

# The Atlantic

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## Life.

The following remarkable compilation is a contribution to the *San Francisco Times* from the pen of Mr. H. A. Deming. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a year's laborious search among the leading poets of the past and present time.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?

Life's a short summer, man a flower.

By turns we catch the vital breath and die—

The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh—

To be, is better than not to be.

Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;

But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,

The bottom is but shallow whence they come,

Your fate is but the common fate of all;

Unmingled joys here to no man befall.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere;

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.

Custom does often reason overrule,

And throw a cool sunshine on a fool,

Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven;

They who forgive shall be most forgiven.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face,

Vile intemperance where virtue has no place.

Teen keep each passion down, however dear

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

He sensual pleasures let faithless pleasures lay,

With craft and skill to ruin and betray.

O'er not too high to fall, but stoop to rials;

We numbers grow of all that we despise.

Then I receive thee at impious self-esteem;

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;

The path of glory lead but to the grave.

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!

Only destructive to the brave and great.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.

How long we live, not years but actions tell.

That man lives twice who lives the first well.

Make them, while yet we may, your God your friend,

For a Christian's worship, yet not comprehend.

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,

For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

sheltered and immortal hermit whose memory had blessed the world with a day's rest. I wondered if he was hollow-eyed, dirty-fingered and toothless; if, in his youth, he too had loved and been loved—and seeing at that moment a little boat at the foot of the Schlossberg, I ran down, and, taking possession of it, brought myself shored to the island, and forthwith entered the hermit's deserted cell.

On a rock near the entrance lay a dainty, lace-trimmed parasol, a pair of gloves, some wild flowers and a sketch-book—queer things for a hermit to leave behind him, indeed; and, as I stood gazing at the odd contrivances, a boat called up, a cry for help reached me on the breeze.

"Please, sir, could you come to me? I have lost my oar," repeated the voice, as I emerged, and at a distance in a boat sat a little girl I recognized at once.

She was drifting slowly further and further into the lake, and her situation, although by no means dangerous, was embarrassing enough.

"I am quite ashamed of myself," she said, as my last strokes brought me near her. "It was very stupid of me to lose my oar, and the thought of drifting about in this lonely place all night was not a cheerful one."

"You might have drifted for weeks, as this is an out-of-the-way place, and I am very glad to have been the fortunate person who spared you a great deal of possible discomfort."

"And I am glad," she replied, "that it has been you who rescued me."

The slight and graceful accent on the young girl's words was so pleasing to me. Our chat that day was but the beginning of a friendship that quickly ripened; circumstances favored it. We were both Americans in a foreign land, both interested in the same studies, and our pur suits were constantly together. It was not long before I acknowledged myself to be deeply in love with Nina Wallingford. How much brighter the world looked to me at that time! My every-day occupations seemed one round of delight, and study was play; even my school teacher complimented me often on my progress. I made great strides in a concerto I was composing, and when it was finished I played before the arbiters of the conservatory, a prize was unanimously awarded me.

A glare of shimmering lights, perfume and flowers, the gleam of statuary from the birthday of her majesty, the queen, a special musical performance was being conducted, and my concerto was the first to be heard. The evening felt pale from suspense, while each familiar note sounded through the hall, and at last it was over. Royalty itself descended to applaud warmly, and congratulated me on my success. I felt proud to have my music so highly valued, and I went out into the night to take deep draughts of the calming air. Everything seemed possible to me in this first flush of my youthful success.

My father, who had been looking down from her loveliness at me and smiled to-morrow I would go to her and tell her that my triumph was nothing without her love.

Walter Griffith's friendly voice almost jarred upon me.

"Hallo! old fellow!" he called out, linking his arm in mine. "You are ahead of us all! By jove, I am proud of you. How I used to deride all our pretensions! You are now a man, and you will neither steal my spoons nor run away with the pretty girl who is now my one guest. Here is your best toast; drink every drop of it, and get strong as a horse."

I began to take pleasure in seeing the wrinkled face which so often bent over me, looking pleased at my improvement; and when we went by slow stages in the old-fashioned cottage, I found myself beginning to hope and long for the battle of life again.

