

FRESHMAN AND SENIOR

ELVIRTON WRIGHT

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**GRINNALDS-TWYFORD
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BY

**MR. AND MRS. JEFFERSON C. GRINNALDS
AS A MEMORIAL TO HIS MOTHER
ROBERTA SARAH TWYFORD**



"How do you do, Mrs. Carver? Is your dinner ready?" p. 35.

FRESHMAN AND SENIOR

BY

ELVIRTON WRIGHT, *present*
AUTHOR OF "PEN'S VENTURE."

Jessie Wright Whitcomb

— "Let every man take heed how he buildeth."

"If any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest."

BOSTON AND CHICAGO

Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society

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FRESHMAN AND SENIOR.

CHAPTER I.

CRAIG.

CRAIG STERNHOLD ran his fingers through his hair, and looked around his room with evident admiration. He had been arranging it.

Eyes other than his own might not have perceived many indications of design in the disorder around him. A trunk stood open, and scattered on the floor, on the table, on the chairs, were its former contents; there was also a packing box, with the cover ripped off. A Webster's Unabridged, a Greek, and a Latin dictionary had been taken out.

Craig seemed to be fixing his attention, not so much on his trunk and box of books, as on a couple of articles hanging over the doors. Over the hall door hung his gun, and over the door leading into his bed-room hung a fishing-rod.

"Guess they 'll do," he thought. "Now for the book-case, and I presume it will stick."

The book-case was a little five-shelved, walnut affair, made to be conveniently taken apart. Craig proceeded to put it together. He coerced it in a variety of ways, twisted it, and pulled it, whistled to it in a friendly manner, and finally screwed in the last screw.

"I'm glad I'm through with you!" he said aloud, as he complacently surveyed the modest little case. He stood it on his study-table, with its back against the wall.

"Takes up too much room there."

He placed it on the floor between two of the windows.

"Too low down."

He noticed a plain little table at the opposite side of the room, and speedily deposited his shelves upon that. Nothing could have been better. The table did not dwarf the shelves, and the shelves seemed to have a consciousness of looking well on the table.

Craig's whistle, formerly encouraging and expostulatory, changed to a whistle of triumph, when he saw how well his shelves looked.

Good Mrs. Carver, who sat in the sitting-room below, sewing, said to her husband, who was sitting there reading: —

"Mr. Carver, our new-comer seems of a cheerful disposition! I think he has whistled steadily" —

"If he doesn't do any thing worse than whistle I'll be thankful!" replied Mr. Carver. "He is as fine a looking boy as ever I saw. If he gets in with a rowdy set of boys in college, as is more than likely" —

"Our boys didn't!" said Mrs. Carver, with a touch of pride.

"No, our boys didn't; but our boys were at home, and — and knew better. But this young Sternhold — I hope he will do well, I am sure!"

"He has about the frankest, most honest face ever I saw," said Mrs. Carver decidedly. "Such a handsome boy! His mother must have been a proud woman when she looked at him."

In the meanwhile, there was a lull in the whistling above. Craig had hurried his books upon his bookshelves, and was sitting on the edge of the table with his hands in his pockets.

His gun, his fishing-rod, his books, a little water-color landscape, a photograph of the head of Raphael's St. Paul, and of Landseer's "Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," and a couple of etchings made his walls look very well. But, put what he might on the walls, they never could vie with the view from any one of his three windows. They were all open. An apple-tree almost thrust its branches in through the one nearest him. He could see an empty bird's-nest between the leaves. There were other ap-

ple-trees in the yard below, then rather a high fence, and more apple-trees, and the gables and corners of the next house almost hidden by the foliage. All that was ordinary enough, perhaps, but, by looking sideways, eastward, he could see long stretches of rolling fields, and then the mountains—blue and misty they seemed now, but there they were—Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump. He had always lived where he could see mountains; he had tramped for days through the woods, and he knew the wood sounds, and smells, and sights, and it gave him a quiet, homelike feeling to see those mountains off there.

He turned to his front windows. There was the little lawn in front of the house, and some bushes and some trees at one side; then the road, and an unoccupied lot opposite. The whole town sloped down to the lake before him. He could look down and down—over the tops of the trees, and the tops of the houses showing among the trees, down, till he saw Lake Champlain flashing in the warm sunlight. He could see the breakwater with its light-houses, and the little islands in the lake, like dots, and then on across to the Adirondacks—bluer and mistier than the Green Mountains—peak and curve above peak and curve. There was something so grand about it all. He gave a little sigh that ended in a low whistle, and then

turned energetically to throwing more things out of his trunk. It was like a tonic to throw his things out that way. He liked to do it. He seemed to be accomplishing so much, so easily and so quickly. They would all have to be picked up again, to be sure, but what of it? He hadn't come up to college three days before the term opened for nothing.

Craig came to a box neatly tied up. He took it out carefully, and was going to lay it aside, but he changed his mind and opened it. In it were two photographs, one in a heavy silver frame. He placed the box on the table, took out the silver frame, stood it up in front of him, sat down with his arms crossed on the table, and stared at the photograph.

It was a lady's face, and beautiful. It was a picture of his mother. A stranger turning from her face to his might have seen that the boy's eyes were not wholly without the earnest, searching look in her own, and that when his face was at rest there was the same gravity and steadfastness and sweetness, too, about the mouth and chin.

His face shadowed as he looked at the picture, and his lips were pressed together rather more tightly. It was not so very long, only four months, since this mother of his with the beautiful eyes had died — and nobody knew, nobody could know, he thought, what she had been to him. And he looked at that one

small picture, and forgot every' thing else, and looked and looked, until he thought he couldn't stand it. He took out the other photograph. It was a picture of a boy about four years old. He smiled, as he looked at the eager little face. Every one who saw that photograph was sure to exclaim: "Oh, how lovely!" — "The little darling!" And Craig was proud of it. It was a picture of his little brother.

He stood it beside his mother's picture. There was something very much alike about them, in spite of the differences. The child's face was all life, and was rather more suggestive of mischief than of seraphic goodness, even though the long fair, curling hair did make him look, as his aunt said, every time she saw him, like "a perfect little angel." The mother's face was earnest, almost to sadness; yet, there was a decided resemblance between the two.

Craig leaned his head on his hand, and continued to gaze at them.

"I ought to bring him now, right off," he thought, "before the term opens, and before I am rushed. I'll be so busy that I won't have time then, and I ought not to leave him. No, I mustn't risk it; no, I don't dare. I will, I will bring him!" and he looked at his mother's picture almost as though he were speaking to it.

He had been remembering so many, many things

in the last few minutes. He remembered one evening, an evening he had often thought of, early in the last April, about a month before his mother died. It was a pleasant evening and was warm, but an open fire was burning in the grate; the lamps had not yet been brought in, and the room was growing dark in spite of the firelight. Mrs. Sternhold was sitting in an arm-chair by the long, west window; Jamie, sitting on a stool beside her, had gone to sleep with his head on her lap, and she was stroking his soft, bright curls. Craig sat near her, and they were talking. They were talking about his going to college, and the books he would have, and his room; they had talked about it often before, but they were talking about it again. She could not live long now; even little Jamie knew that, but he did not know what it meant, and she was talking a little about that.

“And you won’t leave Jamie, Craig dear. Never, when you can help it, will you? and never certainly for more than two or three weeks while he is so little. You are all he has—*all* he has. And you know what we have been to each other, you and I, and how I have talked to you; and you know so well what I most wish and believe about so many things, and no one else does. I have different ideas from many—you will know the difference better later, perhaps, and I can trust Jamie to you, fully, dear,

and I couldn't, I could *not* trust him to any one else ! It is so easy to leave Jamie, dear, as easy as it could possibly be, when I can leave him with you. You know how it is, Craig. You know how the little fellow's character will be built up day by day ; and, though I have perfect faith that he will have the true foundation, the building on it might be very poor, Craig. And you must watch over it. And you must promise to be to him what I would be to him. Promise to be to him what I have been to you — only better " —

And he remembered how he almost broke down at that, and how his mother comforted him ; and how she talked to him, as the evening darkened, in the low tone that it had seemed to him since as though he would die to hear.

They talked about Jamie and what he needed, and what he might grow to be, and about Craig and what he might be. They talked about Craig's father, and how he had died, and how Craig had thought his little heart would break, and how he would hardly speak to any one but his mother, and could not bear to be away from her ; and that was all not long before Jamie was born.

He looked at Jamie's picture and thought how wonderingly, and with what a mixture of awe and loyalty, he had first held that little mite in his

arms—he was nearly thirteen then, and now he was seventeen. “No, I must not wait. I must bring Jamie now,” he thought. “I have been away from him a week already, and it would be easier to go for him now.” He looked at his watch, gave a long whistle, tied up his two photographs, threw every thing unceremoniously back into his trunk, set his empty book box out in the hall, and in a few minutes reduced his room to a state of very superficial order.

He had discovered that he had still time to catch the next train for Brandon. So to Brandon, to his uncle’s, with whom he had left Jamie, he decided to go. He had taken his rooms with the understanding that in a week or so he should introduce his little brother as a member of the household.

Mrs. Carver had listened to him with some surprise and dismay.

“You don’t mean to say that you will look after him yourself?” she had asked with evident incredulity.

“Why, of course!” in his turn surprised.

“Oh, yes, we will welcome him—certainly,” said the good lady; and added, with a kindly smile, “I wouldn’t like to trust a small child to a college boy to look after—and don’t believe a word of it!” decisively; “but I shall be able to keep an eye on

him, and if he isn't too noisy I am sure we shall all get along well."

