

it. The heroine of the story is a young society girl who has the reputation generally of being rather uninteresting, but her inability to shine in society is due to an excess of shyness; and her few particular friends know her to be animated, witty, and an exquisite conversationalist. Maud—such is her name—falls violently in love with a very ordinary young man whom she had met frequently in society—Arthur Burton. She couldn't help it. They never can. At least so I have been told by victims of this inevitable hallucination. Unfortunately, however, the young gentleman was not at all inclined to fall in love with Maud—in fact, he already imagined himself in love with another girl. Maud was in despair. Every time she met Arthur in society her shyness would overcome her to such an extent that he was almost justified in thinking her stupid. At length, as the outcome of a conversation with one of her married friends, she conceived the revolutionary idea that a lady has as much right as a gentleman, to declare her affection, and run the risk of its being reciprocated. So one evening she frankly told him that she cared for him and ask him to treat her kindly, assuring him, however, that she would not pursue him. Imagine the position of the poor youth! I suppose he had never been made love to before, and he didn't know whether he was scared or amused most. He went home and gazed at himself in the glass half an hour to see whether he could find any reason why a girl should fall in love with him. The instinct of a gentleman prompted him at length to do all he could to render her embarrassment less acute. He realized that she couldn't help it. That seems to be one of the most pronounced characteristics of the malady—its utter irresistibility. The result was of course a friendship which ripened into love until at last they were married and died happy.

The only reason I speak of this yarn at all is because it has, in places, strong appearances of truth, and it is barely possible that some poor unsophisticated damsel would infer from this that the whole was true. I shall have to pass over entirely the question of the possibility of, and the durability of, such affection, and also the right of a young lady to take the initiative. These questions are quite too deep for me. It is the effect of such a flattering discovery upon a young man that I wish to question. In my opinion it would undoubtedly spoil him completely. It is more than a senseless whim which has established the rule that a lady should be perfectly passive in such matters. Underneath it is the deep principle that a man wants the direction of affairs entirely in his own hands or he won't play. I don't believe the average youth is very conceited, and to him the idea that a girl likes him—is actually in love with him—would be so surprising, so intoxicating in its complete surpassal of any thing he ever dreamed that it impossible to conjecture, what the consequence would be.

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#### SKETCHES.

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An incident occurred not long since, by which one of the students has been placed in a false position. This young gentleman had always been a model par excellence as regards smoking, etc. One evening, however, misfortune overtook him.

While spending an hour in conversation with some fellow students the young man remembered that it was necessary for him to secure a lady's company for the next Friday evening. He wrote his invitation immediately, folded it, asked one of his companions to see that it was delivered, and then tossed the note upon the table with careless grace.

Now this young gentleman, who had never smoked, was

entirely ignorant of the fact that a student's cob pipe can exhale a more pungent odor than a tar barrel. While the note was being written the other young men had been firing up on some cob pipes of home manufacture. The young man in question paid no heed to the smoke. Neither did the note which he had just finished. Everything was calm and peaceful in the young man's mind.

But just before the note, properly folded and addressed, was tossed upon the table, a pipe had been placed upon that same table. As it happened the note fell upon the pipe. The young man did not notice it. He went home in a few minutes. The note was delivered the next morning.

That young man failed to have company the next Friday evening. His invitation was not accepted. A certain young lady now turns up her nose in scorn when she passes him. The young man's heart is heavy. When he remarks that he does not smoke his lady friends look at him with suspicion. If only the young man knew; but perhaps he will when he reads this story of his misfortune.

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There is a young fellow in this institution who is utterly depraved. He lives in Lincoln, but that does not account for his depravity. No one, as yet, has succeeded in discovering the source of this young man's depravity. He is not bad in a certain sense, but there are a number of people who will give their testimony in court that he is not good. The young fellow himself admits that he is not good. In fact he is a non-descript.

This boy, as he is not of age yet, does not smoke, does not swear, does not drink (sodawater), and does not gamble. He goes to church twice on Sunday, and is always at Sunday school. He puts a nickle in the collection basket as often as it comes around. What, then, is the matter with him? He plays cards and sometimes dances. But everybody knows he he does, so he don't care.

The other evening the minister announced that the evening sermon would be about "Satan's Agencies;" and explained that he would rebuke card playing, dancing, gambling, etc. The young man was on hand at half past seven. He was there before the minister. He occupied a front seat, and he gave the closest attention to the sermon. He sang the hymns louder than the choir. The church members were puzzled. What did that young man mean?

After church the young man tried to take three girls home. He couldn't do it. Another fellow cut him out on one of them. The young man took the two girls home, and then slugged the fellow who took the third girl. Then our young man walked out in the country for exercise. He came back at 10 o'clock. He prepared a pony for Monday's examination. Then he studied his Sunday school lesson for half an hour. Then he went to bed.

The young man is a queer combination of good and evil. Next Sunday he will go through the same programme that he did last. He will probably sing in the choir, or else pass the collection basket. The young man is undoubtedly getting there. But it will accommodate a few people who are interested in his welfare, if some one will say whether he is a sheep of a black or white color.

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#### CURRENT COMMENT.

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The bulletins issued by the agricultural experiment station are well worth preserving. In them may be found much valuable information that is not obtainable elsewhere. The men who contribute to these bulletins are well known, and rank among the best in their respective lines in the