bandit, his gorgeous trappings and palatial cavern in the bowels of the earth. It may even transpire that such expressions as "odd fish," "zounds," "forsooth" and "now, by my halidom," were never employed at all, and that in the old days men went around saying "You can bet your sweet life," "cheese the racket," "what are you giving us," and "rats," just as they do now. Leave us, prithee, these sweet and hallowed memories and take something else.—Texas Siftings.

"I tell you," exclaimed Fogg, dogmatically, "that woman is not equal to man." "That's true," remarked Mrs. F., who hitherto had taken no part in the discussion; "true, Daniel; and it is also true that $1 is not equal to 50 cents."—Boston Transcript.

After Thirty Years.

A correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution has recently had the pleasure of interviewing a Mr. James H. Whiten, who has just returned from a thirty-years' stay in the wild West. His experience in the frontier life, which is full of indian skirmishes, bear hunts, etc., is quite interesting, but the separation from his wife for a period of thirty-years, and what led to their meeting, is the most interesting feature of the story.

In January, 1857, Mr. Whiten was married to Miss Nancy Fowler, a beautiful young lady who resided near Westminster, S. C. Young Whiten was very ambitious to prepare his wife a commodious home, both being very poor at the time of their marriage. He made up his mind to try his fortune in the West. The gold fever was spreading through the West at the time like a contagion, and Pike's Peak was the objective point. So in the following spring, when winter winds had given place to the breezes of spring, and before the honey-moon had fairly waned, vows of everlasting devotion and fidelity were exchanged and Mr. Whiten turned his face westward.

After roughing it five years among desperadoes and Indians, and having gathered considerable money, he decided to return to his Nancy; but not so to be. The civil war was then in full blast, and while passing through the state of Texas Mr. Whiten was called upon for his services and had to respond. During his term many letters were written to the precious one, but no answer ever came. Through an acquaintance he was informed that his wife had refuged to parts unknown. In the soldier's camp, in the state of Kansas, the news of Lee's surrender reached him. Being destitute of means on which to travel and having learned through an effort to establish a communication that the one was dead for whom it was his pleasure to live, he returned to Colorado there to spend the remainder of his days in the solitude of the West. "For twenty-two years," said Mr. Whiten, "I wandered over the plains and prairies, my thoughts ever carrying me back to the place where I kissed her good-bye." It seems that his grief, instead of relaxing, grew more poignant. In the fall of 1887 he met an old friend, Joe Steel, in Montana. Mr. Steel told him that it was very likely that his wife was still living; that he had a faint recollection of a marriage in an adjoining county of a Mr. Southern to a Mrs. Whiten, who had long since given up her former husband for dead, and that Southern was dead, so he was informed, and that the widow's postoffice was Fort Madison, S. C. Elated by these glad tidings, Mr. Whiten directed three letters to Fort Madison, one to Mrs. Southern, one to Mrs. Whiten, and one to Mr. —— Whiten, a supposed son of his. Eagerly did he wait for a reply, but none came.

The letters remained in the office till one day the postmaster at the place was fixing to make a legal disposition of them, when a countryman, Mr. Latham, chanced to step in. The postmaster casually asked Latham if he knew any one by the name of Nancy Southern or Nancy Whiten. Latham happened to be well acquainted with the widow, and, by the request of the postmaster, carried the letters to Mrs. Southern. She answered him at once, explaining her second marriage; that she had heard he was dead, and expressed great anxiety to see him. Mr. Whiten at once took the train for Westminster, S. C., having been, by her letter, informed that she lived at the same old place. Arriving at Westminster, he proceeded to the old country homestead, where the parting took place. There under the willow tree in the yard, where they parted thirty years before, they met again. Time and trouble had, of course, left its impression upon both. Said Mr. Whiten: "Though the black curls she once wore were streaked with gray, and the sparkling eye was dimmed, and the rose had left the cheek, yet she was as dear to me as ever. We are now living together as happily as when we parted in the spring of 1857. My son came to see me last Christmas—the first time I ever saw him—and we all had a jolly time."

Vulgar Imitation.

Adolphus Trollope.

"There was an old gentleman who had a very tolerable notion of what is vulgar and what is not, and who characterized 'imitators' as a 'servile herd,' and surely if, as we are often told, this is a vulgar age, the fact is due to the prevalence of this very tap-root of vulgarity, imitation. Of course I am not speaking of imitation in any of the various cases in which there is an end in view outside of the fact or the imitation. The child in order to speak must imitate those whom it hears speaking.

"If you would make a pudding you must imitate the cook; if a coat, the tailor. But the imitation which is essentially vulgar, the very tap-root as I have said, of vulgarity, is imitation for imitation's sake. And that is why I think modern slang is essentially vulgar. If in your real opinion—right or wrong matters not—there is any slang phrase expresses an idea with peculiar accuracy, vividness or humor, use it by all means, and he is a narrow blockhead who sees any vulgarity in your doing so. But for heaven's sake, my dear Dick, don't use it merely because you heard Bob use it."

Mrs. Finnigan: "He's no better, doctor. You towld me to give him as much of the powder as would lay on six pence. I hadn't a sixpence, but I gave him as much as would go on five pinnies an' two hallpinnies, and it's done him no good at all, at all."—Funny Folks.