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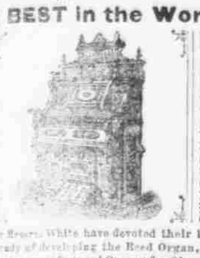
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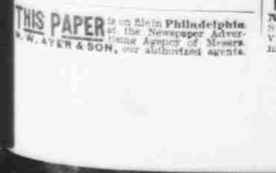
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FOR LOVE OF AN ACTRESS.

BY W. C. FULTON.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"His name?"

"He gave none, sir; said you knew him well."

"Show him in."

I threw aside the evening paper as I bade the office boy show the gentleman into our private apartment, with scarce a thought as to who this stranger might be. The opening of the door announced his entrance, when I beheld a medium-sized man with dark hair and eyes, heavy moustache and closely-cut whiskers, and a clear though somewhat pallid complexion.

"Mr. Weldon, I believe?"

"That is my name," I responded, as much in the dark as to his identity as ever.

"Why, Bob, don't you know me?" he asked, observing my puzzled expression.

"Ned Pierce, as I'm alive!" and I grabbed his outstretched hand with a vigor that made him wince.

"Why, Ned, what under the heavens ever brought you to Paris? The very last person in the world I would have dreamed of seeing."

"The channel steamer brought me to France, and I naturally drifted to the metropolis through the medium of the steam cars. But how long have you been in this city?"

"Five years last December."

And then he told me how it was by the merest chance that he found me. Having some financial matters to attend to, he had inquired at the hotel for an American banking house, and had been given, among several others, the names of Howe Ralston and Weldon. Inquiry disclosed the fact that it was none other than his old friend Weldon of former years, and hence his seeking me out. Of course nothing would do but that he must accompany me home, and, as it was then nearly dinner-time, we started at once.

"I have nothing elaborate to offer, Ned," I explained, "but my bachelor apartments are at least comfortable, and we can talk over old times and have a quiet smoke."

"Not married yet, Weldon?"

"No, and no prospect of it."

"That's singular. I supposed, of course, you once married and settled down long ago."

"Why of course?"

"O, I don't know! No especial reason, only it was one of my air-castles to find you a Benedict with an interesting family."

"Not any for me, I thank you! That is where your building was at fault. And you?"

The sudden turn I gave to the conversation seemed to disconcert him for a moment, and he answered, with a little bitter, ironical laugh:

"I? I guess I am a confirmed bachelor."

Ned had always been such a jolly companion! Ever ready for a good time, and neither better nor worse than a great many young men. He had his faults, as who has not? And as for his good traits of character, they appear were quite good friends years ago, and I came as near making a confidant of him as I ever did of any one. I was never very much given to over-intimate friendships with any body, like many young men, and the majority of young ladies. On the contrary, while enjoying the society of others, I was always of a very reticent turn, rarely telling any of my companions anything of my personal affairs. What good would ever come of it? If one has difficulties lying in his path, they are none the more easily overcome by pouring out one's trials into the willing ear of a ready listener. And, on the other hand, if one has a bit of good fortune, how few people there are in the world who really care to hear it.

And it was six years since I had last seen Ned! Heigh-ho! How time does fly! It's no wonder I didn't recognize him. Six years ago I bade Ned Pierce good-bye on the deck of an outgoing Cunarder. Left an orphan with a large estate, he was naturally inclined to take life easy, and when I said farewell he was starting on his first trip across the water, while I turned back to my business in the crowded streets of the great city. During these six years I had lost all track of him, and indeed, had not thought of him for some time. I had been quite prosperous in my undertakings, and was now manager of the Paris branch of our banking-house, with a moderate fortune laid by for the traditional "rainy day."

As we arrived at our destination, Ned expressed a decided approval of my apartments, with repeated words of admiration. "Yes," I acquiesced, "it is very comfortable here."

"Have you any engagement for this evening?" he asked as we arose from the dinner-table.

"Nothing imperative."

"Then come with me."

"Where?"

"To the opera."

I had no objections, and at once agreed to it, although I cared enough to inquire what was to be sung that evening.

