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## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, October 27, 1855.

### Selected Poetry.

#### AUTUMN.

BY WORDSWORTH.

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields  
Are hung, as if with golden shields,  
Bright trophies of the sun!  
Like a fair sister of the sky,  
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,  
The mountains looking on!

And, sooth to say, my vocal grove,  
Albeit uninspired by love,  
By love untaught to ring,  
May well afford to mortal ear  
An impulse more profoundly dear  
Than music of the spring!

For that, from turbulence and heat  
Proceeds from some uneasy seat  
In nature's struggling frame—  
Some region of impatient life  
And jealousy and quivering strife  
Therein a portion claim!

This, is holy, while I hear  
Those whispers of another year,  
This hymn of thanks and praise,  
My spirit seems to mount above  
The anxieties of human love,  
And earth's precarious days!

But list! though winter storms be nigh,  
Unchecked is that soft harmony;  
There lives who can provide  
For all his creatures, and in Him,  
Even like the radiant seraphim,  
These choristers confide.

### Selected Tale.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

#### Walter Benson's School.

BY A. D. OTIS.

"If it were only a boy's school, Ned! I should feel some pleasure in knocking the little rascals about, and getting as much Latin into them as mischief out. I should feel like a carpenter with his own tools in his hands. But with girls, I shall resemble said carpenter, with a dentist's delicate implements. What can I do when I am in a rage at some feminine piece of stupidity? I can't ferule, nor storm, nor threaten. I can't even swear to relieve my feelings!"

"You are in an awful fix, Walter. Can't you get off? Try something else. Anything is better than being surrounded by a set of malignant girls."

"Malignant, eh?"

"Yes, malignant? I maintain it. They will naturally hate you, because you are their school master, and it will be the delight of their feminine hearts to torment you—as cats do mice."

"I do not apprehend anything of the kind."

"You are sanguine. But can't you get out of it?"

"No. I answered my uncle's letter, promising to take charge of his school for him, before I knew it was a girl's school, and he has made preparations for a journey to Cuba for his health. So I can't back out. It will put at least one hundred dollars in my pocket, and that consoles me for the anticipated misery."

"Well, let me light my cigar, and good-bye old fellow. I pity you. Teaching little girls—bah!"

He sauntered away, and left Walter Benson reassured himself by thinking he should at least have easy work, and a quiet time during his college vacation, with a replenished purse at the end of it. He arrived at his destination, an ambitious village in New-York, which boasted its academy; and this academy was to be his charge, with its one hundred maiden pupils, and two lady undertachers.

School had commenced, and as Walter, accompanied by his uncle, entered, and passed to the principal's desk which faced the pupils, the buzz and stir dropped into deepest silence. Walter glanced over the room, and saw the many lined assemblage wear but one expression—every eye was fixed on him with eager curiosity, which his gravity, however, supported. Presently his uncle, laying his hand upon his shoulder, and giving a sonorous—hem—which seemed to render the curiosity breathless, said,

"Young ladies—this, till my return, is your teacher. I trust you will so conduct yourselves as to give him the same affectionate and respectful regard for you which you have won from me. Some of you have been in my school from your earliest childhood, and I love you as my children; some are new scholars, and just begin to obtain my good opinion, but in all I feel pride—too much pride and confidence to suppose that everything will not be done during my absence as well as now. I beg of you as a favor to your old teacher, to do credit to my instructions, and let the world see what honor and principle reign here. I shall teach you to-day for the last time some weeks. But I cannot now say farewell. After school, such as care for me, may come to my desk and shake hands."

Walter was quite touched by the good old man's emotion, and its effect was enhanced, more perhaps, than he knew of, by a few low sobs among the scholars.

He sat quietly by his uncle, observing the manner of recitations, &c., and gradually began to notice individuals. The first class, he was pleased to see was composed of girls over fifteen years of age, several of them very pretty. They were moreover, so far advanced in algebra, geometry, Latin, &c., that he hoped to find pleasure in conducting their studies. This class was to be his peculiar charge. To the undertachers fell the drudgery of beginning.

The school was dismissed, each pupil passed before the desk, and received a few words of

farewell from their beloved teacher, till all were gone but the first class, who then clustered around him, and with less restraint talked about the journey to Cuba, gave good wishes and hopes of a return in good health. Mr. Benson admonished some, encouraged others, and then said to all, turning to Walter who sat gravely silent,

"Now, young ladies, respect my young representative, and do your best. Arrange yourselves in class order. Walter, this is Sarah Brown, always head of her class. The next is Miss White."