Craig had smiled and had thanked her.

Now, he hurried down-stairs to the sitting-room.

"Oh, Mrs. Carver, I have been thinking it all over," he said, "and would it be convenient for me to bring my little brother now? I thought I would go to Brandon this afternoon, and bring Jamie back to-morrow, if his coming a week or so sooner than you expected him would not inconvenience you?"

Mrs. Carver smiled.

"Are you homesick to see him? Certainly, he can come as well now as any time, if you prefer it. I did not think you would really bring him. He is with your mother's sister, isn't he?"

"Sister-in-law," answered Craig, thinking of his lively, rather fussy little aunt, so unlike his own mother. "Dr. Talbot is my mother's brother. And thank you so much, Mrs. Carver. You are very good about this, I think! I will go now, and will come back to-morrow. I will get here in time for dinner, if that will be all right."

Mrs. Carver felt positively affectionate toward the handsome boy before her, and assured him cordially and rashly that any thing and every thing would be all right, and he went off laughing.

He did not have much time to catch the train, and

started on a run down College Street. He was in such a hurry that he did not notice a dignified gentleman coming up the hill on the opposite side of the street; but the dignified gentleman noticed him, and even was guilty of turning to look at him.

"That is that young Sternhold!" he thought. "The handsomest boy we have had in many a long day. I must remember him — Sternhold — good name." And Dr. Graham, the President of the university, continued his dignified ascent.

Craig saw nothing peculiar in his position, yet it must have been very seldom that ever a boy had started on a college course in just his circumstances. It had amused him that Mrs. Carver should think his proposition of keeping his little brother with him strange. He had thought it was because she was old, though she was not old; she was only middle-aged. No one else knew that he intended to keep Jamie with him. A remark on his part, the substance of which seemed to him a mere matter of course, that he would not leave Jamie, was invariably understood to mean that he was unusually fond of the boy, but that, as seemed natural, the little fellow should stay with his aunt.

But Craig would have laughed heartily at the idea of his mother's son being brought up by little Mrs. Talbot. He did not know, he had had very little op-

portunity of knowing, how essentially his own bringing up differed from that of other boys. Though he knew as well as need be how different Jamie's ideas would be, if taken from his aunt, from what they would have been if taught him by his mother; still, he had a vague idea that a woman as truly a woman as his mother, if there could be such a person, would do the same by her boys as his mother had done by hers. Perhaps he was right.

But he had not thought of it as even a possibility that Jamie should remain away from him, and so here he was at seventeen, just entering college, practically his own master, and with a child of five on his hands—a child not so easy to manage, perhaps, and, at any rate, small enough to need looking after in a hundred and one ways not supposed to be usually even guessed at by boys of seventeen.

If Garrison Colfax, the son of the most prominent man in the State, and the boy who had passed highest in his entrance examinations, had known that one of his classmates had a five-year-old boy to look after, he would have shrugged his shoulders, and would have shuddered for that classmate's prospects in taking good rank.

If Jack Kirk, whose fame had preceded him as being probably the best incoming foot-ball player, had suspected that there would be a boy in his class with

the responsibility on his shoulders of seeing that a rascally little brother had clean hands and fresh collars, he would have exclaimed, "Bless my boots!" and would have thought but poorly of him as a prospective member of an eleven.

If Ed Hastings, who was said to know a little of every thing, and to be a little fast, and who was accused of being a dandy by those who didn't like him, had known that the one boy in the class who would be a finer-looking fellow than himself would be encumbered with a petticoated baby, he would have made a joke about a nurse-maid, and have thanked his stars that his own lines had fallen in pleasant places.

If Audrey Brooks, the young woman destined to be the only girl in a class of forty boys, had known that one of her fellow-students stood *in loco parentis* to a yellow-headed little brother, she would have been pretty apt to say, "The poor little fellow, whatever will become of him?"

But Craig knew nothing of all this, and would have cared less. There was an immense amount of steadfastness in the boy, though he was hardly aware of it yet. What he was to do, he was to do, and that ended it. Jamie was his brother, — moreover he was his little brother; he was to be looked after, protected, taken care of, and who should dare do all that before himself? Jamie was his family, and he

was Jamie's family. Jamie's smile was his mother's smile, and his eyes were his mother's eyes, and Jamie was his mother's legacy to him — and he loved him. What Jamie should become later, or what he would learn to think and do and be—all this would lie justly at his door, it seemed to him, as he rattled past fences and barns and telegraph poles in the afternoon express. And he had learned from his mother, so well that he did not recognize it as a separate rounded idea, but only felt it, that the critical period in a boy's life is never a time to come, but is always now. So even had he known that Garrison Colfax would have shrugged his shoulders, or that Jack Kirk would have had suspicions of his campus usefulness, or that Ed Hastings would have laughed at him, — it would have all been as less than nothing to him, or only something to be amused about. Jamie was his, and he should have him, and God help him to do his best for the little fellow ! As for Audrey Brooks, he might have taken enough interest in her view of the case, to anticipate showing her with some pleasure a thing or two.

There would be difficulties about having Jamie with him, he knew that well enough ; but the cut of Craig's chin would make any but a very robust, persistent, and well-supported difficulty hang its head, and slink off to find an easier victim.

It would not be so easy to study perhaps, when he only had two rooms to call his own, with the addition of a small boy perfectly able and willing to be in every part of both rooms at one and the same time. That view of the case did not trouble Craig quite so much as he thought it ought to. He recognized the fact that some of his calmness at this prospect arose from his not having a very vehement love of study. He hoped to stand well in the class, and do his name some credit, but he more than suspected that there would be other things in his college life quite as interesting as his books. And he had seldom seen the time in the past when interruption of his studies was positively irksome. This was not at all as it should be, he was willing to admit, but what could he do about it? Then, too, Jamie might be sick, though that was not likely, and it *was* a plague to comb his hair.

A bright idea took possession of him in reference to the small boy's hair. It should come off. It seemed too bad, almost. He had often been proud of the way people turned to look at the boy's hair—it was such wonderfully beautiful hair; but it must come off. They would both have a more peaceful existence, if those shining curls were gone.

Jamie was death on clothes. That was an unfortunate characteristic. But Craig decided that if he

were sufficiently alert he could forestall his young brother's destructive propensities, and at least keep him presentable. Then Jamie was not the quietest kind of a small boy, and Craig did not know just how much noise Mr. and Mrs. Carver were prepared to stand. They did seem to be such nice people, and he liked his rooms so much, and he was so near the college, and he had had such a truly satisfactory dinner that day — he hoped they would be lenient with Jamie, and that Jamie would please them, that he might not have to change his boarding-place.

He had been thinking so hard that he had hardly noticed where they were till the conductor banged the car-door, and uttered a sound that to Craig's experienced ears meant Brandon.

CHAPTER II.

JAMIE.

CRAIG went up the street with long strides that took him over the ground rapidly.

"Yi-i-i! Sternhold! Thought you'd gone to college!" cried a grinning, tow-headed little boy.

Craig, with a dexterous grasp, seized the little reviler by the belt, and lifted him well off the ground.

"Where are you now, you young monkey?" he laughed. "Always see you as soon as I come to Brandon."

He put the boy down, rubbed his head for him, and strode on, while the youthful Alexander trotted along beside him, endeavoring to keep up and talk at the same time.

"Hello, Sternhold! You back already!" was his next greeting from a young fellow about his own age. "Any thing wrong?"

"No. I came for Jamie. Will go back to-morrow."

"Is the class big?"

"Between forty and fifty, they say."

"Seen any of 'em?"

"Not of my class. It is early yet, you know; they say there will be plenty in to-morrow."

"Show opens Thursday, doesn't it?"

"Yes. I've got the jolliest rooms."

"Wish I was in your shoes! Think of me with another year in the high school yet!"

"It will go quickly enough. Here we are; good-by! See you to-morrow!"

Craig stood by the gate a moment and gave a peculiar whistle. He was about to repeat it, when there was a jubilant, musical, triumphant shout, and a small boy, with bright hair flying, dashed around the corner of the house, down the short graveled path, and by some means apparently familiar to them both he was the next moment held high in the air at arm's-length by Craig, and both were laughing.

"I have come to take you to college, Jamie," said Craig, as he carried him on his shoulder to the house.

"I shall enter you as a freshman!"

Mrs. Talbot threw open the door and stood there fluttering and smiling.

"Craig, my dear boy, when did you come? Jamie, how can you tire your poor brother so, when he has just been traveling!"

Jamie's only reply was a disastrous embrace be-

stowed on Craig's head, and the beating of a gay tattoo with his solid little heels on Craig's chest.

"There is a good supper waiting for you, at any rate, and the doctor will soon be in. Jamie, your hands are not washed yet; go and wash them immediately!" The little lady spoke with much decision at first, then changed her tone, and added, resignedly, "But of course he won't! Boys don't like to wash their hands."

Jamie had started obediently at his aunt's request, then hearing that of course he wouldn't, he hesitated, and evidently resolved not to move.

"There, I knew he wouldn't!" said Mrs. Talbot, with some pride. "It grieves me so," turning to Jamie, "that you won't keep your hands clean;" then she smiled knowingly at Craig, and declared that, all the same, Jamie was the very best boy in the world.

Craig had watched the little fellow's face; he saw surprise and irresolution, then the quick suspicion that his aunt's grief at his behavior was not actual, and then surprise changing into a consciousness of superior knowledge and consequent complacency, when he discovered that his aunt considered him the best boy in the world, in spite of his insubordination in regard to washing his hands.