"You asked me on our way home what I had been doing with myself for the last six years," he said. "Come with me to-night, and after the opera I will tell you my story."

We went. I found that he had a box already engaged, and the other led the way to it, at the right hand of the stage, when he retired as silently as he came.

It was the familiar opera of "La Traviata," sung by a moderately fair company, and had I been alone I probably should have noticed nothing particularly striking about any of the singers. As it was, no sooner had "Violetta" made her appearance than I was attracted by the strange behavior of my companion.

"See, there she is!" he whispered, as he caught my arm with a vise-like grip.

"Well, what of it? Let go my arm."

I scrutinized closely this apparently wonderful prima donna, and, by the aid of my powerful opera-glasses, noted minutely her personal appearance. A tall, graceful blonde, with large eyes like two purple pansies, and her own fluffy, golden-brown hair, almost dark, of the most beautiful shade I ever saw. Her cream-white complexion was partially discernible through all the paint and powder, while her form was the embodiment of grace. She possessed a magnificent voice of great range and flexibility, and kept the entire audience as well as Ned, under her complete sway.

The dying woman had finally sank back gracefully amid the watery endearments, and the curtain descended to slow music on the last act, when Ned leaned back in his chair with what sounded to me like a half-sigh, while an unnatural flush burned in his cheeks, and his eyes glowed as with an inward fire. Little had been said during the progress of the opera, and he was strangely taciturn all the way home, seeming entirely preoccupied with thoughts altogether foreign to the surroundings.

"I beg your pardon, Weldon," he said, when we were once more in the house, and settled comfortably by the glowing grate for a quiet smoke. "I beg your pardon, but I fear I was poor company this evening."

While I mentally agreed with him, I protested to the contrary.

"You want to hear my story? Very well. It is an o'er true tale, at all events, and may prove interesting."

After a few moments' silence, in which his thoughts seemed far away, he began:

"You remember when last we parted?"

"Yes, on the deck of the steamer, as you were starting for Europe."

"Exactly. After landing, I went at once to London, where I remained for several months, doing nothing in particular, but passing the time as a young man naturally would who had his pockets lined with gold and an abundance of leisure time on his hands. After an idle, aimless life in that old city, I crossed the channel and made my way to Paris. You remember, Weldon, when I became of age, my guardian turned the whole of my income over to me, unreservedly, while he still retained the management of the estate, at my particular request. As I had never been abroad, and, in fact, had not traveled much in my own country, I naturally felt a desire to see the world."

"Quite natural, I'm sure."

"Well, I began to make the most of the two resources at my command—time and money—and was soon living a gay and perhaps somewhat fast life in this, the best, or I might say the worst of French cities. At any rate, I found myself enjoying it all very well, and it was one ceaseless round of gayeties, with theatres succeeding balls, and these closely followed in their turn by the opera or something equally entertaining. I owed the most of my introductions into society to an artist friend of mine who, though already famous, and on the shining road to riches through the medium of his brush, lived somewhat of a Bohemian life among the multitude of artists studying under those various Parisian masters. Perhaps you knew this Arthur Pierrepont? He was formerly from New York."

"I knew him by reputation only."

"We were quite intimate, and had many a jolly time together. There was a certain club in existence in Paris then of which he was one of the leading spirits. It was their custom to hold receptions every two weeks at their elegant club house, which were attended by the members who were almost entirely actors, actresses, journalists and musicians, together with their friends. These were always most enjoyable affairs, and we went a quarter of times during the season.

"It was at one of the parties or receptions, that I first met Jules Dupres. He was a typical Frenchman, in stature small and wiry, with coal-black hair and bushy eyebrows, and a heavy moustache, almost hiding his thin, treacherous lips. His eyes were small and deep-set, piercing in the intensity of their blackness, while they darted about so restlessly, and with such a sinister expression, that I instinctively felt a dislike to him before I had been fairly presented. This bad impression speedily wore off as I entered into conversation with him, when I found him one of the most accomplished talkers I could ever listen to. He was well versed in all the arts perfectly at home, and could outtalk me twice over.

"He must have been remarkable."

Ned smiled as he responded, "I see you do remember me, after all."