He went thus through the class, introducing each separately, but Walter was not yet old enough to gaze coolly, and with discrimination at each blushing girl as her name was mentioned. On the contrary, he was so embarrassed that though his natural dignity and gravity served him well, he did not know a single young lady's name after it was all over with.

The pupils then shook hands with their old teacher, bowed to the new, and departed.

But two had made any impression. The first attracted his gaze by the brilliancy and transparency of her complexion, which fairly flickered with changes. Her bright golden curls, and merry blue eyes, her white, small teeth, little figure, incessant though gentle motion, made a striking picture. His uncle called her by her first name, Caroline.

The other young lady would have remained entirely unnoticed, had it not been that Mr. Benson did not release her timidly given hand; he only transferred it to his left, and so detained her till the others were gone. Then caressingly smoothing her soft, brown hair, he dismissed her also, with an affectionate

"Good-bye, Louisa, my dear. I will write to you."

Walter had time to note her well. She was by no means handsome, but her delicate lady-like features, large dark eyes, and soft, though not bright complexion, above all her sweet expression and deepening blush, which seemed as if it very lovely.

"Is she your favorite?" asked Walter.

"She is one of my oldest scholars. Caroline being the only one who came before she did—and she is a good girl. I detained her that you might observe her closely, else you would have been long without discovering her fine qualities. She is so silent, modest, and gentle that others push her aside. Her diffidence makes her answers hesitating, and you might not have had sufficient patience to give her time to rally. Encourage her, Walter, and be gentle in reproof."

"She looks as if she would never need reproof."

"She is a school-girl, and you will soon find out what that means. Keep a steady countenance, Walter, no matter what pranks they play. Above all, you must obtain respect and good will, or you might as well be delivered over to witches. You can do absolutely nothing with girls unless you have the good opinion of the school. Unruly exceptions are thus quelled or held in check by the general voice. Ask my daughter to tell you how that poor Mr. C—was served last winter, when he took my school for a few weeks. At the end of two he had to be placed in a Lunatic Asylum."

"Unlucky dog! I begin to think, uncle, that I had better not attempt this. You know I am the hottest tempered fellow alive."

"I think you will do, here, Ellen," he said, as his daughter joined them, "tell Walter about C—"

"Oh," she said, "if you set me talking of my school days I shall never be ready to stop. How I miss the fun!"

"But Mr. C—," said Walter.

"Well, Mr. C— was a tall, middle-aged, very ugly person, besides not being very cleanly. His hands and long nails were really disgusting. He had a quick, nervous way of speaking too, that we did not like. It was too much like impatience and want of self-command, a fault, which always excites as much contempt in us girls as dignity does admiration. His nervousness also made him jerk about in an ungainly fashion. To crown all, he took snuff, and wore his hair parted in the middle."

"Ah, that accounts. No wonder with such a piece of stupidity."

"Yes, but don't be too complacent till you are sure you have no little peculiarity of your own. If you have the smallest, the girls will discover and ridicule."

"Well, what did the elves do to him?"

"The first day he shyly observed. After school our queen of mischief, Carrie, who was our dictator, went whispering round, making fun of his oddness. But the second day passed tolerably, though Carrie's merry pertness brought her a sharp, judiciously administered rebuke. There began his troubles because we all resented it."

"Served him right."

"Ha, Walter, you are under the spell of beauty, too, eh?" said his uncle. "Well, so is the whole school. That girl holds her power by a good use of her pretty face and manners. Yes, it was amusing to see how every girl considered the affront personal, and burned with indignation at the man who could rebuke such charms. It was an insult to them all, or to their dearest prerogative." "Go on, Ellen."

"At the next recitation, when Miss Caroline should have answered, she only giggled. She pretended to be amused at the grave ominous stare of the teacher, and held her book before her face, and gave a little low, merry laugh, that began to spread through the class—for we girls laugh easily from sympathy, and often indeed at nothing. Mr. C— glanced round, and commanded silence, and you could have heard a pin drop—but it was broken again by a mischievous little ebullition of mirth from Caroline. It was irresistible. The whole school went off again, and every time Mr. C— thundered 'silence!' there was precisely the same result. So he dismissed the class, and kept us in till dark. We declared him too spiteful for anything."

