

arbutus blossoms, while she made him uncomfortable with her ejaculations of gratitude.

"Why, Mr. Turnip," she said, "that was the most horrid creature I ever saw. It frightened me nearly to death. If I am ever frightened half so badly again I shall die, I know I shall, I always do. How fortunate that you came along just when you did. You are so quiet and retiring that I always thought you a hero and now I know that you are. What was the name of the ugly thing that you killed so beautifully?"

At this question Tiberius was more abashed than ever. "Why—er—er—it was a snake, a—er—er venomous serpent, don't you know," he answered as he picked up the last of the arbutus blossoms.

"Yes, I know that, but what is its name?" she asked.

"Why, er—er—I believe it is called, er—er,—that is I believe so, I don't just know. But hadn't you better be getting back to the cottage as it is getting rather late," he replied.

"O yes I must go back right away, but I *never* can go through those woods alone. You'll go with me to the edge of the woods won't you?" she continued as he moved as if to go in the opposite direction.

Tiberius felt that it would be ungallant to refuse, and so turned and slowly accompanied her in the direction of the cottage. As they made their way through the woods he often glanced about him, fearful lest he should be seen by some chance member of The 400, for he knew that to be seen in such a plight meant sure and certain retirement from that honorable society. It seemed hardly probable that he would be seen, for it was an hour when few persons were likely to seek the solitude of the woods, and he was beginning to think himself safe, when a heavy body was heard crashing through the bushes at their right. Instinctively, as it were, the girl drew closer to Tiberius and grasped his arm, as Augustus, the leader of The 400 came in sight. He said nothing, but glared vindictively at Tiberius for a moment and then passed on out of sight.

Tiberius drew a breath of relief. He knew that no longer would he belong to "The 400," yet it seemed to him that in some way he had regained a lost freedom and as he stole a glance at the face of the girl at his side it seemed that life was worth living after all, and that even a course in chemistry was not so bad if one could only find congenial society. The arm had not been withdrawn from his after the danger was past, and as he looked from it to the little hand which clasped a bunch of arbutus, it seemed to him that no more beautiful blossoms ever saw the light of day, and the barrens seemed almost an Eden. The only thing which made him feel uncomfortable was the fear that she might ask him the name of the snake, but apparently she did not think of it.

When they reached the edge of the woods and were about to separate she said, "now Tiberius—Mr. Turnip I mean—what can I ever do to repay you for your kindness to me this afternoon? Is there not some way in which I can show my gratitude?" she asked anxiously as Tiberius shook his head.

"O yes, there is something," said he suddenly as a thought seemed to strike him, "Promise me that you will never ask me the name of that snake again."

"I will promise that," she said smiling, "On condition that you will promise to come to the cottage next Saturday evening. Now say yes right away.

Tiberius said "Yes."

THE END OF LIFE.

Human nature seems instinctively to shrink from the thought that some day the sun may look down upon a disappointed and lifeless earth. Yet such an end of life has ever been anticipated, and the more the laws of nature have been comprehended, the greater has seemed to be the certainty of such an end.

Formerly it was thought that this condition would involve the hurling of planet against planet, star against star, the confusion of the solar systems and the reign of chaos.