

changing the subject and addressing the stately old lady, who was sitting smoothing her laces and looking rather aghast at her niece's utterances, "that this young gentle-man is going to college, and Jeremy, too!" "Indeed," and Miss Ceswick, "I hope that you will do great things there, Ernest."

While Ernest was disclaiming any inten-tions of the sort Miss Florence cut in again, raising her eyes from a deep contemplation of that young gentleman's long shariks, which

were writing under her keen glance and twisting themselves serpentwise round the legs of the chair. "I did not know," she said, "that they took

praise. Jeremy, it is true, rowed one year in the Varsity race, and performed prodigies of strength, and so covered himself with a sort of glory, which, personally being of a modest mind, he did not particularly appreciate. Ernest did not even do that. But somehow, by hook or by crook, they, at the termination of their collegiate career, took some sort of degree, and then departed from the shores of the Cam, on which they had spent many a jovial day-Jeremy to return to Kesterwick, and Ernest to pay several visits to college friends in town and elsewhere. And so ended the first little round of their

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

A Foolish Suiter.

A Poolish Butter, That "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agles," has almost a daily illustra-tion. The particular instance referred to is the case of a young Washington blocd, who, for a number of years, has laid size to the heart of a young lady whose father is one of the wealthiest men in town. The old gentle-man looked approvingly on the satisfactory progress that the young man was making, but thought it would be well to see whether it was the daughter or the maney that he wood so ardently. So one bright day he called the would be son-in-law to him and told him blandly that he was not averse to the mar-riage, but that when it was consummated he must take care of her himself and not ex-pect her to take care of him; or, in other words, that he could not support them. This was ione solely as a blind, for the pater familia doubted not that the boy was sincers in his

And so they parted, the fond lover avow-ing his unalterable attachment and his en-tire willingness to shoulder the responsibili-ties of his prospective new life. But the old gentleman's experiment worked like a charm. The young man has never showed up from that day to this, and now "all bets are off," as it were. The young lady and her father are congratulating themselves at the narrow escape the bank account has made, and the booby is looking around for a hole to crawl in. Meantime, another fellow, with good hard horse sense, came along and married the girl, and the generous father-in-law gave them a goodly pile -- Washington Letter.

Washington society sees but little of Mrs. Chase. She is some distance out of town, although from her library windows the dome although from her library windows the dome of the Capitol can be seen looming up a mile away. She has the saving adaptability of all people of sense. She is interested in her gar-dening and in her daughter's education. She is a sense in the sense of the bar world rides and drives and fills up a life that would seem singularly empty. She makes no apology or explanation for her altered style of living. Probably she inherits her father's incapacity for moneyed affairs. Whatever might have been said of her, the invincible courage she has shown in misfortune com-mands respect. The old here, the invincible courage and has shown in misfortune com-mands respect. The old house is full of relies of splendor. Some of the finist carvid mahogany in this country is in the big-gloomy diming room. A mirror over the fire-place has a frame that would put overything at Syphor's to shame, and a sideboard, a buffet and a great carved sofa, brought from Italy, are fit for a pulace. In the halfs is an buffet and a great carved sofa, brought from Italy, are fit for a palace. In the halfs is an ancient carved marriage cheat that is be-witching to a lower of antiquities. Every-where shabbiness and splendor go hand in hand, but the shabbiness is not vulgar, nor is the splendor obtrusive. It would be have to the splendor obtrusive. It would be have to rashness for one to pity Mrs. Chass for her