"The next morning when we came to school every girl had her hair parted to one side, to

show that we wouldn't be like him for anything even the slightest way. As Mr. C—'s eye glanced over us all at our desks he changed color, and gave his long hair a nervous push behind his ears."

"The next torment we invented was in ridicule of his dirty paws. We each brought a little towel and wet sponges, and when he had corrected our sums began to scrub away at our slate-frames and pencils which he had touched. We each had a sum to do on the black-board. Carrie went up first, and he handed her the chalk. We all smothered our laugh as she took it with roguish superciliousness, and when she had done her sum and put down the chalk—held her hand off carefully, and demurely asked permission to wash it. He said nothing, but gave us such hard sums and kept us in so long to do them, that we hated him more than ever. He got so pettish too, that he scolded so severely and interminably that we were worn out for that day."

"But the next morning before school, Caroline busily circulated little hook and eye boxes, on which was written 'open in rhetoric class.' We took a peep beforehand, but when class was assembled, we each slyly opened our box and took a pinch of snuff as Mr. C— gave the first question. Instead of answering, Sarah Brown kept her eye-brows raised, her eyes half open, threw back her head, and brought it forward suddenly with a loud sneeze. It went round the class and began again—some loud, some smothered, some repeated naturally, some feigned dozens of times. The whole astonished school stared at our class, and we could not help laughing, and sneezing and sneezing and laughing, while Mr. C— was white and choking with rage."

Walter raised his hands and eyebrows.

"What umps!—what shall save me?"

"The next moment we were terrified into utter breathlessness, for Mr. C— really looked frightfully angry, as he rose and cried in an overwhelming voice, 'Silence! Stop that!' 'It was our turn to grow pale. I never shall forget how scared I was when I had to give a little sneeze! But just think of that indomitable Caroline! She had started and trembled too, when he spoke, but when after an awful silence of a minute, he said peremptorily—

"What is the meaning of all this?" She answered as meek as a mouse,

"We have all begun to take snuff, sir. It is the fashion in school now, and not being used to it—ateh!"

"Mr. C— was at a loss for a minute, but he recovered and said—

"I shall allow no snuff-taking till I have written to ask each young lady's parents whether they approve of it. Put away your snuff-boxes, young ladies."

"We were blank with dismay. But when we found it was only a threat we were as bad as ever. But I can't tell you any more. Our tricks must be kept in reserve for you. Oh, I wish I were at school yet!"

"I am very glad there is one mad-cap like the less! Heaven preserve me from that Caroline!"

"Caroline! She is the pet and delight of all the teachers, they always favor her. Why even Mr. C— liked her so much that when he dismissed school for the last time, he requested her to stay a moment, and then begged her pardon for his harshness to her, and humbly tried to kiss her hand. We were peeping in from the dressing-room, and she knew it, so she snatched away her hand, and then ran laughing out to us."

"The cruel puss. Has she no remorse?"

"Don't expect mercy from her if you get into her power, but take the command yourself, Walter, and if you do it well she will submit and like you."

"Thank you Ellen. Upon my word I have undertaken a rash thing."

"No, no, Walter, you are young and handsome. Your dark eyes and white teeth will do much for you."

"I am glad I shall have some help besides my own authority."

The next morning saw Walter installed with an appearance of self-reliant dignity that gave no hint of his fears. After opening school, the first class was called up to recite. Sarah Brown, head girl, answered respectfully and promptly. So the next, and the next. Then came Louisa. His voice took a gentler tone as he gave her the question, but she could not answer it. In vain she tried to remember. She looked down musingly, then threw a distressing glance around, then an appealing one to him, pressed her finger to her lips, and her blush grew deeper every instant. Even after a little prompting she could not go on, and Walter was obliged to say reluctantly, "the next!"

Caroline lifted up her bluest of eyes, rested them innocently upon his lips, and unfalteringly began some nonsense, having only enough resemblance to what was in the book to show, either that she had glanced over without comprehending the lesson, or that she was not thinking of what she was saying. Walter looked at her severely, and as she met his frowning glance her color flushed up—she paused—paled—blushed again, and said honestly,

"Please excuse me? I do not know my lesson this morning."

"Had you any good reason for not learning it?"

Again lifting her eyes, she scanned his face to know what reply she might dare to give, and meeting an unrelenting, steady gaze, which showed that even of her a reasonable and respectful answer would be expected, she looked away abashed and did not reply.