Craig could have groaned. Jamie was not at all

used to his aunt's style of management, and it was making a decided impression on him.

"To think of my even dreaming of leaving Jamie here till next week!" thought Craig, chagrined.

That evening at the tea-table, after the doctor had taken his usual long look at his nephew, he said, —

"What brought you back, Craig, my boy? Home-sick?"

"Why, I came for Jamie. I thought I had more time now to come for him than I would, perhaps, when the term opened."

The doctor's face looked rather blank, but before he could say any thing, Mrs. Talbot, with the tea-pot raised in her right hand, cried out with a little excited break in her voice, —

"Jamie, indeed! You shall not have Jamie. O Tom!" looking appealingly at her husband, with something like tears in her eyes, "you must not let him take Jamie away!"

Jamie's round eyes were gazing over his tumbler of milk at his aunt in astonishment.

Craig felt completely surprised, and disturbed as well.

The doctor looked back at his wife in evident sympathy. He had not supposed Craig would stick to it when he had said he would keep Jamie with him. The doctor could not bear to think of his empty old house without that jolly little nephew in it, and yet

Jamie had not been there much more than a week. His dead sister's sons seemed to him to be by far the finest specimens of boyhood, in every way, that he had ever seen, and he could not have enough of them to suit him; he would have liked to have them both with him always, but of course that could not be. Now that Craig was going to college, he had hoped that the little boy would stay with them. And his kind-hearted, fussy, active little wife had been so perfectly happy while Jamie had been with them. They had never had but one child, a little girl, and she had died before she was named — years and years ago it seemed.

"Tom, Craig must not take Jamie!" continued poor little Mrs. Talbot, in a tone that ran from appeal and faint argument to decision and indignation, and back again. "A boy of Craig's age with Jamie, indeed! He isn't fit to have him! A *boy* in *college* with Jamie! It would be wicked. The child would die of neglect, or be spoiled! A baby like that needs a woman to look after him. Nobody but a woman could look after a child like that — What would his poor dear mother say! O Jamie, Jamie, Jamie!" And her voice faltered, and she wiped her eyes with her handkerchief.

Jamie looked distressed beyond measure, slipped down from his chair, leaned his sturdy little body up against her, and kissed her hand.

Craig felt proud of him. He did not know what to say himself.

"There, there, dear!" said the doctor, "cheer up! We will talk about it after supper. Such a first-class supper as this is, that you have gotten up for us, ought not to go a-begging!"

Mrs. Talbot allowed herself to be somewhat comforted, not only because she was naturally hopeful and cheerful, but because she was truly rejoiced that her supper was acceptable. She was a notable housewife and took pride in her success.

None of them seemed anxious to broach the subject they were all thinking about after that, and Craig occupied the time by telling his adventures—about those of the faculty he had met, about Mr. and Mrs. Carver, and about his rooms. He knew it was past Jamie's usual bed-time, and wondered that nothing was said about it.

Mrs. Talbot felt an uneasy stirring within her in reference to that question, and as she was anxious to stand approved by Craig, if he even thought of such a thing, which did not seem to her probable, she weakly suggested to Jamie that he had better go to bed. Even a week's laxity had not taught Jamie the full extent of his power, and his habit of at once acceding to a request proved too strong for him. He started to go.

"It does seem a shame that you should have to go to bed when you are not sleepy, and I don't wonder that you don't want to. Of course, if you won't go, I don't know what I can do about it!"

Jamie paused and smiled sweetly on his aunt, —

"I don't think I had better go yet!" — in a suave tone.

"Come right here to me, till I kiss you!" cried his enraptured aunt. "No, you needn't go, if you don't want to."

"To-morrow won't be any too soon," thought Craig, though he gave no sign of dissent.

"If Jamie isn't going to bed, Aunt Polly, I guess I will take him in hand. His curls are a bother, and it will save time for both of us if I cut them off. I shall not take him to a barber; I am going to do it myself."

Unwittingly, he had brought them all face to face with the burning question.

"Tom!" groaned his wife, "you won't hear of it, will you? Think of having Jamie's hair, such beautiful, beautiful hair, cut off! Craig is a vandal! He simply has no feeling! I never dreamed he could act so! What would your poor dear sister say!"

Craig looked at his uncle for help.

"I will tell you, dear," said Dr. Talbot to his wife. "Craig and I will take a little turn down the

street, and talk this thing over. Don't you worry about it."

So uncle and nephew betook themselves to the street.

"Craig," said his uncle, after a short silence, "do you think you must take Jamie? I was hoping you would think it best to leave the little fellow with us. It will be a quiet house without him."

"But, Uncle Tom, you know I said I was coming right back for him! I couldn't leave Jamie. He is all I have" —

"Don't say that — while I am alive!" interrupted his uncle.

Craig pressed his uncle's hand impulsively, and exclaimed rather irreverently, though the words were like music to the doctor, —

"You're just an old brick, uncle!"

"Of course," said his uncle, "I don't intend to stand in the way of what you think is right about this, but most people would think it a rather rash proceeding."

"I don't see why. If there is a human being that is responsible for the boy, that human being is Craig Sternhold. Don't you think I can look after him? No one would think of doubting that a girl of seventeen, of ordinary sense, could and should take care of a little brother or sister, and I don't know why I

shouldn't be able to do as much, do you? Jamie! I should think I could take care of Jamie!"

There was a rather indignant ring in the boy's voice.

"I think you can myself, Craig," said his uncle, "but—really—your views about it are a trifle—well, unusual for a boy."

"And then, too, Uncle Tom, my mother—my mother made me promise that I would not leave him. I know what my mother did for me, and I can do something of it, at any rate, for Jamie, poor little rascal!"

"Your mother was a wonderful woman, Craig," said the doctor, earnestly. "I never saw her equal. She always had pronounced, odd—so it seemed to most people—ways of thinking about things, and your father was just like her. It is a great shame you didn't know more of your father. I never saw a man so devoted to a child as he was to you."

They walked on in silence. Craig did know something of his father. They had tramped hours in the woods together, and his father had tried to keep the boy with him in every thing. And Craig remembered; he was not one of the forgetting kind.

"And, uncle, we will be back here often, won't we, Jamie and I? And, uncle, don't you think—don't you think I had better—you know"—

"Yes, Craig boy, I do think you had better. You are only doing what you think is right, and you and Jamie should be together." He spoke earnestly, but he gave a sort of a sigh.

When they returned to the house, Jamie was still careering around in high spirits. Craig left his uncle to explain matters to Mrs. Talbot, and escorted Jamie upstairs.

"Now for your hair, young man; it is coming off!" Words could not express Jamie's satisfaction, so he demonstrated it by jumping up and down.

Craig felt sure he could cut Jamie's hair satisfactorily; and, though he would not have acknowledged it easily, honest as he was, he did not like the idea of having a barber handle that bright hair. When his mother died, her hand had rested on those curls. He could not help thinking of it. And then he did not want Jamie's hair cut too short, just at first; it would be too much of a shock to his own feelings. Besides he was afraid Jamie would not look so well and he was anxious that the young man should make a good first impression on Mrs. Carver.

He put Jamie on a high stool and endeavored to instill into his youthful mind the absolute necessity of quiet, a lesson that had to be re-impressed at intervals of three minutes through the next half hour.

One by one he snipped off the long shining curls.

They seemed to be alive. They had never looked so beautiful before. With every determined clash of the shears, he felt as though he were cutting off something that bound him to the past few years, — the roomy old house, the wide porches, the vines and trees, the mountains that he had looked at the first thing in the morning and the last thing before dark, the barn and the hay and the horses, and the long evenings, and always, every-where, his mother. He did not know what was the matter with himself; he felt convicted of some underhanded deed. He felt as though he ought to apologize to Jamie, and said in a subdued tone, a conciliatory, anxious tone, —

“How does it feel, my boy?”

There was a low giggle of irrepressible delight from Jamie, and a confidential, excited whisper, —

“You *will* shave it, won’t you, Craig? Oh, close, close, and show every speck of skin, won’t you?”

It cleared the air for Craig, and he clipped away more cheerfully.

Jamie’s hair was meant to be a work of art when finished. It was not to be too short nor too long, and the farther Craig proceeded in his undertaking the better he was pleased. When it was all cut and the curls were tied up and laid evenly on the table, and Jamie had been rubbed and dusted off, and as much as half of the loose hair picked off the carpet, Craig triumphantly called his aunt.

Mrs. Talbot came hurrying up expecting to exclaim over the fall of her Dagon, but she found that Jamie looked very well after all, and that the short, wavy hair was rather becoming to the happy little face.

Mrs. Talbot would not leave him. She heard him say his prayers, and put him to bed, and cried over him; and, long after he was asleep, she sat there by the little bed, with the lamp turned low, looking and looking at him. He was worth looking at. The long, dark lashes rested so quietly on the soft, flushed cheeks; and his mouth was a babyish little affair yet, and he did look so strong lying there.

It was not a particularly easy matter to get ready for the train the next morning. It was not simply because Jamie had so much baggage, though he had collected a variety of treasures during his week's stay in Brandon, that it was almost impossible to persuade him to leave calmly. Alexander, who was such a devoted admirer of Craig, had bestowed on Jamie a broken velocipede; he also had acquired a good-sized spring wagon, and he had a hen-coop that he vowed he could not live without. When called on to explain what he intended to do with the hen-coop, he "oh'd" and "ah'd" in an insinuating manner and said he needed it.

