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Cambria Freeman.

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JAS. G. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. | $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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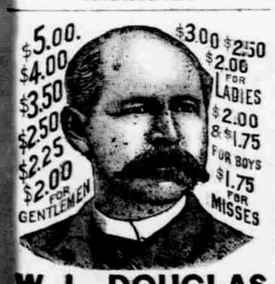

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Yours truly, WM. A. CURL.

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Gents: In praise of Kendall's Spavin Cure I will say, that a year ago I had a valuable young horse become very lame, hock enlarged and swollen. The horse went on four legs for three years when I commenced to use your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I used ten bottles on the horse and have worked him for three years since and has not been lame.
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COMFORTING GRANDMA.

Grandma sat in her old arm-chair,
Our baby on her knee;
Three-score-and-ten were grandma's years,
Sweet Baby Bell's were three.

The baby's tongue was chattering
As fast as it could go,
Of things she meant to have and do
When older she should grow.

"Ned says I'm half-past free," she cried,
And tossed her yellow curls,
"And when I'se ten I'll be as bid
As all ve dreat bid dirls!"

Then grandma's eyes grew sad and dim:
"Dear pet, when you are ten
I'll be so old I scarce can walk,
Oh! what will I do then?"

O'er baby's face the shadow fell
Of wondering, troubled thought;
But soon she brightened: she had found
The comfort that she sought:

"Why dram'ma, don't oo think," she cried,
With baby logic deep,
"Vat when oo can't walk any more
Oo'd better learn to sleep?"

—Carrie Blake Morgan, in West Shore.

TO SETTLE A QUARREL.

Story of a Distracted Lover Hoping for Happy Results.

The train was late and the engineer was evidently trying to make up time.

Ronald McAllister turned his face for the twentieth time to the darkened pane by his side and stared into the blackness. Now and then the shadowy form of some object showed for a moment as the car whirled along over the rails, and an occasional house dotted the gloom with its cheery lights.

But, if the truth be told, Ronald's mind was not occupied by these fleeting visions of the outer world. The glass acted as a mirror, and he could look as long and eagerly as he liked at the reflection of a dainty figure in an opposite seat.

Rather grave eyes, a saucy nose, a sweet, tired mouth, rebellious whisps of soft brown hair straying down under a stylish but plain hat; a slight, pretty figure in a simple brown traveling suit, with a weary droop that appealed to the strong young fellow and made him rebel fiercely against the social conventionalities which rose like an icy barrier between the two travelers—this is what McAllister saw in the glass.

He had been able to perform one or two slight services for the girl—had raised her window, and brought a glass of water; had heard her gentle "Thank you, sir; you are very kind;" and had caught sight of her ticket, thus learning that her destination was only one station beyond his home, to which he was returning after a hard business trip.

Their eyes had met so frequently, after this, that she had flushed, and he had been ashamed to look in her direction lest she should think him a boor, anxious to scrape a "railway acquaintance" with the first pretty girl he met.

The tired head under the brown hat dropped until it rested on the back of the seat, where it swayed helplessly.

The train rushed onward through the night faster and faster, until the car fairly rocked as it flew around curves and over resounding bridges.

"Must get into the swing at Mooreville before No. 10 freight comes in," Ronald heard the conductor say to the brakeman as he passed out of the car.

Faster—faster. Ronald idly counted the rails and glanced at the second hand of his watch. Could it be possible? Forty-five miles an hour!

Now, fifty; and look—sixty—a mile a minute!

The tired girl could not rest in her cramped position, and, raising her head, glanced at Ronald with a quivering ghost of a smile.

He started to his feet, was in the aisle, moving toward her, when—crash!

An uproar of shrieks and frightful cries, as rending of solid walls and beams, a dizzying, swaying lurch, a fierce hiss of steam—then absolute rest from motion.

Ronald raised his hand and pushed away something which was lying on his face and smothering him in the darkness. It was the warm, lifeless body of a man who a moment before had been telling a funny story to a comrade in the smoking-car, thirty feet away.

