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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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## THE PROFESSOR.

"Miss O'Brien will read the next stanza!" said Professor Ingram, in cold, dignified tones, as he looked up from the battle-scarred copy of Horace that lay on his desk, and fastened his dark eyes on Elise.

"Excuse me, professor, but I know the translation I made of that passage is not correct, and I would rather not read it. Although I tried very hard I have not been able to get at the poet's exact meaning."

"I did not ask you to express your opinion of the translation you had made, Miss O'Brien, but requested you to read it!" and the shadows grew darker on his face.

"Really, professor, I cannot read it," persisted the fair girl.

"Well, try!" Elise recognized the accents of command in what he said, and it never occurred to her to disobey him or to resist further. No one who had ever been in his class would have parleyed with him when he looked and spoke in that way. So she snatched up her book and hastily read the verse he had called upon her to translate.

Her effort was greeted with a titter of laughter all around the class. It was not often that the members of Professor Ingram's class cast aside the dignity becoming the situation when they were in his recitation-room, but this was more than they were prepared for. Even the professor could not restrain the smile that crept over his dark, handsome face as he heard his pupil's version of the venerable Latin language. Elise feigned to laugh a little, too.

"I suppose, sir," she said, looking up at him defiantly, "the next time I tell you I cannot translate a certain passage you will believe me?"

He made no reply, but fastened his eyes on her with a keener scrutiny. He was wondering how the girl who was so freely praised by other teachers as being the star of their classes, who, he had heard, was the sharp mathematician in the school and excelled in the literature could be so slow to comprehend Latin.

Elise was glad when he passed the verse to another girl, for she was growing uneasy under his searching gaze.

A short time afterward she was on her way to her music room to practice, and chanced to meet Mattie Eaton her first favorite, in the hall. Mattie commenced laughing, and exclaimed:

"Well, Elise, that was a heavenly translation you treated us to this morning! No doubt it made old Horace turn over in his grave to have his pet thought so fearfully distorted."

"I don't care if it did! Did I not tell Professor Ingram I could not read it? I know as well as you how ridiculous my translation sounded. I have known a long time there is no bright hope of my ever being a Latin scholar. Papa says it is because I did not have a competent teacher in the beginning. Anyway, I have such a distaste for it that I cannot make up my mind to learn it. I did not dislike it so before I commenced taking lessons from Professor Ingram, but now it seems like I only go to that class to make a display of my ignorance day after day. He generally calls upon me to read the most difficult part of the lesson, and if he finds that I am especially ignorant on any particular subject that is the very one about which he asks me most questions. You know I have no trouble in other classes, but it seems that when he fixes those hateful old dark eyes on me it sets my wits wool-gathering. I believe I am afraid of him."

"'Afraid of Professor Ingram? The idea of such a thing! It is true I would not dare disobey him, or thwart him in any way, but I never dreamed of being afraid of him. He is positive and stern, but never violent nor rude, and, truly, for justice and kindness all seasons are summer to him."

"Kindness!" cried Elise, her pretty blue eyes sparkling scornfully, "I wish he would indulge in a distribution of it when I am near, if he keeps such a stock in store. I suppose, in my winter of discontent, I fail to appreciate the professor's summer time disposition. I am sure I ever read the hour when his class meets, and I would walk far out of my way to avoid meeting him on the lawn."

"Elise, you should not say that. For my part I think he is very patient with you, and I know he has never treated you unkindly."

"No, he never chides me in words, but his eyes speak volumes of disapproval to me. He is so cold and dignified that I am always ill at ease in his presence. They say he goes much in society; I wonder if his manner out there is the same as here? If it is I should think there would always be a vacant space around him."

"I do not know; I never met him

before I came here, but have heard he cut quite a figure in Paris, winter before last."

Here Mattie, remembering that the bell had rung for her next class, started on, telling Elise to come over to her room early that evening, that they could get through with their work in time to go out for a walk. Elise and Mattie were true friends, and they always studied their lessons together, helping each other all they could, except in Latin. Elise would not study that with any one, because she felt that in it, she could not help them in return for the assistance they would give her.

For a few days after this little episode, Elise, although she pretended not to mind her failure, worked at the despised study with more zeal.

But ere long she became discouraged again, and many a time would have begged the superintendent's permission to quit the class, but for one reason—she knew that unless she attained a proficiency in this branch, she could not take a full diploma that year, and although the study of Latin was a great burden to her, she could not gain her own consent to lay it down at the cost of losing a diploma, "the consummation devoutly to be desired" of every school girl's heart.

