

himself up for hours in his musty library and reading and studying the literature of his fatherland, of which he was passionately fond; then see a strong healthy boy interested in sport, little heeding study, full of life and vigor, having no body but aged servants for companions. How little congeniality between two persons of this sort? What innumerable opportunities for harsh and erasable behavior on the part of the elder, and impudence and rebellion on the part of the younger?

Yet my grandfather appreciating the fact that I should in all probability inherit his wealth, had taken pains that I be educated as became his heir. At the age of eighteen, after several years tutoring, he sent me to this very college to complete my education. I stepped into college as though from a prison house. Delighted at the companionship of boys of my own age, there were no sports in which I was not a participant, no deeds of lawlessness and ravage in which I had not a hand.

Yet with all this I kept well up in my work, was well liked by my instructors, and passed all examinations creditably with the exception of one, and that was German.

At the close of my junior year I had yet three conditions on that study to remove. Notwithstanding my being of German descent I could not learn that language. Night and day I would repeat to myself those horrible verbs,—*Ich habe, du hast, er hat*,—until they ran in my head as to almost drive me mad, only to go to the recitation next day and find it completely gone.

My old grandparent was infuriated at my nonsuccess in the study of the language which my ancestors had spoken for centuries. And as my reports went to him with the word "condition" inserted after "German" he became more and more angry and often made threats to cut me off without a cent.

My senior year came around I was well up in everything but that accursed German, for in that I had still two conditions from my junior year. My grandfather had positively refused to communicate with me until I removed them and graduated with my class.

At this juncture, however, he suddenly died, little, I might frankly say, to my sorrow.

I shall never forget though the thrill of horror that I experienced when a few days after his burial I was present at the reading of the will and learned that to me he had left all his property, but upon the condition that, in his words—"for the space of four years after my demise he speaks or writes no language but the German."

I was dumbfounded at the position in which I was placed,—cut entirely off from communication with my dearest friends, and yet to have refused to comply with the conditions of the will, would have thrown me penniless and professionless upon the world.

I determined at once to leave the country and accordingly left college and engaged passage on the first steamer for Europe, having decided to locate in Berlin, where at least after a few months time I could communicate with my fellow men.

But harder than to leave my native country, harder than to cease speaking my native tongue,—yes, far harder was it for me to bid farewell to her who but a few weeks previous had become the very light of my existence,—Catharine Smith, the sister of my old college chum.

To describe her with the same lips that holds this pipe would be profanity. Read Byron's poetic description of sunrise in the Alps and you have a perfect likeness of my Catharine. Was she pretty you inquire. Pshaw! Beautiful? Beyond description. Suffice it to say that I was never so happy as when lasking in the sunlight of her countenance.

I had yet one evening before the steamer on which I had taken passage sailed, and so determined before my departure to get her promise to wait for my return. Early that night I repaired to her home full of hope, and patiently awaited her appearance. At last she came. Never had she looked more divinely beautiful. Never was I more deeply in love with her.

"Good evening, Fred," she said sweetly, as she crossed toward where I was standing, "I am so glad to see you."