"Miss Caroline will please go to her desk," he said with displeasure, "and study while the class recites. She may remain after school and do herself justice by a good recitation."

Humbled and astonished, she turned slowly and taking her seat she laid her head down upon her arms, and began to cry violently.

Walter was secretly discomposed, so much so that he hardly knew what he was about—He impatiently gave the question to the next, when Louisa again faltered, and then blushed at his haste, when he saw her pale, humbled face.

When the lesson was over Louisa lingered before the desk.

"Well, what does Miss Louisa want?" he asked.

"May I do justice to myself by a good recitation after school?"

"If you wish it," he replied much pleased.

"Thank you sir," she said and retired.

After the other scholars had gone, Caroline, who had recovered her spirits, and Louisa, were summoned to the desk. Louisa stood first.—With a clear, low voice she began the lesson and recited perfectly.

"I commend Miss Louisa's perseverance," her teacher said, with a smile and bow. If she will only have a little more confidence in herself she will do excellently."

As she stood blushing with delight before him, Walter could not help feeling the strangeness of his new position. He, who had lately been an equal of just such girls, chattering and flirting with them, to meet now that reverent glance, thankful for his praise!

He dismissed Louisa, and turned his admiring gaze from her to calm it into sufficient coldness before he should let it rest upon Caroline.

When he did look at her, he saw her slender form trembling, but a look of mischief in her face that said she was not going to be good, and "do excellently."

"Begin, Miss Caroline," he said, relentlessly.

She looked up archly, and said, "I don't know it a bit better than I did in the morning."

"Have you studied it?"

"No sir."

"Why not?" No answer. He felt that she was braving him, and said coldly, "I am ashamed for you, Miss Caroline. You may go."

His tone was so reprehensive, yet so gentlemanly, that she was subdued.

"Do you mean to my desk, to learn it?" she asked, hoping she had a chance to redeem herself.

"No. I mean you may go home. I never try to help those who will not help themselves. I do not wish my time trespassed upon longer."

Proud and angry, she was gone in a moment.

From that day she was refractory. To be sure, she never failed in her lessons—she would not again trespass upon his "own time." But in a thousand ways she annoyed him, by inciting to disobedience, by loud whispering, by answers so contrived as to raise a laugh without giving him occasion to reprove them.

Meanwhile Louisa stole gently into his good-will. She was so confiding, so abashed in the classes, so fond of staying after school to prove to him that she did know her lessons. The girls generally called upon each other for assistance in doing difficult sums—she brought them directly to him, and by her strict attention gratified him. It was a refreshment to teach her.

There was inscribed upon one corner of the black-board the words, "The most worthy," and upon the other "The most unworthy."—Under the first of these a name was placed every Monday morning, before school commenced, showing who had been most commendable during the past week. It remained till the next Monday, and was seen by all visitors. No name was ever put under the other words unless there had been some great delinquency. The first glance of the scholars as they entered on Monday morning was to see who bore off the highest honor.

Walter, in his extreme annoyance at Caroline's conduct, and in his desire to make some impression on her thoughtless nature, formed a plan which he thought would answer. Accordingly, when on Monday morning, he threw open the school-room door to admit the pupils, he watched its effect.

It should have been said before, that even among the scholars Caroline lost favor. In a girl's school there is always one exalted above the rest, a unanimously elected queen, whom all others delight to honor, and Louisa, now stepped into this place whence Caroline had been deposed. Louisa, and admiration of the new teacher, succeeded Caroline's rebellion and merry mischief. This change was very marked, and Louisa felt her ascendancy with pride and exultation. She became scornful in her treatment of one whom formerly she dared not even try to rival, while Caroline, though grieved to lose her hitherto unconsciously enjoyed popularity, seemed glad Louisa had come to be appreciated. She looked upon her with envy, but with admiration.

As Walter watched, he saw Caroline whisper joyously to Louisa, "Oh, Louisa, there you are up for most worthy. Ain't you glad?" and her own face shone genuine pleasure.

Louisa blushed with delight, but when her glance fell upon the opposite name, that blush only deepened, while a look of triumph stole into her face.

"See, see," she said, maliciously touching Caroline's arm, and pointing out to her, her name in the long unoccupied place, under the words, "most unworthy." Caroline saw, and a look of deepest wounded feelings overwhelmed her joyous countenance. She cast a reproachful glance at Walter and left the room.