The smoker and passenger were one car now. In railroad parlance they had "telescoped."

As if in a dream McAllister raised himself up, groaned a little over a bruised ankle or something of the kind, and slowly made his way, limping, out of the wreck.

A man near by raised a lantern.

"Good for you," he said, in a husky tone. "You've got one of them out already, haven't you?"

And Ronald looked down, and, coming gradually to his senses, realized that he was bearing something in his arms—something warm and human—a living woman.

The light of the lantern fell on her face and her brown dress. Yes, he was not mistaken. Out of that awful chaos, which was even now ringing with the shrieks of the wounded and dying, he had brought her.

He looked down into her face.

"Thank God!" he said. Then added reverently: "He has given her to me."

"Very well, sir; if that is the way in which you regard my happiness you can leave me—"

"And never return? I'll do so!"

Ronald McAllister and Ruth Jarvis glared at each other across the little marble-topped table and uttered these stinging words, their cheeks burning and eyes sparkling with anger, just eight months after they had met on that fearful night when No. 10 freight and the "Night Owl" express had collided on the S. P. & C. railroad.

It was but a slight matter, the beginning of this quarrel—a hasty word about a partner in a dance, a bit of childish jealousy, angry tones, harsh injunctions, bitter retorts, and there they stood, engaged to be married on the next New Year's day, but drifting leagues apart every moment.

It was a sultry July evening, and when Ronald dashed out of the house the northern sky showed no stars, only lightning flashes cutting with jagged gashes through heavy piles of cloud that were mounting rapidly.

"Never—never!" he muttered, as he strode along and bared his hot brow to the pelting drops of rain.

"Never!" she said, sadly, as she listened to his retreating footsteps. "I was disappointed in him. We can never be united again."

And the wind blew and beat upon that house.

Ruth Jarvis felt that her heart was breaking, not because her lover was gone, but because she felt that she ought not long for his return. He was unworthy of her love.

The sultry days of summer crept slowly by. Autumn breathed upon the landscape, like the fair daughter of Rappaccini in Hawthorne's tale, and every living thing withered and died.

Winter buried its dead in deep snow and sang requiems of the northland over the white mounds.

Ronald McAllister went wearily to and from his work, yearning for one word from Ruth, the woman he had loved and wounded so grievously.

He dared not write to her, nor even look at her as they met in the street.

He had no trusty friend who could plead for him. How could he reach her?

One day as he was passing a newsstand he saw the little figure he knew so well standing at the counter. She was buying a paper, the heading of which he recognized as one of the leading journals of the city.

A thought flashed into his heart and burned there like a star of hope.

He hurried home, seized pen and paper and wrote rapidly and unceasingly till daylight crept in, gray and wan, at his window.

On his way down-town he dropped a thick package of manuscript into the letter-box.

What days of torturing anxiety followed. At last it came—the envelope bearing the imprint of the periodical. He tore it open and read:

"OFFICE OF THE COURIER—*Dear Sir:* Your story entitled 'Ruth's Lover' is accepted, and will be published in our issue of December 28. Inclosed please find check in payment for same."

On the morning of December 28 Ronald stood shivering at the corner opposite the news-stand. He had remained there several hours watching for her. The paper was just out containing his story. Would she buy it and read it? It was signed by an assumed name, but she surely would—ah, she is coming.

She enters the little store, purchases the paper—his paper—and turns to go out, glancing idly down its columns.

He can see her plainly in the brilliantly lighted interior of the store. She is about to put the paper in her sachel when something near the bottom of the page catches her eye. She reads it eagerly.

The newsman stares, but she does not heed him. Ronald can restrain himself no longer, but draws near, trembling with hope and fear.

In that sketch, hastily scribbled at midnight, he has told her story and his own, has portrayed the anguish of the remorseful lover, his penitence, his longing for reconciliation.

Sure glances up her eyes are dewy with tears.

What face is that so near? It is his!

"Ronald!"

"Ruth—darling! Forgive me!"