"Yes; but go on."

"As I was saying, this man was so entertaining that I soon forgot my half-formed prejudices, and was completely charmed by his manner. As time ran along, and we met at a number of social events, I became quite intimate with him. My artist friend noticed this, and did not appear to sanction it.

"'I don't half like that black Frenchman of yours, Pierce,' he said to me one day, while I was watching him at work in his studio.

"'Why?'

"'O, I fancy he is not exactly a fair and square man. I may be wrong, but he don't impress me at all favorably.'

"So thoroughly infatuated had I become with him that I laughed Pierrepont's fears to the winds. I was sure he was all right. Why, such a jolly good fellow could not be very bad at heart!

"It was one evening in early May that found me at the last of the club receptions for the season. As usual, my olive-hued Dupres was there, as smiling and voluble as ever. During the evening, which seemed more than usually gay, I wandered into the almost deserted smoking-room, and sinking into an easy-chair, was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and deep in a brown study.

"'A penny for your thoughts, my friend.'

"I looked up, and there was Dupres, leaning in a careless attitude against one of the window casements. 'Ah! it's you, is it? I was just thinking how pleasant it all was here, and how I hated to leave.'"

"'Leave? Is monsieur going away?'

"'Yes, I have decided to ramble on. I am going to start for St. Petersburg to-morrow.'

"'Is it possible? How very singular! I am going to Riga myself, and perhaps we can arrange to travel in company.'

"'I was not aware you contemplated leaving Paris,' I said, somewhat surprised at his avowal. 'I did not know you were in business.'

"'O, yes, I am starting for Russia to look after our furs. We are largely interested in that industry.'

"I fancied for the moment a slight embarrassment in his manner, but immediately dismissed the idea, reasoning in my own mind that there was nothing very remarkable in two gentlemen chancing to be traveling in the same direction.

"The result was, the next morning found us in the same compartment, and booked for the same destination.

"'Since leaving you last night,' he explained, 'I find I would have to go to St. Petersburg, after all, so concluded to go at once and be done with it.'

"After a long and tiresome journey, we arrived at our destination, and under his guidance went to the Imperial Hotel, where we were accommodated. The weather was simply delightful for that part of the world, and we gave ourselves up entirely to pleasures and sightseeing. He had apparently forgotten his business, as he never referred to it, while I, who had lost any mistrust I might have had, was only too glad to have him devote his time to amusements. A few evenings passed, and he proposed the theatre. It seems there was a very good French company just beginning a long season there, and were playing to crowded houses. We went, and it was there I first saw my fate."

Ned paused, and silence reigned for a few moments, while with a hard set expression on his face he gazed moodily at the glowing coals.

"It is needless," he began, slowly, "to recount all my first impressions, and rave of personal charms. Suffice it to say, I fell deeper and deeper in love with this angelic being behind the scarce less dazzling footlights, and my friend observed it, as we fairly haunted the theatre.

"'You admire the lady?' he said, one night, as we were in our accustomed seats.

"'Yes,' I replied, a little miffed at his observance.

"'*Tres bien!* I can give you an introduction.'

"'What! you know her?' and I could have embraced him, so sudden ly were my feelings changed.

"'Yes.'

"'And will introduce me?'

"'If you wish it,' and he darted a side glance at me from under his bushy eyebrows.

"You may imagine how impatient I was after that. I could scarce wait till the end of the play, and little heeded the stage when Mlle. Veranique (that was her professional name) was not on.

"Dupres was as good as his word, and the next day took me around to her house, where she was living with her mother as chaperon. It was a magnificent place, piled full of all the luxuries fancy can suggest, or an unlimited outlay purchase. We found a throng of visitors, as it was her reception day, and it was with no little diffidenly that we reached her presence, when the Frenchman introduced me to Adele Fabian, for she dropped her other name at the stage door. I wish you could have seen her! She was enough to turn the head of an anchorite, with her deep blue eyes and dazzling smile. It is useless to dilate on this point. It is enough to say that I soon became madly infatuated with her. I had never questioned Dupres's acquaintance with her, but supposed, like me, he had been introduced by some mutual friend.

