

large, very large, and stout. Her face is broad and flabby and her features are almost lost in it, yet she is not lacking in forehead, which is rendered all the more conspicuous by the way she combs her light hair back—severely smooth. Her head is then set off by a Grecian knot bound by a gold band. In dress she is a classic Greek, but oh, she sadly lacks in form and feature?

My duties are various. As soon as I get up, which is every morning at six, I join my mistress in the observatory, a small room at the top of the house. From this place we "contemplate," as she says, the beauty and strangeness of nature; this nature is a sky often clouded with smoke, a limited view of house tops and chimneys and, in the distance, a streak of dark water. Yet she is always inspired and speaks in a manner wildly poetic.

After we have breakfasted on a meal which is, in my opinion, too mortally substantial to be associated with the idea of literary productions, she attends to her household duties—I am sure that I do not know what they can be—and I go to feed the pets, my lady's dearest friends.

Hamlet must be petted, a horrid little monkey. I must soothe and humor him, and this is the most disagreeable of all my duties. Then, there is the crow, Long-fellow. He and I are very good friends. I am fond of the birds, too, ten pretty yellow canaries and five Chinese finches.

All the rest of the forenoon I have to myself.

At noon we lunch on a dinner. Then we retire to the darkened study. She dictates to me, sometimes poetry, but oftener we spend the afternoon upon a story. I think that she must finish them sometime when she is alone for I never hear the end of them. I cannot judge of the worth of her writings. She may be some famous author writing under a nom de plume.

We generally pass the evening reading. I often play on the piano for her. She is an excellent player herself, she says, but

her soul responds most naturally to the strains of others, and so she prefers to listen to me.

To-night we are going to have a reception to which a number of distinguished ladies and gentleman are invited. The greater number of them are authors of note.

I addressed the envelopes and doing so I discovered how really ignorant and simple I am, for I found that I had never heard of any of the persons.

Do not worry about me, mother. For the most part, I like my position. I am getting new ideas and broader views about some subjects and, too, I am associating with a woman of rarely gifted mind. It cannot but make a change in me, and I think it will be for the better. But in the short time that I've been here I'm determined firmly that I shall never turn my attention to literary work. I can hardly tell why I've come to this decision.

I must close my letter now for it will soon be time for us to receive our guests. With much love from your daughter,

HELEN ZANE ———.

P. S:—I forgot to mention that Mrs. VanHousen has a husband. He is the one that pays me my salary. He is a pale, un-offending sort of a person and I seldom see him.

H. Z.

Wednesday evening, March 25, the members of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations spent a very pleasant social evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wilson. About 150 of the students and members of the faculty were present. Refreshments were served during the evening. A short program was given consisting of a recitation by J. T. Boomer, vocal solo by J. P. Cameron, music by Y. M. C. A. quartette, and vocal solo by Miss Davisson.

Professor Barbour gave a very interesting and instructive talk at the Congregational church Sunday evening, March 29. His subject was "How the Earth was Found."