The second day, after a siesta in a cozy, chintz-hung room, I went, leaning on Mrs. Pentwick's arm, to be presented to the new daughter, who was "my daughter," but was really only a much-loved friend.

"My daughter" arose from a dim corner, came into the light, and Nina Wallingford was looking at me. "I was still so weak that the surprise overcame me, and I sank back in a chair, for a moment unable to speak, and I dare say looking half dead. Nina thought so, and the mistake was for me the happiest one in the world. She sprang to my side with tears rolling down her cheeks, and I miraculously recovered myself sufficiently to catch her hands and cover them with kisses.

"Oh, Nina," I cried, "I have been convinced that you could explain away my despicable doubts of you."

"Yes," she answered. "My still more despicable pride prevented my telling you of the one sad mistake I made in my life, but my misdeed has been surly out of all proportion to my fault. Your lack of trust in me that day wounded me all the more that I had brooded over the affair and grown morbidly sensitive; but I will tell you about it now. Harry Archer loved me when I was quite young—too young to know if the feeling that prompted me to accept him was love or gratified vanity. He was, you know, of a peculiar temperament; that he degenerated I found myself utterly disenchanted; at times unreasonably jealous of me, and—but I will not say more of this, for he is dead. He would not listen to my doubts of the wisdom of our engagement, and gave me peace because I postponed from time to time the wedding day. I know I was weak, but I was young and all alone; my one friend, Mrs. Pentwick, was ill. When she was sufficiently recovered to allow of it, we were to be married, and I was to be the wife of a man who, I was to be told, was a fortune teller, and I was to be the wife of a man who, I was to be told, was a fortune teller."

heard, but Harry's face, as it lay that day, was so bright, came up to check my hot words.

"Miss Wallingford," I said, "I have come—but how to ask her? It seemed such an insult to speak of dishonor while I sat calm, steady glance rested on me. 'Did you?' I stammered, 'did you know poor Harry Archer?'"

The girl's face blanched with a look of horror that went, almost for a moment, to the truth of Walter's story. "I was his dearest friend, and I loved him," I added, with what must have seemed wanton cruelty; but Nina's face flushed, and, seeming like a flash to divine my thoughts, she said, with a proud glance of contempt at me:

"May I ask why you wish to learn the life of me having known your friend?" she said. "Oh, Nina," I cried, "tell me it is all a horrible, torturing mistake!"

"I am at a loss to understand you," she replied, rising. "I knew your friend Harry Archer, and having now answered your only real request, you will, no doubt, excuse me if I return."

With a stately bow and a steady step she left me, while I reeled drunk with despair to my rooms.

For several days I was ill; a low, obstinate sort of fever kept me after the reaction of so much excitement, weak and depressed. Then, after hasty preparations, I sailed for home.

That time I had so often looked forward to, that day that was to bring me back with a record of work done and reputation established, brought me no happiness. More work I signed for, and it alone gave me rest. I saved and spared no pains, and my health, which had been paid so dearly for my overtaxing of brain and body, fell ill, and all was blank.

A placid, kindly old face, in a Quaker cap, looked at me when I awoke from a long, feverish dream; of course I tried to speak, but my voice failed me, and the lady laid her plump hands on my head and said, "I am a little weak, but I grow stronger, and then we will do a vast amount of gossiping."

I let myself be petted and soothed like a baby, and before many days I could walk again. I happened to be in what seemed to be a room where the spring was not quite so good, and I was told that it was not quite so good as a hospital. The kindly old lady said, "but a house to which Doctor S.—, who was called in to you when you fell so very ill, sends his respects."

"But you are not a hired nurse, I am sure."

"No," answered the lady, smiling. "I am Mrs. Pentwick, an idle old body who has nursed the sick in my own home, and then on the sick people. I can help them a little, too, occasionally; I have brought you these flowers, and can write for you, if you wish, to your friends, when the doctor allows you to dictate."

"There is no one who would care particularly to hear of my welfare," I said, sadly, "although since fortune has favored me, I have written to many who call themselves my friends."

"I began to take pleasure in seeing the wrinkled face which so often bent over me, looking pleased at my improvement; and when we went by slow stages in the old-fashioned cottage, I found myself beginning to hope and long for the battle of life again."

ered veranda, a happy family picture, for Mrs. Pentwick adopted me at once, she said, laughingly:

"I have been mistaken in you. You are going to run away with my daughter; you have the spoons as well for a wedding present."