He also brought an old clothes-basket into the front hall,—one that had been discarded, and that

he had appropriated. He had fitted it up inside with hay and grass, and insisted that it was a hen's nest, and very comfortable to sit in, if you did not mind your toes being so close to your face. He urged Craig to pack it in his satchel, regardless of the fact that it would have been easier to pack the satchel in the clothes-basket. But the number of Jamie's extraordinary possessions was not the only obstacle. He had many friends to take leave of. There was old Peggy, the doctor's nag, and a well-grown calf, and a cow that was looked upon by Jamie as a particular friend. Jacob, the doctor's man, had to be interviewed in secret; and Jamie left him, when he had been called the third time, somewhat richer in this world's goods in the way of different kinds of strings and an old knife.

Moreover, Mrs. Talbot followed him every-where, on the verge of weeping, urging him cordially to partake of cookies that she had risen early that morning to make for his especial benefit, and for which his capacity seemed nearly unlimited.

Jamie had also made friends outside the doctor's immediate family. He had to call on two old ladies named Carpenter, who lived at the head of the street, and who counted his daily visits as events. They presented him with picture cards, and two books, and ginger cookies, for which they were famous, all of which he received with cheerful alacrity.

He also found it necessary to call on Alexander, and on Alexander's six brothers and sisters — some older, some younger. They had so much advice to give him and so many questions to ask him, that Aunt Polly was obliged to go for him; but as, in the kindness of her heart, she brought him home by going two squares out of her way to Schmidt's, the great and only toy emporium of Brandon, that she might buy him a tin horn, poor Craig wished that he had gone for the young man himself.

To have taken the goods that Jamie had amassed in that one morning would have required a sizable packing box; and Craig, after much persuasion and many assurances, prevailed on Jamie to allow most of his things to remain in the Talbot attic. Mrs. Talbot derived some shady comfort from the thought that she could go up to the attic and weep over Jamie's relics.

More than once during the morning Craig looked despairingly at the clock and decided that they would never in the world catch their train; but they did. Stout Betty was embraced for the last time, Jacob was shouted at, and poor little Mrs. Talbot stood in her doorway, alternately waving her handkerchief and wiping her eyes.

At a quarter of one, Mrs. Carver stood looking from the sitting-room window and saying, —

"Mr. Carver, if young Sternhold is coming on this train, he ought to be here. I am afraid he is not coming."

But at that moment there was a rattle of horses' hoofs and of carriage wheels, and Dick Derby, who had driven college students up the hill at the rate of a quarter apiece for fifteen years, smilingly reined up at the gate. The carriage-door opened and a little boy tumbled out.

Mrs. Carver had hurried to the door, and there she saw Jamie come — his head erect, his shorn hair like a golden halo under the close-fitting little cap, and his shoulders well back; she saw the dark jacket, the short gray kilt, and the sturdy little legs, but she noticed most the honest friendly eyes and the honest friendly smile. She was about to say, "Is this Jamie?" when he held out his hand in a manly little way, and said, pleasantly, —

"How do you do, Mrs. Carver? Is your dinner ready?"

"O. Jamie, to think of your saying that first!" cried Craig, reproachfully, hurrying up the walk; but Jamie only laughed. He had won his welcome, and he knew it.

CHAPTER III.

ENTERED AS A FRESHMAN.

THURSDAY dawned as fine a day as one could wish for the opening of a college year.

Craig felt a sort of thrill at the thought of going over to the chapel for the first time and seeing all the faculty together, all the students of the upper classes, and all of his own class. His excitement was duly reflected and emphasized in Jamie.

"What am I to do? what am I to do?" he asked.

"You're to play around, sir; and when I come back I'll tell you all about it."

Chapel began at eight. The bell rang at quarter of, and Craig, pocketing a small note-book and giving a final screw to his stylographic pen, hurried over to the college. He only had to cross the Green. He had looked at the buildings often enough in the few days he had been in town, but they seemed new and strange to him this morning. The front of the college was in shade, and it threw a cool, deep shadow before it; wherever the sun struck them, the bricks flashed into warmth and light. The trees looked

so fine and the grass so green, and the fountain dripped away so cheerily that he could hear it where he was, on one of the side paths; and Lafayette's statue stood out so well with its sharp lights and shades. The college buildings crowned the hill and kept watch over the town. The tower where the quarter bell was still ringing was the highest object for miles around. Some of the front windows in South and North Colleges were raised, and Craig could see the fellows hurrying around in their rooms. Then came the museum and the art gallery; then the library, and already Craig felt a certain pride because that library was said to be the finest building in the State.

Then came the President's house, and there was the President himself just leaving his steps, and walking in a leisurely, dignified way toward the college. Craig was conscious of wondering how he could take it so calmly, and walk so slowly; wasn't it the opening of the year, and wasn't he, Craig Sternhold, in the freshman class? That made him laugh.

He could hear the hurry of feet up the stairs inside the entrance he was just approaching, and the sound of voices coming through the entrance from the back — the place where the boys gathered. There they tramped up and down the plank walk, leaned up

against the sunny wall, laughed, joked, tusseled, and did untold horse-sheddings.

Craig did not know much about horse-shedding; he knew that there were college societies and that he should probably join one, but just at present he hardly knew their names.

As he walked through the hall, a good-looking young fellow, who might have been as much as twenty, Craig thought, stepped up to him, held out his hand, gave Craig's a hearty grasp, and said, —

“One of our freshmen? How do you do? I feel as though I ought to help give some of you fellows a welcome to the old halls. I'm a junior, you see,” with a laugh. “Give me your name, will you, and I'll introduce you to some of the fellows.”

“Sternhold.”

Craig was much pleased with the appearance of his new friend. He did not know the word horse-shed, and he did not know that Richard Cowen, Jr., was inwardly congratulating himself, and thanking his stars that he had got ahead of Alf Barnes, the lucky horse-shedder of those confounded Nus — if indeed he had got ahead of him.

So Richard Cowen, Jr., escorted Craig to a particular coterie at the back of the building, and he was greeted as hail-fellow-well-met.

“Very glad to meet you.”

"At Carver's?"

"Know anybody?"

"You'll always find a welcome in No. 2, South College."

"Oh, you'll soon have friends enough!"

"I'll be glad to see you after chapel, and give you a point or two about the profs."

It was Craig's nature to meet any one half-way, and his manly cordiality and handsome face spurred the worthy and enthusiastic members of the Lambdas to their best efforts.

The five-minute bell began to toll. There was a general rush all up and down the plank walk. Some hurried to one entrance, some to another. Craig discovered that the freshmen and juniors went up one side, and the sophomores and seniors went up the other, in time to prevent his being enticed to the further entrance by a deceptively honest-looking sophomore.

There was something strange, after all the noise and greetings and new faces, about walking into the chapel in time with the steady tramp, tramp,—made not only by those entering the chapel, but by those already seated, who, impelled doubtless by kindly motives, though they had not opportunity to weep with those that wept, tramped energetically with those that tramped.

Craig was in his seat before the bell was half through tolling, and had a good chance to look around. He was a little blinded by the outside glare, but he could see the three stained-glass memorial windows rising behind the heads of the faculty. The professors sat there in one long row, all sizes and shapes. Some seemed to be examining the students, others looked at a knot-hole, some seemed wrapped in contemplation.

"That gray-headed, bearded old fellow, fourth from the left end, with the broad shoulders, that is Keeler, and he will tackle us first, they say," whispered Jack Kirk, who sat next to Craig. "They say he has indigestion or something, and trounces the boys just fine. You a 'classic'?"

Craig nodded, and looked at Professor Keeler with interest. He had no conception of what indigestion really was, but something about the pale face and keen eyes shining under the heavy, overhanging brows, made him hope it didn't hurt.

He could not see the President, as he was hidden by the reading-desk. One of the professors had a beautiful face. Craig felt almost fascinated by it; he thought it might be because the room was not very light, or because of the stained-glass windows, but he was disappointed when two boys in front put their heads together and shut out the view of the

well-shaped head and the fine profile, and the something else that suggested strange far-away thoughts and a life not exactly like other people's.

"Who is he?" asked Craig.

"Who?"

"The one second from the President to the right."

"St. John. Rum name for him, isn't it? Suits him, though. I met him last spring. Metaphysics and such stuff. He won't have us for a good while yet. Only meets the seniors."

Craig looked at the memorial tablets on the walls, and wondered what "S. T. D." meant. He asked Kirk, but Kirk merely shook his head, and said, —

"Give me an easy one."

The first row of the chapel seats all the way across was filled with boys. Craig could not imagine what they sat there for; and, not liking to interrupt Kirk, who was having a violent discussion of some kind with the boy on the other side of him, he asked the boy on his left, one Stiver, of somewhat melancholy appearance, what they were doing there.

"Choir," was the brief answer.

The next row back of the choir was filled with girls. There were sixteen of them in all. There were only a few boys in the room who had not counted them. Whaley, a freshman with a wide forehead, and the one who had passed highest in

mathematics, leaped to the unfortunately erroneous conclusion that there were just four girls in each class.

Kirk turned excitedly to Craig as the bell was giving its last toll, "I say, Sternhold — what have you heard? Didn't you hear right along that there were ten girls in our class? Blest if I believe it! Colby here says he heard there were only eight, and the fellow next him says sixteen, and there ain't but sixteen all together! I bet one of ours is that yellow-headed one, any way! How many did you hear?"

"Ten," said Sternhold, wondering which ten.

The bell stopped tolling — a sudden hush fell over the chapel.