"I am afraid it is useless for me to try," she said to one of the girls, on her way to the professor's office the day of the senior Latin examination, "but it seems too bad, after I have been so successful in all my other classes, to give up my hopes of a diploma and the scholarship medal without even making an effort in this. If I had gotten the music medal, I would not care so much, but I lost time drooping over this old Latin, and could not pay proper attention to my music. I rarely ever had such horrid luck in all my life, and poor papa will be so greatly disappointed when he comes to commencement!" Here Elise's voice faltered, and a tear stole into her great blue eyes.

"I am so glad you are going to try, dear," said the girl to whom she had been speaking, "and I hope, sincerely, you will meet with more success than you expect." And she truly did; all the girls loved the beautiful, kind Franco-Irish girl, for she was always merry and always kind. She worked hard all that day and remained in the office writing long after all the other girls had gone. The professor waited patiently for her, but never glanced to the desk where she sat. At last she laid down her pen, folded her papers without reading them and, with a deep sigh, handed them to the professor.

It was seldom Elise, sighed, but she was very tired now, and had little hope of her labor availing anything. A little while after she passed by his door, and glancing in, saw that he was sitting in the same place intently reading her papers.

"I understand!" she said to herself. "He is so much afraid my papers went a mark high enough to pass me that he can not wait longer to look over them."

Perhaps Elise felt that she was unjust to the professor in her surmise, but she would have felt it more if she had only glanced up to meet the kind, sympathetic look in his eyes as she handed him her papers, not an hour before.

In a few days they all met again in his office to hear the flat pass on the result of their labor. When he came to Elise's name he made a slight pause before he read it, and the mark he had put on her examination—a pause to give her failure emphasis, Elise interpreted it. She was the only one who had failed! No need of emphasis to make her feel it! How was she to bear her great disappointment?

If Elise's good judgement had not made her know how deficient she was in a knowledge of this language, she would have believed the professor's dislike for her had influenced his decision but she well knew it was just, and her heart sank deep under her failure. She did not raise her eyes from the floor, but sat there motionless, expressionless, until the class was dismissed, for the last time, with congratulations from the professor. Then without speaking to any one, she hastily turned to leave the room. She made her exit from his presence to-day less joyfully than she had ever done, for, heretofore, however serious may have been her bearing when she entered his recitation-room, her face was always the most radiant of the class as soon as she was dismissed.

She avoided speaking to any one, and walking briskly to her music-room opened her portfolio and commenced practicing. It was the hour for her to practice her vocal lesson, but she was too nearly crying to sing. At first her lovely eyes were so dim with tears she could scarcely see the notes, but ere long, with her unusual powers of self-control, she had mastered her feelings

efficiently to sing. Turning over the fancy operas she was wont to practice at this hour, she sought the old Irish melodies that she used to sing to her father summer evenings when the shadows had gathered on the hills, and the din of the world was hushed and gave place to the music of her sweet childlike voice. It seems a consolation to pour forth the sadness of her soul into those sweet old refrains that she had first heard as they fell in music from the lips of her mother, whose voice had long been hushed on earth. The last notes of "Kathleen Mayourneen" had just been borne away by the summer breezes when Mattie, her favorite, gently opened the door and asked permission to enter.

It was not long before Elise's tears had broken through the barriers of self-control and were falling fast from eyes that, it seemed nature had fashioned for smiles.

"I know it is silly to cry about it, Mattie; but, oh, it is such a bitter disappointment! No diploma, no medal, no honor on commencement day after so many sessions of faithful labor. And I have looked forward to my commencement day as the happiest, fairest day of my life. I would not mind for only my own sake, but to think how disappointed poor papa will be."

In vain Mattie tried to console her friend, telling her that it was only the disappointment of a day, and "would never count in the news of a battle," as she had formerly failed to attain the outward flourishes of her recompense, that she had gained knowledge, taste and adornments which were recognized by all the inmates of the Alma Mater, and would be appreciated by society in days to come.

But all the logic failed to bring back the smiles to Elise's face, for she could not help but deem it a cruel fate that her first great disappointment should cast its shadow over the day she had marked out to be the brightest of her life.

But after all when that much-talked-of day came Elise was not so sad as she feared she would be. How could she be sorrowful in such a scene? Surrounded by such a convoy of merry, white-robed creatures, with such a flood of golden sunlight pouring down upon them balmy, perfume laden breezes fresh from the gardens of June fanning their brows and strains of joyful music charming their senses, hearts that had grown old in disappointments soon cast aside their sadness.

