

## AN OPPORTUNE DISCOVERY.

They were walking slowly down the co-educational sidewalk toward Nebraska Hall.

It was Friday evening, but rather than mingle with the madding crowds in the society halls, they had decided to wander to and fro in the creamy moonlight, and discuss the eternal meanings of things.

For a time neither spoke, but at last the voice of Vallombrosa Vincent broke the silence.

"From day to day, De Peyster," she said solemnly, "it comes over me more and more that man is but a bundle of qualities. Ever since we felt thus prompted to round out our psychological accomplishment by excursion into the realm of metaphysics, I have pondered daily over those profound truths, and their sequences, to which life and the Human Soul give rise. And more and more have I been brought to the conclusion that only in the doctrine of pure objectivity can we look for enfranchisement."

"Yes, Vallombrosa," said Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson, "the whole of speculative philosophy talks of nothing else. As I have so often told you, unilluminated by this Theory, all ideas and principles efface themselves as waves upon the sea, or as dew before the summer sun."

Here Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson paused to give a moment to self-introspection. Buoyed up by the ease and nobleness with which she supported her end of the lofty discussion, and influenced perhaps by the creaminess of the moonlight and the bracing keenness of the atmosphere, Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson grew more and more converted, and rejoiced to recognize that all his doubts and hesitation as to Vallombrosa's worthiness were vanishing. But he would not be hasty. He would hold out one more test.

"It is true," said Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson, "that only in objectivity can we see man adequately revealed. But there remains the question of his attributes and destiny."

"His destiny?" she responded excitedly, "what should it be but Nirvana? Has not the great pessimist said that happiness is a chimera, and suffering a reality? That only in impersonality, contemplation, and the negation of will is there refuge from annihilation?"

Pride and decision shone from every feature of the mobile, thoughtful face of Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson. He was confident now that Vallombrosa Vincent was worthy. He had tried her in the balance and she had been found not wanting. He would examine himself no further. He would proceed with caution; but delay would be useless, and considering her magnetism with the *canaille*, dangerous.

"I believe you, Rosa," said Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson, slowly glancing up through the creamy moonlight, and resting his eyes on the yellow, buttery disk of the moon itself. "I believe you, but we have now reached that stage where another doctrine should claim our attention, the doctrine of affinity, a doctrine which, as Goethe has said before me, demands most rigid consideration on the part of the 'ego.' Have you ever experienced, I wonder, out in your distant home, that unutterable sense of the loneliness, of the emptiness of life, that sometimes hangs over a man in his work, in the class room, in society? Have you ever known what it was—"

Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson went no farther for the moment. They had now approached the main building, and he was startled to see students pouring out of the door in crowds. He had not dreamed it was so late. But what riveted his attention was the sight of Fuchsia Foxworthy tripping gayly down the steps in company with his friend, Frederick Flunkington, Jr.

Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson started, and felt a thrill. "Can it be possible," he questioned himself hurriedly, "that my affinity is for Fuchsia and not Rosa? Until this moment, I had supposed that Fuchsia and I were mutually repellent, but