Curiosities of Speculation.

It is curious to note what men will do for money. Some months ago there was a little brisk speculation in the bulls and the bears—composed in this case of the farmers, who naturally wished prices to go up, and speculators, who usually wished prices to decline. The contest raged furiously in this city and elsewhere for many weeks, as there was really a large amount of money involved. A certain state of the market, publishing the quotations of hops here, gave great dissatisfaction to the bulls, because its prices were not up to their ideas; and, as the commercial reporters had been in the city for some time, they were resolved, at a mass-meeting of the farmers, not to subscribe for any paper that published the obnoxious quotations, and a printed notice to this effect was actually sent to all the reporters in this city.

With the light of the wrong of this controversy it is not our purpose here to speak. Suffice it to say that hops can stir up a tempest in more than one way. Then again, some years ago, when it was proposed to put duties on tea and coffee, there arose a mighty speculation in these articles. One speculator was credited with holding about 60,000 bags of coffee; and the speculation in tea was so great that the time of the famine in Bengal, Hindoostan, some years since, there was great speculative activity here in rice, and some heavy losses as well as handsome gains were scored off in the next few months. The eagerness of others, for the inhabitants of Bengal depend almost entirely on rice to sustain life, and it was assumed that, when the crop failed in that region and famine ensued, there would be a great demand for rice; but this was no more than speculating in breadstuffs, whereby the poor are often the chief sufferers.

Again, at the time of the Russo-Turkish war, when Turkey was invaded, it was the speculation in opium, which now comes mainly from that country. And even now there is a large speculation in this in progress, based on an anticipated famine in the East. A number of large drug houses here and in Smyrna, Turkey, control the bulk of the stock, and have already realized large profits on their venture. Turkish opium, at the time of the war alluded to, were also bought up largely by speculators, and for a while proved profitable; but ultimately this article of speculation, which is now being carried on in connection, proved the ruin of more than one strong house. Fortunes have been made and lost in indigo speculations; and, for that matter, this article has far more commotion in the world than it might at first be imagined. Two or three years ago, when we had the potato-bug invasion, there was a large speculation in Paris green, and the market advanced materially, partly owing to the large amount of stock held by speculators, and partly to the fact that the potato-bug was a new article of speculation. Another curious speculation was that in canary seed, two or three years since, when it was supposed that the crop would prove a failure, and speculators were buying up for statistics actually prepared an estimate of the number of canary-birds in the United States, and the quantity of seed consumed per day, and considerable money was realized on this speculation. It is not our purpose here to cite a list of the many speculations that have been made, but a few among many that might be named where what would be called curious sorts of speculations really pay better than half the railroad owning in the world. I lost a considerable sum of money on a speculation in the new paper, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.

Women's Rights in Mississippi.

The new code of Mississippi has cut up by the roots all the ancient disabilities of married women, and they are now free and equal in every respect to their husbands. It is the most radical legislation yet in the world. The new law, which is now in force, is a landmark in the disabilities of married women, and its effect on the rights of property of the wife, is totally abrogated, and marriage shall not be held to impose any disability on either party. The new law, as to the disabilities of married women, and its effect on the rights of property of the wife, is totally abrogated, and marriage shall not be held to impose any disability on either party. The new law, as to the disabilities of married women, and its effect on the rights of property of the wife, is totally abrogated, and marriage shall not be held to impose any disability on either party.

"Sec. 1169. A married woman may dispose of her estate, real and personal, by last will and testament, in the same manner as if she were not married."

"Sec. 1170. Dowry and courtesy, as heretofore known, are abolished."

Other sections conform the general laws to these radical changes. Husband and wife inherit from each other their respective property if there be no children, and each a child's part if there be children, and the descendants of children. They may dissent from each other's wills and take of each other's estates according to law, except that if there be no children, in case of such dissent the dissenting party may take the estate if he or she has no estate of his or her own, or if the dissenting has property of his own or her own, equal to one-fifth of the other's estate, then the deficiency is to be made up out of the other's estate.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche*.

Size of New England.

