

chapel this morning, and of course I had to return it with one of my sweetest. It was quite a surprise to some of the girls to see us walk up from the postoffice this morning; I suppose they thought we were not acquainted. He has such a winning way. He told me so much about himself: how he had seen me, and longed for my companionship, and should have sought it to the grim death, but for one obstacle in the shape of an organization called the 400; an anti calico fanatic society, as they term themselves—how horrible they are! He told me how he had a brother, who was a colonel or major or something like that. He cited his brother as the figure of chivalry, from which he received his incentives to dare defy the forces of death, and embrace what he calls his haven. O he is so nice!

June 14. I am very happy to-night. I received a note from Mr. Rogers this evening, asking my company for Society; well my first thought was, "shall I go? yes, decidedly yes; though I have known him but so short a time, its all right or at least I'll try to think so." We spent a rather pleasant evening at Society, though the girls all seemed so attentive to Mr. Rogers, that I kind of felt that they were intruding—in fact I'm real cross at Bess Jones. It may be a little presumptuous for me to claim him without his knowledge of it, but I'll wager this pen that he will come to some understanding before this term's past.

June 15. Nothing. Have'nt seen Mr. Rogers this whole livelong day.

June 16. Same as yesterday.

June 17. I saw Mr. Rogers for the first time in three days. But O, he's so changed! where once so frank and jovial, now as glum. I have just about made up my mind to drop the matter if he can't be a little more civil; I think I could bear it; but, no, conquer that proud mind I must.

June 18. Nothing eventful to-day. I feel and know that life is not all sunshine as some happily constituted creatures would have us believe. I saw Mr. Rogers several times to-day, but he seemed quite indifferent toward me, and in fact even

tried to shun me. I don't know what to think of him. I go to rest to-night with a sad heart

June 20. Saw Mr. Rogers to-day and had a short talk with him. At last I have forced from him the cause of his queer actions—the horrid wretches! He said that after returning to his room the evening we were at Society, he received a formal document declaring him a wreck, vagabond, villain and disgrace; and at the same time firing him bodily from his old thorn in the flesh, the 400—wretches, I would like to wreak vengeance—and positively forbidding any further communication with them. Well of course that broke him up—more than he would ever allow me to do—so he went around to that anti calico set of hardhearted autocrats, and in some way plead innocent, as he said of what they call a vital offense; and in some way had himself reinstated. Perhaps he thinks that settles it, but I'm going to try another plan of campaign.

June 21. Passed Mr. Rogers to-day, and treated him as coolly as he dare treat me. I don't like this, but it must be done.

June 22. He was rather more attentive and civil to-day; but I gave him no room to lavish.

June 23. I received a short note from Rogers to-day saying that he had borne quite enough; and was now ready to break the abominable alliance with Mr. Ward McA. and his contemptible associates, and precipitate himself at me.

June 24. I sent Rogers word that we would have a meeting of the new alliance this evening. He is mine. I knew— J. Q. C.

HINTS ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

(CONTINUED.)

Mastery of the art of elocution and expression is a necessary qualification for a well trained speaker, but after all his great object should be to have something worth saying.

Before dwelling on this it should be urged emphatically that successful speeches, like all other successes, should be the result of thorough prepa-