"I became a frequent visitor at her house, and from that to a constant one. In fact, I became her shadow. Wherever she went I was sure to be found near at hand, and the close of four months found me hopelessly entangled in the meshes of love, beyond all thoughts of extrication. It annoyed me to find Dupres at her house so much, for it seemed as though I could never call but to find him there. He never appeared to be very deeply interested in her movements, but hung around with a familiarity that was intensely irritating to me.

"I fancied my case was not altogether hopeless, and finally, when I learned it was the last week of their engagement, made up my mind to know my fate, thinking it preferable to this maddening uncertainty."

"You were certainly hard hit, my boy," I said.

Ned smiled as he continued:

"It was a beautiful day that I called, determined to know the worst. Upon sending in my card, I was ushered into her presence, and by great good luck found her alone. I made a few incoherent remarks upon minor topics, and then boldly declared myself, urging my suit with all the fervor of a burning passion. A rosy blush mantled her fair face for a moment, and then, dying away as suddenly as it came, was succeeded by a deadly pallor that o'erspread her entire features.

"'I am deeply grieved at this, my friend,' she said, in her low, musical tones, 'and I would have spared you this confession!' And she turned her head to hide her face.

"'But, my darling, I love you more than words can tell. My very existence hangs trembling on your lips.'

"I waited for her answer, with a sickening heart, for with a sad look in her beautiful eyes dimmed with tears, and in a faltering voice, she said:

"'It can never be, however much I may—'

"'Then you do love me? O, my darling, nothing shall separate us!' and I drew her to me, seeing the lovelight beaming in her starry eyes.

"'Ah! don't be too sure, my fine fellow!' sneered a familiar voice, as Dupres walked into the room. He had been in the room adjoining, and through a partially-opened door had heard all.

"Adele turned to the window, while I met his scowl with a steady face, fired by the devilish gleam in his wicked eye.

"'So ho!' he said; 'this is the way I find my charming friend employed.'

"'Scoundrel!' I cried; 'leave this house!'

"'I guess not,' he replied, with exasperating coolness, when he rolled and lit a cigarette. 'I trust monsieur will be calm. I have a little business to transact with our amiable American friend. Adele,' turning to her, 'will you be seated?'

"She sank into a chair without a word, and seemed dazed at his villainous manner.

"'I desire monsieur to give me his note of hand for twenty-five thousand francs. I will write the paper and he shall sign it.' He seated himself at the small table, and made preparations with all the *sang-froid* imaginable.

"'But suppose the gentleman refuses?' I asked, in as steady a tone as I could command.

"'Then your life shall pay the penalty!' he cried, springing to his feet, while he seemed to go wild with passion. 'Your blood!' he shrieked. 'Do you think I am to be balked?'

"Then calming himself a little, he exclaimed, in less excited tones:

"'Perhaps you did not know that yonder sits my wife? Do you hear? My wife!'

"'Jules Dupres, you lie!' cried Adele, as she sprang to her feet and confronted him indignantly. 'How dare you tell such a preposterous story! What little forbearance I had for you is gone forever!' and her eyes flashed like diamonds.

"As she hurled this stinging rebuke at him, his swarthy face grew livid with passion, and he made a step forward as if to grasp her arm.

"'Villain!' I cried, and quick as a flash swung a chair over my head. He was quicker, however, and drawing a revolver as the chair descended on his head, fired point blank at my face. With a sickening crash the chair felled him as one dead, while the bullet clipped off a lock of my hair, barely grazing the skin. He lay unconscious. Securing his weapon, I raised him to the couch, and save he would be all right in a few minutes. 'Is this true?' I hoarsely whispered, holding Adele at arm's length.

"'No, no! Believe anything rather than that!' She wrung her hands in anguish. 'Leave me for the present, I beg, nay, I implore you, and to-morrow I will explain all!'

"What could I do under the circumstances but comply with her request? As I passed out of the house I told one of the servants to go to his mistress's room, thinking she might need some one near at hand.