Dr. Graham rose, tall, dignified, with immense reserve-power showing in his face. There was a certain compression about the lips, and a slow, clear way of speaking, and a steady look in the eyes, that seemed to Craig to mean volumes, and the boy hardly took his eyes from the President's face while he was speaking. He spoke a few words of welcome to all, made some remarks to the entering class, gave out a hymn, and they sang.

Craig was a good singer, and liking the hymn, and feeling impressed by this his first morning in chapel, sang with a will.

"You 'll be in the choir, dead certain, Sternhold," whispered Kirk.

Then the President read a few words from the gospel of Luke. Craig heard it all as though in a dream, and often afterwards he would seem to hear those quiet measured tones, with a suggestion of reserved power about them, saying, —

“He hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.”

But as he listened he felt suddenly half paralyzed. It seemed as though he could feel the vertebræ of his backbone shove against each other in the involuntary shudder that went over him. He wondered if anybody else heard what he did. Both the chapel doors stood wide open, and on the stairs, on his side of the chapel, Craig thought he heard — was sure he heard — an odd step, step, as though something was coming up one step at a time, — but down near the bottom.

Perhaps it was a dog. No earthly dog ever made a sound like that. Perhaps it was a child. He felt positive it was a child. He couldn't go any further; he wasn't able to suppose that it was the janitor's child, if he had one. He had not the courage to suppose that it was any child he was acquainted with.

The stepping was growing a little louder; it was coming nearer. Craig thought he distinguished a deadly determination about it, that he had never

noticed about any other footfalls. The sound seemed to change too. The motive power was sending the steps up a little faster, and no longer one step at a time. Nobody around him seemed to notice it. Perhaps it was a kind of nightmare.

Then he saw the President raise his eyes, and look, not toward his audience, but toward the chapel door. The steps came along bravely now, not on the stairs but on the hall floor. The President's mouth was opened to continue his reading but he stopped judiciously. Drawn by some mysterious attraction, nearly every head had turned toward that open chapel door. Craig could not bear to look. He didn't see why anybody else did. He did not see why the President should not read on. But Dr. Graham was looking at a sunny-haired, smiling, interested little intruder, who stood there, cap in hand, looking at all the heads before him as though searching for some particular person. And in less than a second he saw what he was looking for. He saw the only head in the room that could begin to be as bright as his own, for a ray of sunlight from the window behind him, was making an unconscious beacon light of Craig's fair hair to guide the recreant Jamie.

"I see you, Craig! Jamie sees you!" The clear, musical voice was like a shock to every one in the chapel, and Jamie scampered down the aisle, every

footfall ringing out like a death knell to Craig, and Jamie fairly flung himself over the two boys that sat in the end of the row, and squeezed himself in beside Craig — happy, confident, successful, quiet.

There was a good deal of suppressed laughter in the chapel and one of the most irrepressible freshmen snickered out loud. But as the President continued his reading quite gravely, the embryo disturbance subsided. Then there was a short prayer, the first half of which Craig did not hear at all.

Jamie was a model of good behavior, except that he nearly convulsed the serious Stiver, by kicking him, to make him give him more room.

The President then read off what seemed to Craig to be yards of notices about the upper classes, and finally said that Professor Keeler would meet the freshmen immediately after chapel, and gave three or four more notices about them.

Then there was a stampede. As a few minutes before the only object in life seemed to have been to get into the chapel, now the only object seemed to be to get out.

“Who is that, any way, Sternhold?” grinned Kirk.

“He is my brother,” said Craig rather red, but laughing.

“Lots of cheek about him! Looks like you.”

There was an audible remark made farther up the

room about the "little freshman" who came late to chapel, and a general laugh followed.

Craig made Jamie wait in one of the empty seats, as there was such a rush, and he had enough to do answering the frequent remarks that were flung at him freely from all sides.

The end of the chapel was very well cleared out, but there were a good many yet in the forward part: a few of the girls had gone, but many were standing there, shaking hands, and exchanging greetings with those of their classmates who had come up to speak to them, and whom they had not seen, perhaps, since the previous commencement.

"Hope you had a fine summer!"

"Ready for work again?"

"How many are there in this class?"

"Only one, so far. Too bad, isn't it!" answered Miss Hill.

Craig heard that, as he was waiting with Jamie. Looking at the group before him, he noticed one girl who did not seem to know any of the young men the others were talking to, and who simply stood there looking around.

"That must be the one," thought Craig. "Awfully good looking, any way."

Jamie seemed to receive much the same impression, for, as they walked up to the door, the little fellow

kept looking at her, and, when she looked at him, he nodded his head and smiled. She smiled back, evidently very much pleased, and then, with a little extra color in her face, looked up at Craig.

Craig felt rather embarrassed, knowing how completely he was identified with Jamie's escapade, but he bowed and looked hopelessly at Jamie, and laughed and reddened: and she — to save herself she could not help laughing.

"Why, do you know him, Miss Brooks?" asked Miss Hill.

"No."

"He is in your class, I guess."

"I am glad of that," and she started for Professor Keeler's recitation-room.

Once outside the door, Craig held Jamie's face in both his hands, and said, with some attempt at gravity, "Now, Jamie, I want you to go and play, or do what you please, and not come here to the college again this morning. You will be careful to remember, won't you? And if you're home by eleven, perhaps I'll tell you what has happened."

"All right," said Jamie. "Not to come over here before dinner."

"That's it. Now start!" And Jamie started.

Craig was the last one in the recitation-room. Professor Keeler was the professor of Latin, and there

were only the "classics" and the "Latin scientifics" in the room. The professor sat behind his table, rapping rather impatiently with a paper-cutter. There were some books on the table and a late magazine.

Craig did immediately what every one else in the class had done, he proceeded to count heads.

"Thirty-four," he said to the fellow next him, who was Garrison Colfax, a young man with wet-looking curls and an incipient mustache.

"Thirty-three — yes, thirty-four, counting her."

Craig looked at him curiously, but said nothing.

"She's good looking, isn't she?" continued Colfax. "She ought to be at home, though," pompously. "I don't see what girls want to go to college for, any way. It's a good thing we haven't any more."

Craig felt somewhat annoyed, but he only said, —

"Perhaps she doesn't see why some of us want to come to college."

Colfax raised his brows and crossed his knees; and Miss Brooks, at the opposite side of the room, who was seemingly waiting in the most unconcerned manner for the professor to begin his remarks, thought, —

"Dear me, I hope he won't get in with *that* fellow." But if she had said it aloud, and there had only been Craig and Garrison Colfax in the room, Garrison Colfax would have thought that she referred to *his* "getting in" with Craig, and would have said re-assur-

ingly, "Don't be alarmed, I never make rash acquaintances." And Craig would have felt pleased.

Miss Brooks felt a little uneasy in her odd position, though she was bound not to show it. She had taken it for granted that there would be other girls in her class, and was surprised to find that she would probably reign alone. Then, too, she was not very much used to boys, except little ones, or those of her own family. She had fitted by herself and was not even accustomed to the routine of a class-room; and to be sitting there, in a strange room, looking by turns at thirty-four strange faces, this time counting the professor, in a strange town, three thousand miles from her own home, seemed queer. But it was undeniably interesting. She was already describing, in imagination, every thing she saw to a cousin who was entering the University of California that same year.

Craig, she had no hesitation about admitting, was certainly the handsomest boy she had ever seen. "That fellow," next to him, she disliked already. The one next to him, who was Jack Kirk, she rather liked, he looked so funny. The one next to him seemed to be quite old, he was not a boy at all; and so were two or three more. Then there was a little fellow, who looked quite young. She wondered if he was younger than she was. She was sure he looked so. Then there was a queer-looking fellow not very

far from her—he seemed sort of poor. Such and such a one had a bright enough face; and there was a “heavy set” young man with a learned-looking scowl. She looked at their feet all around, and something about the great variety of arrangements they displayed made her want to laugh. So she looked out of the great window beside her, over toward the Green Mountains, and she saw the janitor’s little house, and the janitor’s cow, also little; and the janitor’s youngest, likewise little; and she saw the pump, and a sneaky-looking dog, and wondered when the professor would get through, for he was only talking about using cribs. Then she looked across the room and out of the two great front windows. She could only see the tops of trees, and the tops of houses, and the tops of mountains.

At last Professor Keeler was through; they were to be prepared to meet him in Latin at the first hour the next morning; at the second hour they would meet Professor Powers in mathematics; and at four in the afternoon they were to meet Professor Graff in Greek. They were listening to the professor’s last words when there floated in through the window the words of a rather curious little song—a monotonous little song. It did not sound very loud, for the singer was quite a distance off.

“I’m a freshman, I’m a freshman, I’m a freshman!”

Craig knew perfectly well who was singing that depraved, unnecessary little song, but he thought that if he seemed unconscious, perhaps no one else would recognize the voice. He was not allowed the comfort of that delusion long. Jamie's voice was one that forced recognition, especially after an episode like that of half an hour before. A stir of appreciation went around the room. Craig looked toward Miss Brooks, and saw amusement in her eyes that was not to be wholly suppressed.

"One member, at least, of this class, seems proud of his position," said the professor, dryly, as he dismissed them.

Craig did not find it as easy to leave the college building as he had supposed it would be. He was besieged on every side by seniors, juniors, and sophomores. He had never been more cordially treated. He was invited to several rooms at once, and before he started for home he had been shown over the college, had heard anecdotes about all the professors, had been in four of the college dormitories, had heard the boys brag about Severn, the leader of the seniors; about Jones, who was great at football; about Clayton, who was the crack speaker. And there was one odd thing about it, Craig thought,—all these cordial, almost oppressively attentive young men wore the same kind of a little gold pin,

sometimes plain and sometimes jeweled, on their vests.