And, although the notice was rather sudden, the wedding did take place on that bright New Year's day, after all.

ENVOI.

Reader, have you divined? This is my own paper; this is my own story: I am Ruth's lover. Will she see this and forgive me?—Willis Boyd Allen, in Boston Courier.

POPULAR PLAGIARISM.

An Offense Which Is Very Often Committed Unconsciously.

A preacher of New York has been accused of plagiarizing from a brother in the pulpit two sentences which he introduced into one of his sermons recently, and considerable fuss is being made about the affair. This charge of plagiarism, says the Boston Traveller, is being made very frequently against writers of late. There surely never has been a time when so many authors have been accused of stealing from others of their craft as to-day. We have no reason to believe that they are less honest than they used to be, and there surely must be some reason for this curious state of things. This reason may be found in the fact that the world is rapidly growing old; it has, by the way, been growing old for a good many years.

It is only within a few years since we discovered that mother earth had, with feminine unscrupulousness, deceived us basely with regard to her age. Consequently new ideas are scarce; our ancestors gleaned the field of originality, and left us a rich legacy of thought which we have both consciously and unconsciously appropriated as our own. Besides, the human mind as it advances by the process of evolution, becoming more penetrative and absorbing, seizes upon ideas spontaneously, as it were, and not at mental volition of the thinker, and is frequently deluded into thinking that these ideas are self-generated.

It is a familiar fact that one may unconsciously plagiarize, not only the thoughts that one hears expressed, but the very words that give them expression. It is almost impossible to trace the subtle workings of the mind of the highly developed and sensitive individual, susceptible to the most delicate impressions. There are many minds so highly cultured and so susceptible to such impressions that they are almost clairvoyant. Indeed, it is not at all improbable that as we advance in civilization clairvoyance will become one of the higher faculties of the educated man. In the case of the New York minister, who has been accused of plagiarism, it is probable that, though he may have appropriated the words of another, he did so unconsciously, and ought, therefore, not be condemned or censured for it.

The Clerk of the Weather.

It was one of those gray and dull mornings, when it was impossible to be sure whether the sun was doing its duty or not, that a little four-year-old girl went into her mother's chamber to make a call before the lady had risen. "Is it raining, dear?" her mother asked her. "I don't know, mamma, but I will see," she answered. She accordingly went to the window, pushed aside the curtain and looked out, announcing the result of her investigation by saying: "No, mamma, the man hasn't turned on the water yet."

Queer Potato Patch.

An Auburn (Me.) woman is said to have hung up a calico wrapper, in the pocket of which was a potato, a year ago. She did not use the wrapper till one day last week, when she discovered a whole hill of potatoes in her pocket. There were seven or eight perfect little tubers.

A TWILIGHT STORY.

"Auntie, will you tell a story?" said my little niece of three.
As the early winter twilight fell around us silently.
So I answered to her pleading: "Once, when I was very small,
With my papa and my mamma I went out to make a call;
And a lady, pleased to see us, gave me quite a large bouquet,
Which I carried homeward proudly, smiling all along the way.

"Soon I met two other children, clad in rags and sad of face,
Who grew strangely, wildly joyous as I neared their standing-place.
'Twas so good to see the flowers! 'Give us one—oh, one!' they cried.
But I passed them without speaking, left them with their wish denied.
But the memory of their asking haunted me by night and day.
'Give us one!' I heard them saying, even in my manyful play.

"Still I mourn, because in childhood I refused to give a flower;
Did not make those others happy when I had it in my power."
Suddenly I ceased my story. Tears were in my sister's eyes—
Tears of tenderness and pity—while she planned a sweet surprise;
"I will send a flower to-morrow to those little children dear."
Could I tell her how their childhood had been gone this many a year?

—Marsh. Porter, in Harper's Bazar.

TOLD BY A FAKIR.

The Many Tricks in the Street Man's Life.