"Those were the longest hours of agony I ever endured, waiting till I might call the next day. It came at last, and to my eager inquiry at the door of Adele's house, the servant responded that mademoiselle and her mother had taken their departure early that morning. Impossible! I groaned in my anguish, unconscious of my surroundings. Then it was all too true! Was there no message left—no letter?

"Yes, there was. The letter was handed me and with feverish anxiety I tore it open and devoured its few hurried lines which were far from satisfactory. Dupres was not her husband at all, but her affianced from early childhood by the wishes of her parents, and had conceived that mode of extorting money. She had now broken it off, and considering herself disgraced, had left us forever. It was useless, she said, to try to follow her.

"I was as one demented for days, when I finally recovered enough to begin the search. I have looked continually ever since in every city in Europe. She had changed her name, commenced an operatic career, and eluded me at every turn. It was only two days ago that I found her singing here in Paris. I have not yet been able to see her, but am determined to have an interview at the earliest possible moment. I understand Dupres is in the city, though he dare not approach her. If I meet him, let him beware!"

As Ned finished, a deep silence ensued, one which I was the first to break.

"Come, cheer up, old fellow! It will all turn out right!"

"I hope it will," was the response, as he bade me good-night.

Two days elapsed and Ned did not come around. The morning of the third day, as I was reading the paper over my breakfast-table, the following notice caught my eye:

"A MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY.—The police report the finding of a man bearing the name of Jules Dupres, in an almost dying condition, at the northern confines of the city, from the effects of a sword-thrust through the left side. Two rapiers were found on the ground, and the natural supposition is a fatal duel. The man was removed to the hospital, where, on recovering consciousness, he gasped, 'O, my side—Pierce—revenge!' and some incoherent remarks. Whether he meant that the sword pierced his side, or that his adversary was named Pierce, has not been determined."

There was little or no doubt in my mind but that Ned had met the Frenchman and, forcing him to fight, killed him, as he supposed, and fled the country. Heigh-ho! what fools men will make of themselves over a woman!

The wounded man did not die, but recovered, and left for Australia, as I learned by inquiry at the hospital some two months later.

The affair dropped out of the papers, and I heard nothing of Ned for four or five months, when I received the following letter, which explains itself:

FLORENCE, Sept. 14, 1881.

"*Dear Weldon:*—I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am once more a happy man, and have been married ever since we left Paris. Of course you can tell who made me the enbodiment of contentment, and raised me to the seventh heaven of delight. I will tell you all about it when I see you again. I heard Dupres had recovered and left the country. We will return to Paris by the first of December, and Adele joins me in an urgent invitation for an immediate visit. I do not say a call, for I mean that you shall stay awhile. Until then, believe me, very truly,

NED PIERCE."

So it turned out all right, after all! Ned married the woman he adored, and was living happily after all he had endured "for love of an actress."—*Chicago Sat. Eve. Herald.*

AMERICAN NOTES.

With heavy heart I sit and watch
The mighty fleeces of the clouds;
For I've been fleeced. I've flocked with lambs
And mingled with the Wall street crowds.

Transform me to a mighty clown;
With fleece unshorn I'll float along
In peace serene, where storms have ploughed.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fifteen million horses are now owned in America, and more than one million a year must be bred to keep up the supply.

The value of one vote was shown at an election in McDuffie County, Ga., when a law was passed by exactly that majority.

Buffalo and Philadelphia are about to have crematories. The latter city's is to cost $40,000, eleven acres of ground having been secured near Manayunk.

The trip from New York to Boston, via Hartford, distance 229 miles, was made by a train in five hours, deducting about seven minutes lost in stops. This is considered a great feat in railroad traveling.

It took Sheridan only one day to discover that "the number of Arapahoes was only 1,500, while rations had been drawn upon a pretended registry for 2,360. Of the Cheyennes only 2,168 were actually counted—rations 3,000."

Watermelon seed pools are the newest style of gambling. Each player puts in a quarter, or any other sum agreed upon, and makes his guess; then the melon is cut and the seeds are counted, and the best guesser takes the pool. Something over six hundred seems to be the average number.