On his way home Craig met Jamie, accompanied by the sneaky-looking dog Miss Brooks had seen by the Campus pump.

"Craig, I thought you never, never were coming! I've been a-waiting and a-waiting!"

"Here I am, little one!" and he set Jamie up on his shoulder. It was like a breath of fresh air to see Jamie after hearing some of those fellows talk in such a lofty, brilliant way about the faults of this and that professor, though others of the students he had met he liked very much. "How did you happen to come over to the college, Jamie?"

"Oh—ah! Oh, I was a-sitting on the gate-post, a-listening to that bell, and it just kept a-saying 'Jam—ie! Jam—ie!' And oh—ah—I went over to see about it! And I remembered about your ent'ring me a freshman, and I was afraid you'd forgot to tell me, so I hurried over. I was kind of frightened just at the very first, you know, on those stairs; but I remembered how brave you are, and that you would a-gone right up, so I hurried; and I heard nice, quiet reading, so I knew it was all right. Wasn't it jus' lovely in there? I thought it was mean in that fellow to squeeze me so when I was a-sitting side of you, so I give him a good kick!"

CHAPTER IV.

CANE RUSH.

JAMIE was destined by devious little ways of his own to become acquainted with various members of the faculty.

One hot September afternoon, when he had been urged by Craig to take himself out-doors, because four o'clock was not far distant and certain Greek lines had hardly been looked at, Jamie started in the search of adventures.

He thought he would not go out in the garden and look at Mrs. Carver's grapes; he had already counted every bunch that he could touch, three times that day and several times the day before. He did not think he would play in the barn; a barn wasn't so very amusing without a horse or a calf in it, at least it was not very amusing about three o'clock on a lovely hot September afternoon. So he started out for a walk. He walked along the curb-stone at the lower edge of the Green. He did not go on the upper side of the Green, because he was an honorable little fellow, and he had promised Craig not to go inside

the college buildings that day; and he knew that if he even walked there, he would be sure to be seen and invited in. Jamie recognized in himself a weakness about invitations, and took precautionary measures. But by keeping steadily along on the curb and neither swerving to the right nor to the left, except so much as was necessary to balance himself, he discovered that a strange thing had happened. He had skirted the lower edge and the farther end of the Green, and was pursuing the even tenor of his way back, when, behold, he was on the upper side! He had reached the President's house, and would soon be in front of the college. Jamie had almost arrived at the conclusion that circumstances were too strong for him, and that he had better yield gracefully and run past the college with a whoop, so that Craig, if he were over there, would know about it and not be deceived, when suddenly he lost his balance and sat down on the curb in a not uncomfortable position, and one that gave him a full view of the presidential mansion.

It was a large red brick house. It seemed to Jamie to have interesting points about it. The sun was hot, uncomfortably so, and he had played so hard that day that now he longed for a little shade and quiet. Most of the shutters were closed, and that seemed to him to suggest coolness and quiet

inside. He rose in a meditative way, walked up the path to the house, and mounted the steps. He had a dim feeling that if he pulled the bell he might disturb somebody, and there really was no necessity for that, especially as the door-handle was quite low down. He grasped it with both hands and turned it gently. It did not creak in the least, and he felt something like a cool soft breeze as the door opened. He pushed himself inside and quietly shut the door. It seemed dark in the hall, and his eyes grew a little bigger than usual as he looked around.

There was a door at his right. It stood wide open and he could see that there was fine furniture inside the room, and he felt that it was cool, but for him the room was empty; there was nobody in it, and Jamie was gregarious by nature.

At his left was also a door, which was slightly open. This led into the President's library—his private room—sanctum. Members of the family did not enter that room unasked, or on slight pretexts.

Jamie felt a pleasant desire to penetrate the mysteries of that room; and so it happened that the President, busied with his writing, heard a noise, and, looking up in the direction of the door, saw a little apparition. Jamie also saw the President, and nodded his sunny head cheerfully.

The President was surprised; he did not see how

that child got there. Then he did not see what business the boy had there in his study. Then he became conscious that it was the same infant that had interrupted him once before. Then he felt somewhat abashed at his own seeming lack of cordiality, when the poor baby stood there bowing in as friendly a manner as he knew how.

"Come in, my little man!" There was something wonderfully kind in his voice when he allowed it.

Jamie went toward him much relieved, and held out his small right hand. The President held it between both of his, and felt a pleasure over the soft hot little hand, so confidently placed in his, that surprised him.

"What is your name, sir?"

"Jamie. It is nice in here."

"Where do you live?"

"With Craig."

The President felt that he remembered that word Craig.

"What is your last name?"

"Sternhold."

To be sure. Sternhold was the handsome freshman.

"Where is your mother?"

"Didn't you know she was dead? and Craig and I cried."

Jamie was really quite tired, for him. He felt as much impressed by an indescribable something in the President's face as Craig had been; more so, perhaps. He looked wistfully into the face above him, and gave a little sigh.

"Are you tired?" And the President hardly noticed that he was hoping the answer would be yes. He was not used to children. His own daughter had discarded her last doll some years ago.

"Awful tired!"

Dr. Graham lifted him up on his lap, and the tired little fellow settled his curly head in a comfortable position, and gazed up into the President's face with the greatest satisfaction in his gray eyes.

"Sing to me," he said calmly.

That was utterly beyond the President, but he felt as though he must not run the risk of lessening the confidence in the boy's eyes.

"I can't; but I'll tell you a story."

"What about?"

"Oh, a — about a little cat I had once."

"G'won."

So the President dilated on the adventures of a cat that he dimly remembered, and that he had not thought of in years and years. He found that he remembered very little about that sickly yellow kitten that had wandered into his front yard one sum-

mer day so very long ago ; but his inventive powers were not wholly uncultivated, and he managed to tell quite a long story. As he spoke in a low tone, and the room was rather dark and cool, and Jamie very tired and imbued with a feeling of general comfort and safety and rest, the little fellow slowly but surely dropped asleep.

The President sat and looked at him. One little hand loosely grasped the edge of his vest between the buttons. The soft tumbled hair seemed to catch and hold all the light in the room. There was a fresh out-door smell about the little fellow, like grass and flowers, and his cheeks looked so warm and soft and smooth. The President looked around the room, then at Jamie, then he kissed his forehead. He looked around the room again, and kissed his cheek.

It would never do in the world. He had pages on pages to write. He was busy. He might have a caller. He was very apt to have a caller. It seemed to him for a second as though he saw this caller coming in the door. Rather an awkward position surely. It was very strange that this child should have chosen to go to sleep at just that particular time, and in just that particular position. Some one in the house might come into the library. He did not wish to be interrupted. He regretted that he had not

insisted in the past on greater privacy when in that room.

It seemed a great pity to wake the boy up, but he must get rid of him; and he looked at the half-finished sentence on the paper on the table before him, and at the pen on which the ink had dried. He decided to carry him into the drawing-room. So he carried the little fellow across the hall into the darkened room, and laid him down on a sofa. It was not so easy to loosen the clutch on his vest; Jamie held on stubbornly, and the President took rather longer than was necessary to undo the little fingers. He was afraid that the boy might roll off the sofa, so he moved a chair in front of him. Then he went to the foot of the stairs and called, —

“Nan!”

No answer.

“Nan!”

“Sir?”

“There is some one in the drawing-room to see you!” and the President walked into the library and closed the door. He had called his daughter twice. It was not his habit to call a person twice, but the times that he had called his daughter once successfully he could have counted on his fingers. He had grown accustomed to calling her twice, and that was only one of the ways in which he had found

himself obliged to make allowances for this daughter of his.

Nan was sitting in her room, the pleasantest room in the house, talking to a new friend, Miss Brooks.

"Do you mean to say," she was saying, "that you have been to Flint's and have picked out a horse, and are going to ride, and ride alone, whether any one rides with you or not?" Her eyes were round with surprise, and her fluffy fair hair seemed to assist in her astonishment.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," laughed Audrey, thinking how pretty her new friend was; and, in fact, she had only done what every other college student for years past had done—she had succumbed frankly and openly to the fascinations of the President's daughter. "I suppose so. Any thing the matter with that? I don't know what I should do if I couldn't ride, and of course I don't know any one yet to ride with—unless you will. That is a nice little horse of Flint's, too—curious yellow color."

"I think it is perfectly lovely! I wish I could. But, even if I could ride,—I should simply be scared to death on a horse,—you know we couldn't possibly afford it." The fluffy head shook in the most delightfully positive way.

"At least you will drive with me, won't you?" said Audrey, "if you like driving." She had an ill-de-

finer feeling that perhaps such a lovely being as this Miss Graham would not have time or inclination to drive with her. She had never felt that way before, nor so anxious to stand approved.

"Never had such luck in my life!" thought Nan, truly rejoiced. "Indeed, indeed I will," she said. "You don't know how much I like you — Audrey!"

Audrey, at this friendly use of her first name and gracious acceptance, with the prettiest smile that ever was, felt as though she were blushing furiously.

"Glad you will come!" was her only answer. She looked at her watch, picked up her books, and was about to start for her four o'clock recitation, when the President's call of "Nan" was heard.

"You must come into the drawing-room with me," insisted Nan as they went down-stairs, and she would take no refusal.

The first drawing-room was empty. The second seemed to be empty also; then Audrey saw her golden-haired little friend asleep on the sofa.

"Oh, the little beauty!" cried Nan. "Who on earth is he?"

"Jamie Sternhold; the little brother of one of the boys in our class. You know, this is the boy that distinguished himself so the first day in chapel."