That night after the exercises were over and the audience dispersed, Elise's father led her out on the moon-lit balcony to tell her how well pleased he was with her session's accomplishments; he told her how happy it made him to hear her voice and to see how skillfully she executed the most difficult instrumental pieces.

"But, dear papa, I have no diploma, no medal for you," she said, deeply sighing.

"That does not in the least displease me, my little girl. As to medals, they only represent relative excellence, and if you are not exactly satisfied with your literary attainments, and have your heart set on taking a diploma, you need not be disappointed, for to-day Professor Ingram spoke to me of your failure in Latin examination, and told me the cause of it. He said, as he accepted the invitation extended him, he would take pleasure in giving a few private lessons, and you might pursue your studies in Latin and be able to take your diploma yet, with very little inconvenience to either party."

This revelation struck Elise almost breathless.

"What invitation, papa?" she asked. "Is Professor Ingram going to visit you at Woodlawn this summer?"

"Yes, darling, I have often invited him to visit me at my summer home, that we might hunt and fish together and spend again a pleasant time in each other's company as in our old college days. I have always been fond of Ingram, and will be only the more rejoiced to have him with me if his visit is the means of making my loved one more happy."

It made Elise's heart sink, the prospect of the summer before her, when she had expected to be as joyous and free as a lark, to be restrained all the bright, beautiful time by the grave, dignified professor's presence. How much more happy she would be to pursue her studies free and alone!

But she did not make known her feelings because she loved her father so well and would not for anything annoy him. She turned the subject as soon as she could, asking eagerly about her "Aunty," a maiden sister of Mr. O'Brien who lived with him and tried faithfully to fill the office of a mother to his orphaned child.

For the first few days after the professor's arrival at Woodlawn Elise skillfully steered clear of his presence, never meeting him except at the table

and when she went to take her lessons from him in the library.

The professor, although she was perfectly polite to him, saw that she avoided him, and the hour spent with him in the library each morning, was a real punishment to her. The first morning, as the professor had not brought his text books with him, she was obliged to let him look on her book as she read; but by the next day she had brought down an old copy of Tacitus, that was her father's from some dusty recess in the library, and politely offered it to him. He noticed this, and tried to make her more at ease in his presence.

"Miss Elise," he said, one morning, "let me entreat you not to sit so far off, as if you were afraid of me. Come over here and sit on this sofa by me, and I give you my word for it, if you do go a little wrong, you will sustain no mortal injury at my hands. Pray do not rush through your lessons, listening to my comments and corrections as the inevitable, and then hurry out of my presence as if I were an ogre. It was expedient for me to be strict and stern in my class at the institute, but the relation as teacher and pupil need no longer exist between us; let me be your friend and helpmate. I do not know why you appear to dislike me, and are so constrained in my presence. I have often noticed that when I am near so frolicsome and gay when I am away. No need to put constraint on your happy spirit on my account, child. Although the joyous mirth of youth has departed from life forever, it still gladly echoes the music of other youthful hearts."

"Indeed, Professor Ingram, you misjudge me. I do not dislike you, and I know you have always been just to me. I confess I was not always perfectly free and at ease in your class. You always looked at me as though you were criticizing what I said so severely in your mind."

"Did I," said he, laughing. "Well, hear me swear, right here, by the shade of old Tacitus that I will not do so again. And will you not, on your side, promise not to look so solemn whenever I come near you?"

Elise promised, and it was not long before she and her teacher were fully enjoying each other's society. They often sat and conversed long after lessons were over. Nor was their conversation confined to Latin literature, for Elise was beginning to feel so free in his presence that she could converse with him as easily as with one of her schoolmates. She would show him her schoolbooks, birds and flowers, and even let him examine the collections of botanic specimens she had made. She would often go out for a walk with him, and as they wandered where the prospect of green, sloping hills, shady dells, sparkling streams and distant, blue mountains were spread out in heavenly beauty before them, the grave professor lost many a lesson that nature, in her silent language, would have taught him, in listening to the sirene voice of his happy companion. Elise would go on with her merry discourse, hardly realizing that the dark face before her, which she had come to think so handsome, was the same that had often been turned upon her with a frowning expression in the dreary old recitation room at the institute.

She often sang for him, and he seemed never to tire of hearing her voice. One evening when she had finished singing "Kathleen Mayourneen," he said: "Do you know that I once heard you sing that song more beautifully than I ever heard it sung by any musical artist of either continent?"