Last evening, says a writer in the New York World, a man stood in a buggy selling prize packages by the blaze of a huge paraffine lamp. He wore a frock coat, a shiny silk hat, clean linen, a benevolent smile and half a dozen badges.

"I've been faking for twenty years," he confided to a reporter after he had replaced prize packages with $45 and thrust it into his inside pocket.

"I've traveled the country from Maine to California," he continued, "until know every city, town and village where there's a dollar. I either get a permit or a license at each place, and so I'm known to all the mayors and chiefs of police from Florida to Oregon. I'm 40 years old, and have been a street man just half my life.

"No, it doesn't matter what a fakir has to sell, he'll sell it if he only knows how. It's the gift of the gab, a solid front, nerve and judgment, that succeeds; and the goods have nothing to do with it. To be successful you must be grammatical, newsy and brief. If a man will only wait until I get through talking I'll have his quarter. If he goes home he misses my breezy conversation, and his wife gets the money; mine does when I go home, I know.

"In prohibition States I advocate free license, and in Chicago high license for saloons. If I strike a town where there has recently been an elopement I tell them an elopement story, and get 'em laughing. If it's a pious town I look austere and tell sober, pathetic stories, and stealthily wink at the policeman, who usually goes away and chokes. If the town is Democratic I talk Democracy, or if Republican I advocate the principles of the g. o. p. and nod to the Democratic coroner.

"Some audiences I have worked with a carriage and pair and with a colored driver. An hour later, in the same town, I am selling to a different crowd, mounted on a soap-box, with a soft felt hat, a blue flannel shirt and overalls. I sell the same goods to both crowds, but out of the carriage I get a quarter and off the soap-box I only get a dime. However, I clear as much money in an hour from one crowd as from another, as the stuff I sell does not cost me over three cents, and if I sell 100 boxes at 10 cents, and 50 at 25, I have done well, even after paying for the carriage, which costs say $2 in a small town. I handle almost every thing, but medicines pay best. I was once in a town with a big stock of jewelry and could not work it off. I thought if I only had some medicine to sell I might pay the hotel bill. I went out skirmishing and found a sawmill where they cut up a good deal of mahogany and some ebony. I got a paper legful of the dark sawdust and soaked it all night at the hotel. We had a beautiful medicine next day, and my wife bottled it while I went to the printer's and had some labels struck off. Each bottle was the size of your little finger, and cost 30 cents a gross, the labels cost 50 cents and the sawdust nothing. I sold $9 worth at noon at 25 cents a bottle, and that night I took in $87 in cold cash. People who felt all kinds of things at noon had gone home, taken some, felt better and recommended it. See?

"The first street man I ever saw was 'Dr.' McBride, the original 'king of pain,' who resided in Chicago up to the time of his death. He made many thousands of dollars, and at one time showed me his bank book with $40,000 to his credit, but he died penniless. Gardner, the original street soap man became wealthy, and old man Clark, the pioneer street indestructible pen man, is still selling on the street at the age of 76. Charlton, the impression-paper man, became a minister, and is now pastor of a New England church. By the way, Clark the pen man recovered heavy damages for injuries received in the Ashtabula disaster in Ohio, and enjoys the distinction of holding a life-pass over the road on which he was injured. As he is now 76, it would be interesting to know how old he might have become if he had not received those injuries.

"Every lawyer and broker down-town will remember Smith, the razor-strap man, who was recently buried with Masonic honors. Prescott, the man who handled galanga root, is settled in Maine in good circumstances, but although 70 years of age, the old nomadic spirit comes over him at times and he lights his big lamps and talks at country cross-roads as glibly as ever. Bigelow, the street man who sold patent medicines for years, is now connected with a very large patent-medicine house in New Haven. The original glass-cutter man was C. H. Thompson, now in the insurance business in Boston.

"Old man Dow, who made a specialty of novelties, is still on the road with a big Cheap-John notion wagon in Massachusetts, and Marvin, the razor-paste man, is practicing medicine in Boston. King still sells blacking in summer and juggles with paper at the dime museums in winter.