He bit his lip. Disappointed in Louisa, and regret at the severity of his punishment of what was only youthful frolic and love of mischief, made him very much disconcerted with himself. He waited anxiously for Caroline's return, and at last sent one of the young ladies for her, who returned saying she had gone home. He was afraid he should not see her again.

He had an absent air all day, and when Louisa softly applied for some help in her sums, almost scornfully referred her to Sarah Brown. It gave him great satisfaction to see Caroline enter the room next morning. She left on his desk an excuse from her father, for her yesterday's absence, resumed her seat, and readily applied herself to her studies.

When school was about being dismissed, Walter arose and said, "Young ladies. This name was not put here for a week, but only for a single day, that she who bears it may see how her conduct appears to others; how

very unworthy of her great gifts and good heart, such trifling and childishness is."

He solemnly erased the name, amid a silence only broken by Caroline's almost inaudible sobs. As he glanced over his class, he thought Louisa's face wore a look of disappointment. School was dismissed, but those sunshiny curls were still flung over the desk, while the weeping girl hid her face in her arms.

Walter pitied her, and thinking it would be better now, when her feelings were at last touched and softened, to give her some friendly counsel, he approached and said in a low voice,

"Miss Caroline, will you permit me to say a few words to you?" She lifted her head as if to listen, but her face was still buried in her handkerchief. Walter's advice, given so kindly and gently, procured for him an apology for misconduct, sobbed out from the very bottom of her heart, and when he said,

"Now do not distress yourself further, Miss Caroline, or I shall think myself a cruel tyrant for having so used my power to wound you. Dry your tears, and smile again for my comfort."

She turned away, sobbing afresh, murmuring, "but I deserved it all!"

After she had gone, Walter spent his noon hours in self-reproach, and regret. But it was in vain to wish now, that he had had more patience, that he had discriminated better, between good natured frolic, and smooth goodness, assumed to curry favor. Yet when Louisa again stood before him that afternoon, listening with earnest attention to his explanation of the lesson, when her color stole up as he spoke to her, he believed he had only ascribed ill-feelings where it had no place.

Before the school-house was a mill-pond, frozen over, so as to make excellent sliding or skating. Between morning and afternoon sessions the girls enjoyed the opportunity for the favorite exercise. Walter often gazed from the window upon the gay, fitting forms, laughing and screaming with glee, and longed to be where his dignity forbade him to go. He was boy enough yet to have his heart bound at the sight of the sport, and also to feel disappointed at being merely a spectator. If a very merry laugh reached him, he could not help joining in it, and he held his breath while the girls skinned in succession down the long slide. If he only had skates and liberty!

With a sigh he left the window one day, and went down to his dinner, in a wing of the building. He was about to return to the school-room, when he was met by a crowd of scholars, who began to speak all at once, in great excitement. He could only make out—

"Carrie—fainted—slipped on the ice!" and several of her companions entered, bearing in her slight form. She was not insensible, but mutely enduring the severest pain, which took from her all power of movement. As she was brought to Walter, she gazed imploringly at him, and her pale lips moved to say, "my arm."

It was cold down stairs, and as the place was only used as a lecture room, there was nothing in it but piled up benches. She must go up stairs, therefore, where there was a sofa, and fire, in the dressing-room.

Taking her gently in his arms from her trembling companions, Walter carried her up, her fair head lying on his shoulder, in total unconsciousness of every thing but intense pain.—He sent instantly for her parents, and a physician, but meanwhile she opened her eyes, and said,

"My arm is broken, sir. Can you straighten it?"

Walter dared only give relief by cutting open the tight, blue, merino sleeve of her dress, and gently bathing the swelling arm in cold water. Every touch hurt her severely, but when he expressed his regret, she smiled sweetly and reassured him.

"Little heroine!" he said, admiringly, and he was aware that one among the numerous scholars who had been standing around moved away and went to the school room. Soon he heard the girls whispering among themselves.

"Louisa crying! What for?"

"Because Carrie is suffering, I suppose."

"I didn't know she cared so much for her."

Walter felt the words echo in his own heart, with the word I in the place of she.

"I will go and comfort her," said the first speaker.

"Is it Louisa who cares so much for me?" asked Caroline, faintly.

"We all do," said one of the girls.

"But is Louisa crying for me? Do tell her I am better, that Mr. Benson has made me much more comfortable. Don't let her cry!" and tears began to flow from her own eyes.