"Why, no, I did not know you admired my voice enthusiastically. Please tell me where I was so fortunate as to deserve such praise."

"Do you remember of practicing in the music-room near my office the hour after I read the examination report of my Latin class? I heard you singing and sat down by the window and listened to your songs. I was there when Miss Hatton came in and you told her how sorely disappointed you were in not getting your diploma. I cannot tell how deeply I sympathized with you! It was then I determined you should not be disappointed, in the end, if any assistance I could render you would be of avail."

"Oh, you eavesdropper! and how little I dreamed then you were so sweet and kind. I do not remember all I said in my disappointment; maybe I said something naughty about you," said Elise, affectionately taking his hand from the back of the chair, where it was lying, and tenderly toying with the fingers.

"No, you did not," he said, bending his dark, handsome face close to hers; "and my little darling, I have something more to confess. Do you think that, as I heard you sing, I determined to one day make that sweet voice and those sunny curls and laughing blue eyes all my own?"

But we will not listen to the words he uttered as he told her the old, old story that has kindled love-light in the eyes of happy maidens from time immemorial; the old, old story that enchanted Elise forth from her heart a confession of the love she bore for him—a love that "was founded on a rock," and was as pure as her spotless life.

Ere another commencement day rolled around at the institute, the professor had made her his bride, and when he came to sign his name to the diploma that Elise had so fondly desired, a thrill of happiness and pride ran through his heart as he thought of all it had helped him to gain.

## A Scared "Stage Baby."

Joe Jefferson tells a good story of Edwin Forrest. The great tragedian was playing an engagement in Cincinnati, and it was decided to put on "Pizarro," but no child could be found to personate Rolla's little boy. The manager and the property man were at their wit's end. It was impossible to have the boy personated by a dummy, for he was required to walk, embrace his father and mother, and perform other actions which to a dummy would have been physical impossibilities. At last, in an evil hour, the property man was struck by what he regarded as a happy thought. At a one-horse museum a few squares off the list of curiosities included a middle-aged dwarf, who, despite his small stature, was gifted with a large head and a very old face as well as a singularly gruff voice.

The property man, after considerable negotiation, succeeded in renting his midget from the museum manager for one night only, to personate Rolla's infant son. The dwarf was not present at rehearsal, and the character of the infant which he was to carry on was carefully concealed from Forrest, who beheld him for the first time as he picked him up in the first entrance to rush with him across the bridge, and whose feelings at that moment, like the difficult passage in novels, may be more easily imagined than described. Grasped the terrified dwarf in his brawny arms Forrest, never very gentle in any of his stage business, rushed like a whirlwind before the audience, shouting at the top of his powerful voice, "Rolla passes freely!" and handling the son of his adoption rather more roughly than usual.

When about half way across the bridge the poor midget could endure it no longer, and thrusting his head out from old Metamora's arm, and looking up into his face said in a deep bass voice, so completely out of keeping with his stature and his supposed juvenility, that if a lamb had roared it could scarcely have been more surprising: "See here, you great big lubber, what are you going to do with me, anyhow?"—*Phila. Times.*

John and the Lawyer.

Among the men of the revolution, no one was more respected for his honesty and good sense than Roger Sherman, of Connecticut. Courts and juries deferred to him, and from all parts of the State clients sought his advice. One morning a farmer, who was far from quickwitted, dropped in to see him. When his turn came, Mr. Sherman greeted him cordially, and said:

"Well, John, what can I do for you this morning?"

"Why, lawyer," was the answer, "I happened to be in town, and thought I'd call and get an opinion."

"State your case, sir; what's the matter?"

"I ain't got a lawsuit. I only want one of your opinions. They are said to be valuable."

Mr. Sherman saw into the character of his visitor and writing a few words on a slip of paper, handed it to him, and charged seventy-five cents for the advice. John, proud of his success, hurried home to his wife to boast of it. He found her in discussion with the hired man about a field of oats which had been cut the day before. He was anxious to do some other work, while she was advising him to get in the oats. She was full of energy, and much more capable than was her husband.

"Well, John," she said, "what shall we do about the oats?"

"Read the lawyer's opinion," said he, and produced his treasure. "It cost me seventy-five cents."

She read it: "Never put off till tomorrow what can be done to-day."

"Enough said," cried John; "them oats must be got in."

A heavy rain which came that night would have injured the oats badly, if they had been left out in the field. John always gave Mr. Sherman the credit of saving his oats, and held him in his highest esteem as a man of wonderful wisdom and forecast.—*Youth's Companion.*

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