"As for myself, I commenced on bird whistles in the street. They cost me $8 a thousand, as I made them myself, and I whistled like Mrs. Shaw, so I readily sold one for a quarter, although now you may buy them anywhere for 1 cent each.

"After that I sold cheap jewelry—six pieces for a quarter, including brooch, ear-rings, finger-rings and a scarf-pin. Twenty cents profit on each sale! Later I sold steel pens, buying ten gross lots and carrying with me samples of pens in their different stages of manufacture. After that I sold 25-cent packages of stationery. These packages contained six sheets of note-paper, six envelopes, three Faber 'steamboat' pencils, one of which had a rubber top, six pens (brass), a nickel penholder, a pair of cuff-buttons, one collar-button, two finger rings, one gilt chain, one key-ring, six magic parlor tricks on pasteboard, a box of blacking, a bottle of ink and a bottle of mucilage, with a brush. On this 25-cent package I realized 9 cents profit, and sold the boxes as fast as I could hand out the goods and make the change.

"Notwithstanding the fact that I often cleared $20 a day, I wanted to sell something that was all profit. One day in Sarnia I saw a fakir in a carriage who talked to the people about the anatomy of the hands and feet, and offered his salve and liniment as a cure for every ailment, from a compound fracture of the ankle to corns and chilblains. From a carriage I sell at 25 cents and from a dry-goods box or flour barrel at 10 cents. In good weather I travel with a gypsy wagon. My wife dresses as a Sioux princess and plays a cornet when not playing a parlor organ. In order to get my audience interested I take a common newspaper, and, while folding and tearing it into Jacob's ladders I give them the history of paper, showing how it is made and telling how useful it is, from wrapping a red herring to bearing the death warrant of a criminal, the will of a deceased person, the check of the millionaire, or a marriage certificate. Then I give them statistics. After this I take this piece of stiff yellow paper which my wife cut out, and I juggle with it. I can turn it into over 100 different shapes, including a poke bonnet, a Parisian hat, a coal hod, a bread basket, a flower vase, a card receiver, a cruet stand and a cradle. All this catches the crowd. Then I throw the paper down and 'turn the joint,' which is fakir for opening the sale. I must have eyes, ears and mouth open at the same time. My wits must be alert, so that if somebody in the crowd makes a remark calculated to hurt my sale or make fun of me, I can reply as quickly as a flash with something that turns the laugh on him. He sneaks away and my smiling but sarcastic reply brings out a deluge of quarters from those who have heard the colloquy.

"Unless you have sold medicines you would never believe what a lot of ailments people have. Some of them never suspect it themselves until they have heard me talk. In an hour in some places I take in $30 or $25, and as it is mostly profit and I'm no hog I close my sales for the day. I have a dollar to spend and a dollar to lend, and the latch-string hangs out to my friends and my wife's relatives. I've a dollar for charity, one to loan on good security, one to spend for the benefit of my family and another for my own cigars. No, never mind my name. All the first-class fakirs and most of my country customers will recognize me from what I have said."

MIGHTY ENGINES OF WAR.

PROF. SCHEIBLER has invented a machine for producing artificial smoke on a battle-field, which, it is believed, will be of great value to counteract on some occasions the introduction of smokeless powder.

COLONEL DEBASSE and M. Schneider, the directors of the Cail and Creusot works, respectfully declare that it is unnecessary to replace steel guns by bronze cannon, in view of the adoption of smokeless powder.

THE total number of guns of the German navy is 831; France, 1,042; Italy, 666; Russia, 688; Austria, 362; Great Britain, 2,537; Netherlands, 466; Spain, 347; Sweden and Norway, 156-147; Turkey, 366; Denmark, 87; China, 306; United States, 361.

THE new gun for the German artillery is of steel, and weighs, without the carriage, 840 pounds, against the old gun's 900 pounds. With carriage it has a weight of 2,700 pounds, against 3,960. The new ammunition wagons weigh 3,980 pounds, the old 4,440.

