

I was about to tell her to toss the little imp overboard when she howled out "Sing to me Dora." All joined in the chorus, "Do, Dora, do sing to the child" &c. She looked at me and shook her head and tried to soothe the child. But no, she yelled and shrieked all the more. Well, whining *omnia vincit* and Dora sang that pretty thing of Sullivan's, but she beat Miss Ellis all to pieces. It was the sweetest thing I ever heard. I pulled up the horses and heard it all.

After that we got acquainted. At first she was shy, wouldn't speak unless she had to, used to run away if she saw me coming. Then she changed and got a little braver, and we became excellent friends. We used to take rambles and rides together when she didn't have anything to do. Mrs. B. was not very hard on her, used to give her whole mornings and afternoons, 'just to make it pleasant for you,' she said. We talked about the birds, the flowers and the mountains. She never said much, only asked questions and listened attentively while I sported my knowledge in botany and chemistry. Of course we never talked about books, because I thought she was ignorant and I thought it might hurt her feelings. Once I mentioned college and she opened her big black eyes and asked in such a childish way to 'tell all about it.' I did so, grandiloquently, explaining minutely all about class motives, examinations, exhibitions, etc. She listened as if in awe and admiration, then asked if they taught us how to sing at college. She seemed not so very young, but so innocent. I thought she had always lived among the mountains and had had no chance for gaining knowledge. And so it was a very pleasant task to teach such a docile pupil. I explained all about our conservatory, finally telling her I thought her voice real good, and if she could only study somewhere a few terms, it would be nearly as good as Miss Ellis'. She blushed and smiled, and said 'Oh, would it? But then Montana is so far away.'

I went home at night feeling quite pleased with her as well as with myself. Here was a girl who would not deceive, smile or flirt with, then ridicule a fellow behind his back, who agreed with everything he said, especially in his estimate of himself, his vast abilities and importance. This conclusion was slightly shaken several times. Once while Benton and I were discussing socialism Dora was sitting near, sewing. I had given an elaborate statement of my views on the subject, and in the midst of a sentence more rhetorical than true—made for her especial benefit—she dropped her work in astonishment and broke in as if in contradiction, "Why, I thought—" then as suddenly stopped and apologized. Then once we were returning from a long tramp, going quietly up stairs to my room, I heard merry peals of laughter, and looking quietly down saw Dora—shy, sweet Dora—and Mrs. B. shaking with laughter, while Dora gasped out, 'Isn't it the best scheme imaginable!' 'Hush,' cried Mrs. B., in warning, pointing towards the door, where Mr. B. was just entering.

The summer was waning. Our rambles had changed to moonlight strolls, and I was honestly sorry I was going back. I had mentally compared Dora with all the college girls and I liked her best, even if she wasn't so well posted. She was real pretty now, since her cheeks had grown rosy, and if she had only dressed like other girls she'd have been a trump.

I came to a conclusion, and that night out in the hammock, I spoke. She answered just as I knew she would, and when we said goodbye the next morning I promised to come for her right after Commencement. Well, since Miss Ellis' resignation last Christmas, you know the regents have been looking for some one to fill her place in the Conservatory. At their last meeting a Miss Endora Aymer of New York was selected.

I got a letter several weeks ago from New York, written in a beautiful round hand, yet suggestive of the chirography of the tiny missives that used to come to me regularly from Montana, but which had failed since Christmas. I opened the letter and what was my surprise to find it was from my little Dora! I reread it several times before I could get that fact through my head. She said she was not Dora Brooke but Endora Aymer; that having graduated at Vassar and spent a year in New York, studying music, she was tired and went to visit her cousin, Mrs. Benton, for a change of air. Learning that a college student was coming to spend the summer, she had resort in this little ruse to escape the tedium of a flirtation. This was very pleasant until she became aware that she had fallen in love with me. Yes, she said that, old fellow, and I'm not ashamed to say I was dead gone—even while I thought she was an ignorant country 'gal'. Did you ever? I shall just hate myself for my stupidity. Well I wrote back telling her to come and she should keep her place just three months, then, as soon as I bid farewell to dear old *Alma Mater*, she shall be Mrs. Fennimore. Got a letter from her this morning and all is O. K. Hurrah! She's coming on the 4:30 train. Give me your hand, old chum!" C. E. W.

ONLY!

Only a tutor so trim and small,
Quite calm and learned, that's all.
Only some glasses, on a nose so tall,
Dignified and golden, that's all.
Only a window—*une jenetre sale*,
A room warmly heated, that's all.
Only some feet on a sill too small,
A fight with gravitation, that's all.
Only a tumble—an ignominious fall,
In the laps of some ladies, that's all. —C. E. W.

A TRUE STORY.

My home is in one of those New England towns about twenty miles from the coast, and which are chiefly remarkable for the prosaic character of their inhabitants. Ever since I can remember I was always counted an exceedingly shy and awkward youth, and I regret to say that time has done very little for me in assisting me to overcome these defects. So when the time came for me to prepare for my departure to college, my parents were somewhat in doubt as to what kind of a reception I might receive there, especially at the hands of the hazing element of the school. There was no help for it however, so my few effects were soon got together, and after many admonitory injunctions from my parents and relations who had assembled to see me off, I boarded the train and was whirled off towards my future home.

The novel sensation of being carried along at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour (for I had never been on a train before) and the many new faces that I saw, kept my mind busy for a while and prevented me from brooding over my present lonely condition and from thinking on the experience which would probably be mine on my arrival at college. I had almost been led to think that the students were a terrible lot, and that nothing afforded them so much genuine satisfaction as an opportunity of bullying, and what is termed hazing, a poor, unsophisticated Freshman. The thought of this latter ordeal filled my soul with dreadful forebodings; for I knew that my appearance and general deportment would no doubt cause me to be fixed upon as a rare subject for practice in