Nan decided to wake him up, and then decided not to; and Audrey had to go before Nan's decision had assumed proportions to be relied upon.

At the college entrance she met Craig, also on his way to Greek. She smiled.

"Guess where your little brother is!"

"Where?" He stopped short, as though his services might be needed in another direction.

"Oh, you needn't worry. He is sound asleep on a sofa in President Graham's drawing-room."

"Upon my honor! How ever did he get there?"

"I don't know. I only saw him five minutes ago. Miss Graham was admiring him when I left, and I think he will be quite safe with her."

"I hope he isn't going to make himself a terror to the neighborhood," said Craig, doubtfully. "Got your Greek?"

"After a fashion."

"Pretty good fashion, I guess, judging by the way you held out yesterday. Graff had you up twenty-five minutes; Kirk timed him."

"I thought he was rather outdoing himself," laughed Audrey.

"By the way," said Craig, suddenly, as they reached the recitation-room, "they say that perhaps the cane rush will come off to-morrow."

When Craig had first heard of the "cane rush," and had learned that it decided the question as to whether the freshmen should be allowed to carry canes or not, he had thought very little of it. He

knew that, for some reason, he himself would have felt rather ashamed to be seen with a cane, and he did not see the sense in having a fight over it. But Craig had no such feeling now. How or when the change came he could not have told, but now his whole soul rose up in abhorrence at the thought that a sophomore might be considered to have the right to break his, Craig Sternhold's, cane for him, if he should happen to have one, provided the sophomores should win the cane rush. Craig had acquired the true freshman spirit in regard to the cane rush.

Miss Brooks looked up with answering interest.

"You won't let them keep the cane, will you?"

"Do you care? No, they won't keep the cane this year!"

And they went into the recitation-room.

On the way out of chapel the next morning Sternhold waited for Miss Brooks.

"If the cane rush does come off this morning, after the second hour, and you should happen to see my little brother around, would you mind telling him to stay with you, if it wouldn't be too much trouble? I told him he might come over during the morning, and now I feel certain that he will get right into the thick of the rush, if he isn't tied or otherwise persuaded. Would you mind?"

"You may depend on me to entice him, if he will allow himself to be enticed—and is in sight," was the answer.

Immediately after the second hour, Audrey, mindful of her promise, started to look for the youthful Jamie. She did not have to go far. He was sitting on the college steps, with a seraphic expression on his face; he had a lapful of little sticks, and was throwing them out into the path for the entertainment of the sneaky-looking dog.

This abject-looking cur was a most demoralized animal; it seemed to be inferior in every respect. It would have been a matter of serious difficulty to tell what kind of a dog it was; to Jamie it was, however, a dog, and fast becoming indispensable. It was small, with short straight hair, and its tail hung between its legs. Part of one of its ears was gone, and the other never was in place. It generally ran lame, which might have aroused pity in one unacquainted with its habits; but it did not always go lame on the same leg! This wretched dog's ribs would show in a shocking manner. It had been gorged till it could eat no more at the Carvers', and yet its ribs stuck out. Nobody liked the dog but Jamie. He called it Beauty in the most sincere and affectionate way.

"There is to be a cane rush, Beauty. You like

that, don't you? You and I can carry canes, can't we, Beauty, if Craig whops 'em all holler!"

"Hello, Jamie!" said Miss Brooks, trying to keep from laughing at this sally. "How do you do? Are you waiting for the rush? Won't you come in with me?"

He rose with alacrity, and, leaving Beauty to snarl at the little sticks outside, went with Audrey. She was quite proud to take the little fellow into the girls' room, and have them all see him. They all wanted to see the little freshman who had made such an impression the first day in chapel.

"Young ladies, allow me to introduce Master Jamie Sternhold."

Jamie's cap was off, and with his face beaming with friendliness, he was holding out his hand to every one.

"When did you come to college?" said Miss Cameron, one of the juniors, leaning over the table.

"A couple of weeks ago, I think; did you come then?"

There was a laugh at that.

"What are you: 'classic,' 'scientific,' or 'Latin scientific'?"

"I am a 'classic,'" was the prompt reply from Jamie.

"Where do you live?"

"With Craig."

"Who is Craig?"

"Don't you, upon your word of honor, know who Craig is?" Jamie asked the question with surprise and incredulity, and as every one in the room did know who "Craig" was, there was another laugh.

"Don't you want the sophomores to win in the cane rush?" asked Miss Davis, one of the sophomores, in wheedling tones.

"And what are they? Craig and I are freshmen!"

"You can't catch him!" laughed Audrey. "You and I know that the freshmen are to win in the cane rush, don't we?"

"Yes, and Craig—Craig will do it!" he answered approvingly.

Miss Cameron lifted Jamie up on the table, and there he sat answering and asking questions, while the girls crowded around laughing and applauding.

"Can you read, Jamie?"

"Why, of course!" in great astonishment.

"When did you learn?"

"I always could."

"Did you ever go to school?"

He looked a little perplexed, then his face cleared up.

"I am here in college."

"Yes, to be sure; but did you ever go to school where you had to stay in-doors all day, and have

a teacher, and get up with other children and say lessons ? ”

Jamie shook his head decidedly.

“ Can you write ? ”

“ Of course ! ” a little annoyance in his tone.

“ Can you read Latin ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Whew ! Can you read Greek ? ” in a teasing way.

“ Yes.”

“ And French, — of course you can read that too ? ”

Jamie was looking a little uncomfortable.

“ Yes.”

“ Well, I never heard such an arrant little prevaricator in my life ! ” said Miss Young.

The tone more than the words conveyed their meaning to Jamie. His face flushed painfully, his hand clinched the table-edge, his eyes flashed.

“ I don’t know what you mean, to talk so. You needn’t have asked me, if you didn’t want to know.”

Audrey, at the first rush of blood to his face, had put her arm around the little fellow, and was smoothing his hair. She felt angry on his behalf. The other girls, quite mystified by the turn things had taken, looked both sorry and amused. Jamie picked up a book — Miss Brooks’ *Livy* — and opened naturally at Book XXI.

"You say, 'can I read Latin'?" — and he read, with something like a sob in his sweet little voice, "*In parte operis mei licet mihi præfari, quod in principio summæ totius professi plerique,*" etc., and translated it.

Blank astonishment showed in the face of every girl present. Audrey felt so proud and relieved she could have hugged Jamie to pieces.

Jamie picked up the next book, and it happened to be the *Odyssey*. He read the first line, "*Ἀνδρᾶ μοι ἔννεπε Μοῦσα πολύτροπον ὃς μάλα πολλὰ,*" quite bravely, and then said, —

"I can't put it in English right off, because it isn't like my reader. I can read in that. You didn't say *all* Greek. And I read that Latin right off, because Craig showed me it, but I can read Latin of my own too, about the *Hoedus in tecto*."

"Never saw any thing like that in my life! I'm stunned!" said Miss Young. "How old are you?"

"Five!" almost defiantly.

"See here, Jamie," said Miss Young, taking his hands and looking him in the face and speaking earnestly, "I want to beg your pardon. I want you to forgive me. I had no business to speak as I did. You spoke quite truly, I know; and I am sure now that you would not speak in any other way. I spoke as I did because it is very, very unusual for a little boy of five to know what you said

you knew. I was ten years older than you are before I could have done what you did just now. I beg your pardon ; will you forgive me ? ”

The honest little face before her had quite lost its hurt expression, and though he seemed surprised, he also seemed much relieved. He nodded his head gravely, then broke out into an irresistible laugh.

“What funny ladies you are !”

There was a shout from outside, then a succession of whoops and yells.

“The rush !” cried the girls, and they hurried to watch it.

Audrey kept hold of Jamie’s hand, and they stood in a place where they could see every thing.

There seemed to be a knot of struggling, straining, writhing, wrestling boys. The cane was in the middle somewhere, no telling where. The seniors and juniors stood all around, yelling themselves hoarse. Not all the sophomores and freshmen could get near the cane, there were so many of them ; but they contributed to the success of their respective sides by mutually wrestling with each other, getting each other down, and sitting on each other, that there might be so many the less to fight for the cane.

A bulky sophomore, nearly twice Craig’s weight, had gotten Craig down, and was sitting on his chest. But Craig had never been a boy to be sat on with

impunity. Every muscle in him was a muscle worth having, and with a tremendous effort he hurled the bulky sophomore off him. The action wrung a shout of applause from the excited juniors and seniors standing around; and, with that shout ringing in his ears, he threw himself at the writhing group, flung a couple of the outsiders away, and shouldered himself right into the center, where things at that moment were going rather badly for the freshman side. Jack Kirk, who had been holding on like a Trojan, had just had his ribs squeezed in until he could hardly see. Craig felt strong enough to knock out the whole crowd just at that moment; he seized the cane where Kirk had been forced to drop it, wrenched and dragged and charged with it in a way that took the breath out of more than one unlucky sophomore who had held on fiercely and doggedly from the beginning; and, when the shout "Time!" rang out, it was Craig Sternhold that waved the cane high above his head.

The class yell was given, and there was a little chance to look around.

Jack Kirk was being rubbed and having his head bathed by a couple of juniors. Three fellows who had had their shirts literally torn off them were hurrying up the plank walk to the next entrance. Garrison Colfax, who was not particularly pugilistic

by nature, and had consequently hung discreetly on the outskirts of the *mêlée*, was sitting on the walk rubbing his leg. An energetic sophomore, not being able to get near the cane, had taken an unholy pleasure in wreaking his vengeance on the unfortunate Colfax. Several boys had their faces cut and arms twisted, and those that had had their feet tramped on more than a dozen times did not feel very comfortable. But no serious damage was done.

