

missing this entertainment on account of a little headache."

"But Nellie you are pale," again ventured Mr. Raymond, yet half doubtingly, as if after all it might not be the fault of his poor eye-sight.

"Pshaw, father! it is the light from that *old* (a feminine adjective synonymous with the more masculine *mean*) reflector that probably makes it appear so." The college was lighted by means of kerosene, gas pipes not yet having been laid to it; and the rays from one of the reflectors were falling directly upon Miss Nellie's face, the little focus of light in the centre of the bright concave plate dazzling her eyes like the sun in summer. So Miss Nellie, might with little equivocation account for her paleness in this way.

"You asked," she continued, as if to draw her father's attention from the disagreeable subject, "the meaning of the word '*Propositum*.' *Purpose* would render it very well in that motto I think."

"*Tuen*," said Mr. Raymond, "the sentence, freely translated, means that a persistence purpose overcomes all obstacles."

"You remember some of your Latin yet, in spite of bills and ledger accounts," said Miss Nellie, with the slightest laugh imaginable. But here the conversation was interrupted, for the speakers, seven in number, entered the room in file and walked up the centre aisle toward the stage. Howard McKee headed the company, and, as he mounted the steps of the rostrum and took his seat in the centre, with easy, off-hand grace, I doubt if there was a person in that assembled audience who would not have singled him out from his companions as the one who would take the palm of the entertainment. The exercises were for the most part short, pithy and entertaining; and when McKee arose to deliver the closing oration the audience was in the best of good humors, and waiting in a little fever of expectancy for him to begin. One moment he cast his eye over his audience, and then began in an off-hand facetious

way to speak upon the subject of "Popularity and Character." He handled his subject in masterly style. Now grave, now gay; now modest, now bold; now whimsical or sarcastic; he pleased his hearers and held their closest attention until he had done.

Among so many people, did he see Miss Nellie, back under the gallery, with many a broad shoulder intervening to hide her from his view? Possibly not. But Miss Nellie could see him, and hear his every word, and watch his every motion, while she strove in vain to still her heart's wild beating and appear calm and unconcerned. No argument will avail anything with yourself now, Nellie! You cannot forget, nor be unconcerned in the matter; for when a person attempts to persuade himself that he is unconcerned about a matter he is sure to be most concerned; when he must use argument to convince himself that he is not in love, he may as well make up his mind at once that he is most desperately in love; he cares most when he imagines that he cares not at all; he remembers what he tries most to forget.

McKee closed with a short and touching valedictory, and took his seat amid the cheers of the audience. Friends cheered his success. Young ladies cheered his delicate flippancies, and closed their eyes or winked hard at his greater boldnesses. Matronly ladies cheered the little praise that he had chanced to drop in favor of good mothers. Old sages cheered him impulsively for his smartness, but shook their wise old heads the next instant, as if in ominous forebodings of his future weal. The orchestra now struck up a lively air; friends greeted friends with many congratulations; students shook hands, or nodded their goodbyes; the audience retired from the room, and soon all were wending their way homeward.

Howard McKee was accompanied to his boarding place by his father and mother, who had come into town on the