M. VIELLE, prominent as an inventor of smokeless powder, by means of a delicate process of registration finds that the pressures at the moment of burning the powder do not shed themselves uniformly over the gun throughout its length, but that a wave of pressure starts at the seat of the powder and transmits itself.

THE apparently almost inevitable failure of some one of the thirty, or thereabouts, machines employed in working a fully-equipped great gun has caused a reaction in England in favor of smaller guns and of doing away with as much machinery as possible. The Thunderer's 100-tonners have been taken out and replaced with 29-tonners, worked entirely by hand.

MEN OF AMERICA.

THE new villa of Senator Jones at Santa Monica, Cal., overlooks the ocean, and adjoining it is his thirty-thousand-acre ranch.

DR. SCHAFFRANEK, of Palatka, Fla., has recently sent to Europe a handsome bouquet composed of wild flowers, the handle being an alligator's tooth.

RUSSELL SAGE, who is regarded as the largest individual loaner of money, makes it a rule never to loan more than five hundred thousand dollars on any given day. That indicates to some extent what his resources are.

A PRESIDENT'S expenses amount in four years to about eighty thousand dollars. His income for the same period being two hundred thousand dollars, it is not difficult to see that he has an excellent chance to start a bank account.

ALLAN ARTHUR, son of the late President, has been in England for some time, where he is very popular in society. He has grown portly and is as handsome a man as his father was. After another year abroad Mr. Arthur will return to New York and take up the practice of law.

JAY GOULD believes that a wealthy man's son should have a trade to fall back upon in case of adversity. He has, therefore, given his son George an opportunity to learn all there is worth knowing about telegraphy, from the breezy feat of climbing a telegraph-pole and tapping a wire to the sending or taking of a message.

A FRAGRANT OFFERING.

I walked alone among the hills,
The voices in the air
Were kindlier than the thoughtless tongues
Of the world's thoroughfare.

I heard no ring of Mammon's bells,
Thro' all the scented air,
No jargon of the tinsome crowd
Assailed me anywhere.

A grander than St. Peter's dome
Shone brilliant overhead!
I stood alone a worshiper
In the city of the dead.

Alone? Another followed me,
So pure she looked, and brave,
And laid her fragrant offering
Upon a new-made grave.

'Twas thus the Scottish poet knelt
To kiss the wild flowers' bloom.
I know the pathos that he felt
Beside the silent tomb.

To be remembered, so I thought,
Is nevermore to die,
In floral language thus is taught
Our immortality?

Oft by the graves of those we love
Our sorrows find release,
In precious promise from above:
"In Me ye shall have peace."

My tears fell—an unspoken prayer—
Upon the fresh green sod,
And there I laid my cross of care
To walk alone with God!

—Arthur L. Jenks, in Jury.

WON BY A PLOT.

Why Minnie Married the Man Chosen by Her Father.

"It is so perfectly unreasonable of you, papa," pouted Minnie McAlster, only and petted daughter of Lawyer McAlster, and pretty and willful as a pet kitten; "so perfectly unreasonable, and it is so impudent of that fellow to write and ask you for my hand before I have set eyes on him."

"But you have set your eyes on him many a time," interrupted her father.

"Oh, yes," with a toss of the dainty head, "when he was in his first jacket, and I in pinafores. I know all about that. Because we were two pretty children, and pleasant playmates, our stupid fathers said: 'Let us pledge our children to each other.' And now, after twelve years, when I am seventeen and he twenty-one, the impudent creature coolly desires me to be true to that nonsensical trash, and writes to ask a renewal of your consent."

"Which he certainly has."

"But, which it will do him no good to obtain," continued Minnie; "for I say positively I will not see him, nor speak to him, nor glance at him if he comes here. If you write and tell him to come, I will run away to Rockwood, anyhow, and take vocal lessons. I know I have musical genius, if it were properly cultivated; and there is a splendid professor at Rockwood who has a large class in training. I want to join it, and I shall go away next week if you consent; but if you let that horrid, impudent, insolent Walter Graham come here to look after my fortune (for that is what he wants), I shall go without your consent."