The following table shows the area of the New England States and the number of miles of railroad in each:

State	Area, Sq. Miles.	RR, Miles.
Maine	33,000	983
Vermont	9,612	873.43
New Hampshire	9,280	1,009.92
Massachusetts	7,800	1,872.32
Rhode Island	1,306	208.12
Connecticut	4,750	928.01

## THE CARE OF THE EYES.

Some Useful Directions Concerning Preservation of the Eyesight.

A really healthy eye possesses in a wonderful degree the power of adjusting itself to the viewing of objects at different distances; if, for example, you hold up in front of you between your eye and the distant horizon any small object, such as a pinholder, you will find that no effort of yours will enable you to see both well at the same time; if you gaze at the one, the other immediately becomes indistinct. This is called the power of accommodation, and depends upon the elasticity of the crystalline lens. Its convexity is increased when we fix our eyes and attention on a near object, and diminished when we look at something further off. In old age there is considerable curtailment of this power of accommodation, depending upon a hardening of the crystalline lens. Things close at hand can then be discerned so well as those at a distance. The apartment in which you live should be well lighted, and the light should be such as to prevent the eyes from becoming strained. It is especially important that the light should be such as to prevent the eyes from becoming strained. It is especially important that the light should be such as to prevent the eyes from becoming strained.

You need hardly be afraid of getting too strong eyes, they cannot get so. The eye is a muscle, and again, in course of time, when even more power is needed, stronger ones must be worn. It is not for some time at first the old eyes will be found powerful enough in the daytime. There is a condition of the eyes from which many people suffer, generally known by the name of weak sight; it may have been produced from over-study or fatigue. There is entire inability to read or write for any length of time, and the eye does so produce giddiness, and even headache, palpitation, etc. In such cases attention to the health and a short course of rest will do good, but it cannot be too well known that hundreds of people who have been sufferers from weakness of sight have not only been relieved, but even cured, by the wearing of proper spectacles. But let us here remind sufferers from this complaint that even the clearest opticians are not as a rule the men to be advised by as to the kind of spectacles to be worn. A cure is in order, and the advice of the best oculist or ophthalmic surgeon should, if possible, be obtained.

Short-sightedness is often hereditary, and the worst of it is that it is not cured by the wearing of spectacles, but, on the contrary, it increases as the child gets older. A case of this kind should never be neglected, and spectacles should be worn, especially when reading, writing, or doing any kind of work that requires close attention. The eyes should be kept clean, and the spectacles should be kept clean, and the spectacles should be kept clean.

The great gain in thrashing editors is notoriety of all parties concerned. Usually such notoriety, if properly handled, benefits the editor. It gives his paper an enormous advertisement gratis, extending through all the States and Territories and sometimes to other kingdoms and countries. It sometimes causes the name of the editor to be published in French, German, Spanish, Italian and Russian journals, and read in all the capitals of Europe. This is another result of thrashing editors.

The murder of the editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin* by a ruffian twenty-four years ago placed that paper on a firm foundation of repute and prosperity. Such are other results from the thrashing editors. If young Mr. Flood's aim in thrashing an obscure editor was no notoriety, he has attained it for himself and family. Or if it was intended as a blessing in disguise, to lift the obscure editor to the public gaze, he has attained that. For these are certain results of thrashing editors.—*New York Graphic*.

Elegant Journalism.

The *Boston Globe* replies as follows to a young man ambitious of becoming a journalist: It is hard to tell from this distance how far you are from the hard life of a newspaper writer or not. That is the only question to be decided, for qualification is quite immaterial. You must be prepared to rise from your bed as early as 10 A. M., in order that you may have finished reading your private mail by noon. Lunch is always paid for by the office, but you have got to accustom yourself to live five courses and only two kinds of wine—spruce beer and stout. You must be able to play billiards, for no well-regulated newspaper office is without a well-appointed billiard room. At 7 P. M. you are expected to tell the city editor where you will spend the evening, and to what place you can go to the theater, opera, ball or dog-fight, to which tickets and carriage will be provided. If you think you can stand such laborious work, come on and we will see what we can do with you; but you must understand that there is none of the luxury to which you have been accustomed in a newspaper office. Plain velvet carpets are a good enough for the chairs; laboring chairs are of course indispensable, but they are upholstered in plain satin, with no tidies. Only one roll-top desk and four gold pens are furnished by the office; if you need any more you will be expected to buy them yourself. Only one sofa and one silver drinking cup are allowed to each man, so you can see that there are some discomforts to be put up with.