A Fresno, Cal., paper avers that 70,000 pounds of arsenic have been sold by druggists of that place since the prescription of molasses, arsenic and bran have been found so efficacious as a grasshopper destroyer. Somebody is liable to be poisoned in the neighborhood of Fresno.

The amount expended by the government in removing Hell Gate, Diamond, and Coenties reef, in New York harbor, has been $3,162,003.31. The last reef is to be blown up, leaving an unobstructed channel and a handsome sum of money at the disposal of the engineers for further improvements, as the amount so far appropriated is $5,162,129.

A correspondent of the Rochester Union makes what that paper thinks "a startling and yet improbable suggestion"—that of draining Lake Erie and refilling it to the dimensions of a mere river. "This," says the Union, "would make inland towns of Buffalo, Cleveland and Toledo, taking them out of the category of fresh water cities and leaving them stranded high and dry in the Alpine solitude of their own dreary and deserted uplands."

A Stockton, N. Y., grocer found his cellar overrun with rats, and bought a common steel trap, which he set in a large measure filled with meal, and covered it up. Next morning he had a rat, and felt sure that he would soon see the last of all his pests. He reset the trap and left it. Next morning it was sprung, the meal was gone, and in its place about a quart of sticks and stones. He tried it again, and with a like result. Investigation showed that the rats threw sticks and stones in upon the trap until they had sprung it, and then devoured the grocer's meal.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat has just collected an advertising bill for $1 from the Treasury Department. The process took several weeks and the expenditure of 50 cents for an affidavit, to say nothing of clerk hire and postage, as when the bill was forwarded to Washington it had to pass through half a dozen hands; the authority for the expense had to be given; duplicate vouchers had to be prepared and sent to New Orleans; the vouchers had to be receipted by the treasurer of the company; and as evidence that he was authorized to receipt, the character of the company had to be affixed to the voucher and sworn to before a notary public.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

BY ANNIE WALL.

I'm up with the lark in the morning,
And out in the dew-sprinkled grass,
Enjoying the pure, airy freshness,
And health-laden breezes that pass.

I watch the east glowing and brightening;
The sun shows himself in the sky,
And I hear the birds singing and chirping
In the wild plum thickets close by.

I see the corn waving and nodding,
As though it would welcome the light,
When the bright blue arch of the heavens
Throws off the dark curtains of night.

I list to the voices of morning,
And pleasant to me is the call
Of the winds, the brook and the wild birds,
And peace folds her wings over all.

I feel my whole nature expanding,
My heart brimming over with praise,
For the peaceful delights of the country,
And heart-rest I find in its ways.

For sweet are the voices of nature,
Whispering through woodland and field,
And I feel there is much of divineness
In pure country places revealed.

Some sigh for the charms of the city
Its hurry and wildering glare,
But give me the charms of the country,
There's life in its sunshine and air.

TOM'S SOPHOMORE YEAR.

Tom stood in the middle of the room with his hands in his pockets, whistling softly, and looking about him.

It was a plain little room just under the roof, but it had been Tom's room ever since he had had one of his own, and he was attached to it.

But in a day or two, so he was saying to himself, he was about to leave it for nearly a year. There, near the end of the bed, stood his trunk—a funny old trunk that had belonged to his grandfather, and was covered with hairy hide fastened with brass nails.

He had just been packing it, and a glance at its contents told where he was going to spend the coming year.

For besides his clothing might be seen green-covered Latin and Greek grammars, leathern-bound lexicons, an algebra, a geometry, a copy of Livy, and several other books, which spoke of a college course.

For three days later, at his college in a country town more than a hundred miles away, Tom Sargent intended to make his first appearance as a learned sophomore. "Just to think," he said to himself, "It's only three days now, and then I'll see all the fellows. Won't we have some powwows? And won't we dig into the old classics and mathematics? And he gave a boyish shuffle on the floor to give vent to his delight.

Just then he heard a step below his window, and, looking out, he saw his father.

"Why, father!" cried Tom, suddenly. "Did you walk all the way home?"

"Yes."

"Why, where's Topsy?"

Topsy was Mr. Sargeant's little black horse that he had for years, and now that he was getting old and growing heavier and more bulky as age crept on he had done but little walking in his business about town, but made Topsy his invariable companion.