Her companion who went with her message, returned, and a still low whispering began.—Caroline was again suffering acutely from the awakened feeling caused by her tears and she did not hear it, but Walter caught the words.

"She says she's afraid and did it on purpose to make Mr. Benson pity her."

"Ridiculous! I always thought that Louisa a mean thing," was the reply.

"Yes, she's jealous. That's what she's crying for. I declare I can hardly help telling Mr. Benson. There he is, thinking her the pink of perfection."

The doctor arrived, and the arm was set without forcing a cry from the patient girl.—Her parents had also come in a carriage to take her home. Her father approached to lift her, but she whispered that she wished to thank Mr. Benson. Walter bent over her, and through her tears she sobbed, "I am so sorry that I cannot come to school again before you leave. I wanted so much to make you think better of me. I was the most unworthy, but if I could only let you see what I can be!" She broke into a smile, and Walter, to whom her tears had been almost irresistibly infectious, found her smile entirely so. As she looked into his beaming face, she for the first time seemed to see that her teacher was almost as young as herself.

"Good-bye Mr. Benson. Thank you for your kindness to my poor arm," she said holding out her hand frankly.

He clasped it gently, and longed to dare to kiss it, but with fifty scholars, the doctor, and parents as spectators, he thought best to fore-

go the pleasure. He fancied she understood his wish, so bright a blush sprang up.

The remaining weeks of Walter's teaching were dull enough. Louisa's sweetness seemed assumed, and her frequent need of assistance was very irksome to him. The happy part of his day was the few minutes he spent in the parlor, when Caroline generally sat reading by her mother's side. He never failed to call and ask how she was, and snatch a few moments' gaze at that bright face becoming so very dear to him.

His last day at the academy arrived.—Walter was so abstracted he scarcely knew what he was doing, and he thought with displeasure of the leave-taking. He made it general, and did not invite any particular adieus after school. Therefore the scholars departed as usual, and Walter was left alone. Even the teachers had gone, and he sat at his desk, thinking how long these weeks had been and how full of import to him. Raising his eyes, a girlish form stood before him, with head bent and hands clasped, while the deathly pale and downcast features wore an expression of grief.

"Well, Miss Louisa?" he said freely.

She started slightly, and placing her clasped hands over her heart, lifted her full dark eyes, and said beseechingly, "Do you hate me?"

He felt irritated enough to say "Yes," but answered with assuming gravity and sententiousness,

"Deserve regard and you will be sure to obtain it. Good-bye—I wish you well." She did not move.

"Will you tell me how I have forfeited your good opinion?" she asked.

"I cannot!" he said impatiently. "Do not ask me. I am your teacher no longer. My opinion is of no consequence to you now."

"No," she said, her face pale, but her eyes glowing angrily, "for it is that of an easily deluded, self-important boy!"

Astonished, after enjoying so long the respect belonging to his dignity, he found the severity of his look melting in embarrassment while Louisa regarded him fixedly.

"Yes," she said, "we meet now on equal terms, Mr. Benson, and I can reply to you as to any other presumptuous young gentleman who takes as much upon himself. Caroline and I have often laughed at your boyish assumption of authority."

Walter thought of the black-board and changed color. Louisa still regarded him with eyes eager in revenge. He did not care to be braved farther, and rose, saying,

"My presumption never went so far as to ask any favor of Miss Louisa. If Caroline has laughed at me she shall have an opportunity of explaining herself. Allow me!" and he stepped past her as she stood in his way.

His good heart could not bear her look of disappointment and grief. Turning quickly, and taking her passive hand, he said, "Forget my hasty words. I do not believe you came here to say what would make us part angrily, and I am sorry I did not perceive at once your kindness in thus giving me an opportunity to ask pardon for my frequent impatience. You forgive me?"

She scornfully turned away, and Walter hesitated no longer, but left the room. He was touched however as he returned to the ante-room to leave the key, to see her sitting at his desk, weeping bitterly.

He was asked to tea that evening by Caroline's parents, and went, accompanied by his cousin Ellen.

Caroline received him laughingly, and they passed a merry evening.

Walter watched an opportunity, and while the others clustered around the piano listening to Ellen's singing, he asked her whether Louisa had spoken truly in saying they had laughed together at his boyishness.

Caroline's eyes flew wide open, and she answered,