

## AFTER THE MUSICALE.

The silvery moonlight floated o'er  
 A city wrapped in slumber sweet,  
 And very soft and rare, the sound  
 Of the tread of late returning feet.  
 Through the darkness came a happy pair,  
 Talking in that walk, enough for a year,  
 Lingering long and wishing in vain  
 That the cruel gate were not so near.  
 But unmixed joy is ne'er to be;  
 Behind them with loud laugh and cheer,  
 In haste to o'ertake the lagging pair,  
 A crowd of happy youths appear.  
 But hark! What sounds disturb the air  
 Before the crowd draw near?  
 Yet louder then, a cry was heard,  
 As a Chinaman called with voice so clear:  
 "What breakee my window for mean Melican man?  
 Come makee my window fix, you come right  
 away."  
 Then rushed to the culprit who guiltily stood,  
 Trembling, yet ready, if it must be, to pay.  
 Loudly he raved for half an hour,  
 Threatening arrest, imprisonment and fine,  
 Till one of the crowd ventured up to the sash.  
 And found that the pane had been whole all the  
 time.  
 The hero was led off amid happy cheers,  
 But disconsolate Lee Waw remained behind,  
 Tearing his cue and swearing revenge.  
 As the triumphant shouts floated back on the  
 wind.  
 The silvery moonlight now floats o'er  
 A city wrapped in slumbers sweet;  
 Now has ceased the muffled sound  
 Of the tread of late returning feet.—C. E. W.

## THE MYSTERIOUS PROFESSOR.

Professor Black was a mystery. Everyone in the school imagined that there had been a romance in his life, and many were the conjectures we students made as to what it might have been. Innumerable were the questions asked me, for by some queer fancy the professor had singled me—whom the other instructors avoided—out from among the mass and had given me the privileges of his private laboratory, I carried a key to this room, much to the envy of the others, and passed in and out at any time of the day or night. But on matters concerning himself, I knew no more than the others and dared not intrude upon his personality, so I remained in ignorance of even the place from which he came.

I think his fancy for me sprang from the interest I had evinced in psychology. I had many talks with him on that subject, sometimes very interesting ones, while again, if started off on a line untouched before, he was just as likely as not to take his hat and depart while I was in the middle of a sentence. He seemed eager and yet fearful to have me study the science more deeply. I imagined that he was in possession of some interesting knowledge which he had studied out for himself, and was eager to have my suspicion proved but dared not press him.

On Saturday forenoon I started for the professor's laboratory to press some ferns and carry on some experiments with ozone. About a block from his bachelor lodge I met the professor walking hurriedly. He hesitated a moment and then

stopped. Then he turned to go. I caught at his sleeve to attract his attention. The touch filled me with wonder and I stood still. He did not turn. I touched his shoulder and my wonder deepened, but this time he turned and looked at me searchingly. My sense rallied. "Has the granulated zinc been delivered?" He nodded and passed on.

I walked slowly on, in a state of confusion. Surely, when I had touched his sleeve and shoulder there had been the feeling of touching the air. If I had believed in ghosts—but there he stood in the broad sunlight. Perhaps my fingers were paralyzed. I touched a fence, a tree, my clothes, a passing dog—they all responded. *They* were surely material and my fingers were in full possession of their powers. Then I laughed. The idea! Did I not know it to be a fact that momentarily we sometimes lose one sense? I looked back at the professor's retreating figure and went into the laboratory, but I stopped instantly and with a feeling of awe, almost terror, for before me in his great easy chair, sat the professor, motionless, apparently asleep, except that his lifeless looking eyes were open. I spoke to him and he did not answer. A moment later the door apparently blew open; there was a rustle among the papers as if the wind were blowing; the prof. started and stood up.

"I did not expect you till afternoon," he said somewhat severely. "I thought you had an examination under Prof. Sewell."

For the first time I felt like an intruder in the professor's house. "I am very sorry to have intruded. I came to bring you these ferns. Prof. S. is ill and could not meet the class this morning." The severity left his face and he took the ferns.

"You are more thoughtful than any one else," he said almost tenderly. "You are welcome now and always, boy. Your unexpected presence startled me from a reverie and—and I awakened cross. I wished you to come and help me this afternoon, but you are here now and we will go on together."

Later in the afternoon he mentioned the fact that his twin brother had come to town with bad news and I must overlook it if he was severe when I entered. It was the first word he had ever spoken of his own affairs and I was somewhat surprised. He went to the store room—a little closet—and brought out some chemicals and set me to work. He was very cheerful and soon made me free and easy, although I was conscious of a worried feeling all the morning. I went away at noon and instead of going to my boarding place, wandered around the edge of the city, I knew not where, thinking, thinking. Was it possible then, after all, that the old Greeks were right and that there was a material and an immaterial existence? His twin brother! Bah! The prof. had played his cards poorly. I had never seen the brother and was it possible that he of his own accord would stop me in the street? If the immaterial could escape from the material how could it carry so perfect an image of the material? When I had found the professor he was apparently dead so far as sensibility to touch and sound were concerned. Yes, mind and matter were connected mysteriously. Could it be that movement and understanding were due to the immaterial which when connected with the physical or material, produced life? If the physical were dependent upon the mental for action, and the mental were *long* absent would it not produce death of the body?

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 It was dark when I crept into my own room and fell into a dreamless slumber. Days went on and I was restless and buried in thought. My professors began to grumble loudly about my poor school work. At last, one day, I made up my