"Where's Topsy, father?" asked Tom again.

"Well, Tom," said his father, laying down his knife and fork, "I suppose I've sold Topsy."

"Sold Topsy?" cried Tom. "Did you know it, mother?"

But his mother's face was answer enough.

"Why, what for, father?" Tom continued. "Sold Topsy! And the new buggy you bought last year to make your driving easy; have you sold that, too?"

"Yes, I've practically sold them both. The bargain isn't really closed, but Joe Watson has taken them to try to-day, and if his offer's fair I shall take it."

"Why, father," said Tom, in a remonstrative tone, as he brushed back his stiff hair, "Why, your business keeps you traveling between your shop and the folks who work for you all the time. You can't walk all that much."

"I must cut down expenses," said Mr. Sargeant. "I ran behind last year. There's no other way."

Nothing more was said.

After dinner Tom went up to his room again and sat down on a corner of the trunk.

Topsy sold! And the buggy sold! It did not seem possible. And to think of his father, far from being vigorous now, yet forced to plod about continually over the rough roads.

The backs of the grammers and lexicons smiling up at him from the trunk, made him uncomfortable.

He rose and shut down the cover of the trunk, and stood for a long time with his hands in his pockets, looking out of the window.

There was a very pretty landscape of green pastures and woodland outside, but Tom saw nothing of it. His eyes seemed to be fixed on some far-away place beyond the horizon.

After awhile he turned and began pacing the room. Then he paused by his trunk and opened it again, and again looked in. What pleasant suggestions it offered, what promises it held out!

The room was small and plain, and Tom was by no means a good-looking boy. But such boys are sometimes the heroes, and such rooms the battle grounds of contests which make no noise in the world, and which yet demanded as much pluck and character in the victor as has many a famous contest for a kingdom and a crown.

Tom continued his walking to and fro in the little room, whistling now and then, and from time to time throwing himself in a chair restlessly.

The afternoon wore away. The sun dropped till it seemed to rest an instant on a peak which Tom could see from his window, and the room suddenly grew dark.

The change seemed to rouse Tom to a decision. He put on his hat and a moment later was walking toward the center of the town.

The next morning when breakfast was ready Tom was not on hand. But just as his father and mother were beginning to wonder where he could be, what should they see but Tom driving Topsy up to the door and hitching her to the post.

"Tom," said his father as he came in, "what does this mean?"

"It means you're going to keep Topsy, sir," answered Tom, going up to him and putting a hand on each shoulder. "Father, I've thought it all over, and I've decided not to go back to college this year, but stay at home and work. That will be enough saving so that you can keep the horse and buggy, and I'll lay up what I earn and pay my own way when I go back to college next year. I'm young enough to wait. So you mustn't say a word. I'd rather do it, and it won't hurt me a bit."

And it didn't hurt Tom. When his Sophomore year did begin. He was better able to appreciate the worth of the studies. He was happy, too, in knowing that his pleasure and profit were gained without subtracting from those of others.

His Big Friend.

A crowd gathered on a wharf in San Francisco had an opportunity to see a dog rescue another dog from drowning and go about his work as intelligently as if he had been the trained officer of a humane society.

A small terrier dog fell from the stringer of the wharf into the bay. He swam around for some time in a circle and many plans were suggested for his rescue, but none of them proved practical. The little creature seemed doomed to a watery grave, for he was fast becoming exhausted. The female portion of the audience was much exercised and gave many expressions of pity.

Just at the moment that all hopes of saving the terrier were given up the bark of a dog in the crowd attracted attention and there appeared upon the stringer in front of the wharf a large Newfoundland.

He saw the little fellow in the water, and with a low wail he ran to and fro along the wharf for a moment or two, and then, to the surprise of everyone present, he sprang into the water and at once swam to the terrier.

Seizing him by the neck with his teeth, and after swimming about for some time, he sighted the new sea wall extension, about a hundred yards distant, for which he headed.

Upon landing his burden on terra firma, the Newfoundland gave two or three sharp barks, and seemed to