"My dear," said Lawyer McAlster, coolly, viewing his irate daughter with twinkling eyes, "let me correct one error you have fallen into. Walter Graham is worth three times what I am at this moment. His father's whole property is in his hands, and he is wealthy. So I hardly think he is looking with covetous eyes upon your few thousands. No; he remembers you as a most sweet child, and, being of a somewhat romantic turn of mind, he thinks it would be pleasant to follow out the wishes of his father and yours and renew the pledge made by them. However, if he could see you at this moment, he would think you any thing but a sweet girl."

"Then I wish you would call in an artist and have my picture taken on the spot to send him."

"But I would rather not, for remember I desire you to see and at least treat this young man as the poet says we treat Vice, the monster—first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"Oh, yes," pouted Minnie, "you lawyers think there is nothing in life but bargain and sale. You would have me coolly pledge myself to this fellow because you think he would be a good match, and you would make a regular dry law affair of it, without any love or wooing in it."

"You are in error again," interrupted her father. "I would make a law affair of it by having you permit this 'fellow,' as you call him, to go to court and allow him to make his plea. I don't ask you to promise your hand to him till he has done this—but you refuse even to see him."

"Yes, I do refuse to see him, and there is an end of it. I am not going to be won in this matter-of-fact way. I am going to fall in love without meaning to, and be fallen in love with in some unexpected, romantic way and have it all like a story-book."

Mr. McAlster smiled.

"You will doubtless fall in love with that professor over at Rockwood," he said.

"Ah, no—he is old and gray. I shall meet my fate in some unlooked-for manner, when I least expect to, I suppose. But will you let me go to Rockwood?"

"I will think about it. I would rather you should take lessons here, and if I can get a good instructor to come here I suppose you will be just as well pleased, will you not?"

"Yes—if you keep Walter Graham away."

At the end of a week Mr. McAlster informed Minnie that he had secured her an instructor for her voice.

"I wrote to a friend," he said, "a musical gentleman of my acquaintance, and he has secured an excellent teacher, who will be here some time next week. He will make his home with us and will devote his whole time to you. I will pay him well for it, and you will progress much faster than you would at Rockwood. I want you to study hard and apply yourself strictly to your music. I shall pester you no more about Walter Graham, for I have written to him how you feel upon the subject, and now that Prof. Bangemwell is coming you need worry no more about that 'fellow's annoying you.'"

"Prof. Bangemwell!" repeated Minnie. "What a name! I know he is old, and tall, and thin, and wears green spectacles, and will be as cross as a bear, but I don't care so long as I can take lessons in singing, if he is an ogre."

Prof. Bangemwell looked any thing but an ogre as he stood in the parlor an hour after his arrival, and was presented to Miss Minnie, his pupil, who had just come in from a walk. He was tall, as she had said, but not old, being certainly not over twenty-five, and not thin, for he had the splendid figure of an Adonis, and his dark, magnetic eyes were not covered by green goggles, and the sweet smile that parted the handsome lips under the long black mustache proclaimed him any thing but "cross."

"Why, Prof. Bangemwell is perfectly splendid, papa," Minnie cried, after an hour's conversation with the professor, finding herself alone with her father. "He is just as handsome as he can be; and oh! what eyes. And he is so agreeable! I know we shall get on splendidly."

"There, there, that will do," said her father, frowning. "I would advise you not to rhapsodize over a common professor of music. He wasn't brought here to play the agreeable, but to teach you music."

Minnie pouted, and thought her father "awfully cross," and went back to the professor. He wanted to hear her voice, and so she sat down at the piano, and he stood very near and gave her suggestions about her position and told her how to draw in her breath and how to economize it; and then, when she sang a passage, he told her where she failed, and sang it for her, that she might understand it better. His voice was a splendid, soaring tenor, and it just lifted Minnie up to the "seventh heaven" to hear him sing. They were full two hours at their first lesson, and then Minn