

window-pane. Margaret was showing the sandy rascal a letter, and now they were bending over it altogether. A big square envelope lay on the table. The letter, Thomas knew, was the one that he had given her the day he left. No one else had a right to see it. Who in the world was that scoundrel, and what did he want?

So he stood and watched until the ten-day clock told twelve and the Irishman had parted with Margaret most affectionately; then he turned and stumbled into the dark woodshed where he lay, a poor, homeless outcast.

Whether he slept or not, we cannot say; but one is not likely to when a figure steals close by one and then a window scrapes and drags, and again the figure passes by cautiously and slowly, with a box under its arm, just faintly visible in the early morning light.

But the sleeper himself had walked, perhaps, in his sleep; at least, he had had his revenge in a dream, and a cunning, queer smile passed across the face that rested uncomfortably against a block of wood.

It was morning now, and Margaret and Johnnie and a host of neighbor women were busy in the kitchen and all over the little house.

At noon a table set in the hall trembled beneath the weight of the concocted dainties of a dozen households. Margaret had on a bright green silk dress trimmed with swan's-down. "Oh, you look elegant," said Mrs. Briggs, "and that is his favorite color too." Indeed it was not. Thomas Turner liked sea-blue the best, and he had always said so too.

But, although Johnny and the neighbor women, and the minister who happened also to be there, thought Margaret very pretty, and the frequent odorous whiff from the hall suggestive and appetizing, yet they were all growing weary of waiting so long for some one else. Margaret, too, was getting impatient.

Suddenly the door opened and in walked Thomas Turner.

"O Tom, Tom!" screamed, laughed and sobbed the surprised wife as she fell into her husband's arms; and he held the green form there so recklessly and long that the folds of the crisp green silk hung limp and crushed, and the swan's-down was pressed quite flat.

It is strange that the invited friends should have been so considerate, but they left the two alone except for Johnny who sat there stiff and owl-eyed.

So Johnny's father and mother were again united and, I think, were moderately happy; for he now had his long lost pipe and she had one just like it.

And Thomas Turner kept his long Dutch-pipe beside his wife's in a square oaken box that Johnny found one day lying under a pile of old kegs and boxes near the wharf. His wife started when she saw it, but he only smiled comfortably and drew out of his pocket a thick, time-worn wallet.

AMY C. BRUNER.

THE LAW SCHOOL OBJECTS.

To the Editor of THE HESPERIAN:

In a recent number of the Nebraskan I find the following editorial:

"The Seniors have, we think, acted wisely in drawing the line as sharply as possible between the Academic and Industrial colleges and the College of Law. They have decided to ignore the members of the Law School in the matter of commencement invitations and class day exercises. A college education is something entirely different from a professional education. We might as well offer a six months' course in book keeping and call that a college education. The requirements for admission to the Law School and to the Preparatory department are the same. The law student need not be a college man, in fact he seldom is. They should have a separate commencement. The Senior who has spent one or two years in the Law School should not have the honor of graduating with the student who has earned his sheep-skin by four or six years of hard work. Either the requirements for admission to the Law School should be raised or the faculty should provide for separate days of graduation."

In view of recent developments among