How Andre Looked.

The Continental officer who had charge of Major Andre after he was brought to South Salem, near the Connecticut line, by an adjutant and four militiamen, described the prisoner's appearance as follows in a letter written in 1817: He looked somewhat like a reduced gentleman. His small clothes were nankeen, with long white top boots, in part his undress military suit. His coat, purple with gold lace, worn somewhat threadbare, with a small-brimmed tarnished beaver on his head. He wore his hair in a queue, with long black band, and his clothes somewhat dirty. In this garb I took charge of him. After breakfast my barber came in to shave me, after which I requested him to undergo the same operation, which he did. When the ribbon was taken from the hair I observed it was full of powder. This circumstance with others that occurred induced me to believe that I had no ordinary person in charge. He requested permission to take the bed while his shirt and small clothes could be washed. I told him that was needless, for a change was at his service, which he accepted.

Words of Wisdom.

It is no vanity for a man to pride himself on what he has honestly got and prudently used.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

With the wicked, as with a bad dog, silence is more formidable than noise.

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess.

In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior, for it is a prince's part to pardon.

True courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal, bullying insolence, and in the very time of danger are found the most serene and free.

There are habits contracted by bad example or bad management, before we have judgement to discern their approaches, or because the eye of reason is laid asleep, or has not compass of view sufficient to look around on every quarter.

the proper width, and no more. Spectacles to fasten behind the ear are more generally useful than the pin-neck which is balanced on the nose. The latter, however, is less liable to be preferred. In putting on spectacles, a guarantee should be had from the optician that they are properly "centered," that is, that the thickest or thinnest (as the case may be) portion of the lens is really in the center. If they then fit your sight, you can try them on in front of a mirror; if your pupils are right in the center, the glasses are properly framed. The distance light, if only meant for reading, the pupils should be a little nearer the nose than the center of the lens. The frames themselves should always, when the wearer can afford it, be made of gold. Pinholes are better than glass, they may, too, be simply wiped with the handkerchief, but a bit of wash-leather must be kept for glass lenses. Spectacles, if you have managed to procure a really good and useful pair, should be taken the utmost care of; they should, when not in use, be put in their case, and the case in the pocket. Spectacles with colored lenses should never be used unless on the advice of a medical man.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Gloaming.

Twilight downward softly noeth; All, once near, seems dim and far; High aloft now faintly gleaming, Pale and clear, the evening star.

All in doubtful shadow quivers; Up and up the slow mist creeps; Down the lake, 'mid deep darkness, Mirroring darkness, lies asleep.

On the eastern sky appearing, Lo! the moon, bright, pure and clear; Slender willows waving branches Sport upon the waters near.

Through the playful, fitting shadows, Quivers Luna's magic shine; Through the eye this freshness stealing, Steals into this heart of mine.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A thief steals in a fit of abstraction. Great hoax from little falsehoods grow.

It was the man that fell downstairs who spoke of his extended trip.—*Statesman*.

It is better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.—*Modern Argosy*.

The tramp question: Madam, will you please give me some old clothes? I am so hungry, I don't know where I shall sleep to-night.

Iowa has 4,000 school districts, 10,000 schools, 21,000 teachers, 365,000 scholars in average attendance, and a school fund of over \$3,500,000.

Several undergraduates of the German university of Marburg have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment in a fortress for dueling.

The burning of widows has not wholly ceased in India. Recently, a case occurred in Bamra, although the parties abetting it were fined by the authorities.

"Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," is an American's inalienable right. He keeps up the pursuit of happiness, but very seldom catches him.—*Kookoo Gato City*.

A little daughter of W. V. Stoy, of Lafayette, tied a balloon to the \$18 necklace she wore. The jewelry slipped over her head and she was sailed away with it, and it was seen no more.

Captain Gerard de Nisme, of the royal Irish hussars, was killed in India by a stone, dislodged by a goat on a hillside, striking him on the head while he was taking his afternoon ride on horseback.

The Swiss government has sent as its contribution to Washington's monument a suitably inscribed stone from the chapel built on the spot where William Tell escaped from the tyrant Gessler.

A citizen of Stafford county, Kansas, has made a record of 600 rattlesnakes killed by him within three years. The largest one was killed recently, and measured six feet four inches long and four inches girth.

Sir Alexander T. Galt, the Canadian statesman, surprised London recently by registering at a hotel as "Mr. A. T. Galt, an fifteen children," the latter, mostly girls, creating a sensation in the dining-room when ushered in by their governess.

American advertising agents in Italy have made it necessary to put up notices to "post no bills on the very walls of the remains of Pompeii, and when a tourist sees one of these notices the chances are that he'll exclaim: 'Things in those days were about as they are now.'

More than 125,000 children die in France before reaching the end of their first year. One-fifth of the entire number are in Paris. In the arrondissement of Nogent-le-Roi, where mercenary baby farming is common, there are fifty-two deaths in every 100 children under one year of age.

A ruralist came into Tallahassee, Fla., and finding a news stand ordered a lot of papers, which he took from the clerk with profuse thanks. He was astonished though when the clerk asked pay, and said, "never heard of charging for newspapers before." He had been reading his neighbor's paper for nothing and never knew they cost money.

If a man ever realizes the inequalities of this world and feels like joining the masses to "post no bills on the very walls of the remains of Pompeii, and when a tourist sees one of these notices the chances are that he'll exclaim: 'Things in those days were about as they are now.'

One of the home missionaries on Puget sound, holding a meeting in a mixed neighborhood of whites and Indians, observed that the Indian women carrying their babies according to their usual custom, were surprised to see that among the whites the men carried the babies. At next appointment the power of the map was seen, as the Indian men came carrying the babies for the first time.

Poison to be palatable Must be sugared till it's nice, For poison, taken natural, Never goes entire.

And thus it is with people, When they get so awfully sweet, You may set down with safety, They're sugaring their deets.

—*St. Louis Herald*.

## NINA WALLINGFORD.

"Who is that little girl, Walter?" I said, curiously, little thinking the important role that little girl was to play in my life drama. She came from Z number No. 9, of the Conservatorium for Music at S.—, and her face was flushed with an indignation which I had never seen in her proud eyes which attracted my attention.

Room No. 9, I thought, as leaving Walter Griffith, my chum, I sauntered on to my lesson. That's where old professor Z. tortures his pupils; he is little better than a ruffian, if he has such a reputation in his profession; and they say he thumbs the ugly girls with his baton and kisses the pretty ones, and when he calls mathematics enthusiasm.

However the arrival of my teacher put an end to reflection of any kind, and we were soon deep in a sonata which I had prepared by hours of steady work.

I was a young and enthusiastic student of both the piano and organ, and my future fortune and career depended on my own industry. I was struggling with all my heart and soul, and, although I met any number of nice girls and gentlemen at the various clubs and soirees which I frequented for the sake of the good music, I had given a second thought to none of them.

Now a chance meeting with Professor Z. brought that look of the little girl back to my mind, and my heart gave a most unaccountable throb.

That evening I drummed like an automaton over the fugue that had been the center of all my highest hopes and aspirations for weeks, and when exercises refused to be played, and I strayed off into tender little German love songs, until, disgusted with myself, I tumbled into bed. There I took myself sternly to task, and reflected that a poor art student, with only that little amount of money to live without begging until I should bring the success he must work hard for—that, in fact, just such a man as I was the biggest fool, in Christendom to look at, or think twice of, anybody or anything but a long-haired professor of a music score. With these wise reflections I finally fell asleep; but for two or three days after a pair of eyes peeped from behind the keyboard, and those eyes were not adorned with spectacles; or the thought of a flushed cheek cheered me for a moment from that deep consideration of the harmony-book that should have been my most edifying mental food, and that flushed cheek was not graced with an unshorn beard. Still I worried on with only a scant word of encouragement from my taciturn professor for months, till the spring sun on a certain saint's day came to me to take a much-needed holiday, and I strayed at random out into the woods, climbed a ruined tower and lazily took in the landscape about me. I wondered if the little stone cell on an island in the lake that lay below had