It was a noticeable fact that those of the freshmen who were hurt, with the exception of Garrison Colfax, were quite hilarious about it, being buoyed up by success. But the gayety of the defeated sophomores seemed for the time being rather forced.

"I never saw such a charge in my life as that young Sternhold made!" Severn was saying to Miss Cameron and Miss Brooks. "He must be made of uncommonly good stuff for his weight, though he is well up in that for his age. Why, it was just tremendous to see him throw off Bailey and plunge for the cane! It is too bad he belongs to an even year; he would be a credit to an odd year!" And Severn of the odd year smiled with great complacency at Miss Cameron and Miss Brooks of the even years.

"I think the even years seem to be able to survive," said Miss Cameron. "If I remember rightly, our class, as freshmen, carried the cane against yours."

"Come, Miss Cameron, it will never do to have such a memory!" answered the doughty senior.

Craig, having pulled himself together and put on his coat, came up with the cane. Cowen and Rand were with him, proud as peacocks.

"Hello, Jamie!" cried Craig. "As I live, you shall be the first freshman to carry a cane!"

They all laughed; and Jamie, wild with delight, took the heavy cane and dragged it up the board walk.

"Three cheers and a tiger for the little freshman!" shouted Severn.

And up they went, three rousing cheers from the four classes; and the echoes of the tiger rang from building to building, and good people in the neighborhood wondered "what was the matter now with those everlasting college boys!"

"Come on, Jamie; it is time we went home!" said Craig; and, putting Jamie on his shoulder, he strode off across the Green, under the trees, "as happy as a king."

CHAPTER V.

LUSH'S.

THE afternoon after the cane rush, Craig was standing in the hall talking with some of the members of his class. The excitement of the day had not yet died down. Bulstrode and Dame, two of the juniors, came up and invited Craig and Allen, another one of the freshmen, to come to their rooms in North College. Craig had not been favorably impressed with Allen's appearance, but the other two fellows had been very kind to him.

"You see, Sternhold, after the way you have distinguished yourself to-day, we thought we ought to go a little something by way of a celebration. And if you fellows will, we four will go down to Lush's to-night and have some oysters. You haven't been initiated into the mysteries of Lush's, have you, Sternhold? Allen has!" And the three laughed rather more than Craig thought the occasion warranted. But he was very much pleased with the invitation, and said he would be glad to go.

Craig saw a young fellow coming toward them

whom he had noticed several times before, and wished that he knew. He was a fine-looking, well-dressed fellow, who carried his head well, and had a good face.

"He is a stuck-up sort of a chap," said Bulstrode to Craig in an off-hand way. "Kind of a prig, you know; has plenty of money, but no backbone; name's Clifford."

Clifford raised his hat as he reached the group and stopped.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Sternhold; I wanted to speak with you a minute or so — unless you are engaged?"

"I was only going over to North College. I will wait, if you will excuse me," turning to Bulstrode and Dame; and Craig walked back with Clifford.

"Possibly, you will hardly thank me for stopping you," said Clifford with a smile. "Perhaps you heard the notice given out this morning for the college prayer-meeting this evening, but I did not think you had personally been invited to come. And some of us older fellows ought to be the ones to invite you newer fellows in and make you feel at home, if we can. You will come, won't you?"

"Why, I have just promised those fellows I was with to go somewhere with them, — Lush's, or some such name. But I don't believe they will want to

go before nine or half-past. If they don't, I'll be sure to come."

Craig thought there was a queer expression in Clifford's eyes when he mentioned Lush's; but Clifford only said, —

"Yes, I don't think they will start before then. Our meeting begins at half-past seven and lasts an hour. I hope you will come. It is generally a tolerably large meeting and very pleasant; and I really think that our regular stand-bys count the best brains and hearts in college. May I walk home with you?"

Craig was delighted; he had very much hoped to know this Clifford, but he had not expected such fortune as this.

"You have a little brother with you, haven't you?"

"Yes, Jamie. He is rather a numerous little boy."

"Never wanted to laugh more in my life than I did that first chapel morning. Do you care any thing about tramping around a place? if so, there is plenty to do in that line around here. I'm in love with this town. I never enjoyed four years in my life as I have here — only my four years are hardly up yet, are they? They will go fast enough. Well, good-by. Shake hands, won't you, Sternhold? I would like you for a friend — if you don't mind my saying so. Don't fail me to-night."

"I'll be there." And Craig looked at Clifford's

square shoulders as he walked back toward the college with more admiration and loyalty than he had ever before given to any one so near his own age.

He went over to the college that evening after he had tucked Jamie into his little cot-bed.

The prayer-meeting was in Professor Keeler's room. There were about twenty-five present. Severn led the meeting.

Craig decided that a college prayer-meeting was different from any other kind of a prayer-meeting. The singing and the prayers and the few remarks that the boys made seemed to him to hit right home. He felt intensely interested in every thing, but most of all in a few words that Clifford said. But it did seem to him as though Clifford looked at him a good deal — and almost in an embarrassing way.

Clifford spoke of the responsibility of bringing clear-headed thought to bear on their every-day life, and of thinking to such purpose that they would intentionally choose the best thoughts and the best books and the best people for companions. Their characters would amount to something to them some day, whether they were good or bad; and to have them good they ought to be built up with good stuff and not with rubbish.

Craig felt rather sorry when the meeting was over. Every body was so pleasant to him and there was

such a straightforward air about every thing ; and it was such a relief to him to see a Lambda and a Nu—Severn was a Lambda, and Clifford was a Nu—talking together amicably. Horse-shedding had been running so hard lately that Craig had got the unpleasant impression that the Nus and the Lambdas were always at swords' points. The other societies did not seem to be either so opposing or opposed ; because they were confessedly weaker, perhaps. Then the Nus and the Lambdas only took in "classics," and that made the rivalry hotter.

Craig walked over to North College to the rooms of Bulstrode and Dame. Allen was there, and all three were smoking ; the room was blue.

"Hello, Sternhold !"

"How are you, old fellow ? Got roped into a prayer-meeting, didn't you ? Have a cigar !"

"Don't smoke, thanks," said Craig.

"Expect you'll learn soon enough then. All the fellows do, that didn't smoke before. I didn't have to wait until I was a freshman to learn though, smoked since I was about twelve, I guess. Got well whaled for it the first time too, and my father had a cigar in his mouth all the time he was a lickin' me !"

"I don't believe there are more than a dozen boys in the three upper classes at least, that don't smoke. That muff of a Clifford is one of them. He does hold

his confounded head so high, as if there wasn't a man in college fit for him to wipe his feet on!"

"Why, I thought he seemed awfully friendly!" said Sternhold.

"Oh, yes — now. You wait till the horse-shedding is over," said Dame with a laugh. "It is too bad you don't smoke; you don't know what comfort is."

Craig didn't say any thing, but he thought it would be many a long day before he tied himself down to that habit. His father had never smoked, nor his uncle, and he had heard them both say that any man that was married and smoked ought to be brought up over again in an enlightened manner; and he, Craig, had naturally been brought up in an enlightened manner about the whys and wherefores and ins and outs of tobacco; and, consequently, as he sat there silent, he had a suspicion that he might know rather more about the subject than any one of the three.

"Now for Lush's, boys, and a good time!" cried Bulstrode, rising and throwing his cigar stump out of the window.

It was a fine evening. They walked down the hill, and with the exception that Craig thought the occasional whoops Bulstrode insisted on giving, rather scandalous, he enjoyed himself very much. He had a comfortable sense of well-being, and felt at peace with all the world. He told several things that had

happened in class, and as it was a *forte* of Craig's to tell even ordinary things in an irresistible way, the boys just roared.

Lush's did not present a very imposing front, but the place looked better inside. Bulstrode had some quiet conversation with a waiter, and the boys clattered upstairs to a private room.

It was a cheerful-looking little place, and while they were waiting Bulstrode struck up some college songs; they all felt quite hilarious, and when the waiter appeared he had jokes fired at him like hail.

He whisked around in a deft way, and turned the desert of an empty table into something quite as pleasing as a rose garden. It was worth the while of Lush and his employés to suit the college boys.

Four smoking and notable "stews" were set down, and a dish full of raw oysters. All the accessories were duly placed, and the waiter withdrew.

Stories and jokes flew round the table; Bulstrode was really a very witty fellow; Allen did not appear quite so well, but then he laughed at every thing. Craig was congratulating himself on spending a very pleasant evening, when Bulstrode exclaimed impatiently, —

"Confound that fellow, why doesn't he hurry? Dame, ring the bell!"

Dame rang the bell, and the obsequious waiter duly

appeared. Bulstrode gave him a knowing wink, which the man showed a tendency to reciprocate. He unloaded himself, depositing bottles and wine-glasses.

"Guess we'll want more than that," said Bulstrode. "I'll ring if we do."

And the waiter silently withdrew.

"Now fill up, boys! This is the stuff! Yah!"

Craig felt an angry rising within him.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Champagne and a little something else, at your service. We'll have up something stronger if you are equal to it. Have to begin easy with freshmen."

Craig said afterwards that he did not believe he had ever been so angry in his life.

He rose from his chair, keeping one hand on the back of it.

"I thought this was a no-license city."

There was a shout of laughter.

"A no-license city!" repeated Bulstrode. "What of it?"

"I thought it was against the law to sell any kind of intoxicating liquor here."

Another shout of laughter; Dame and Allen seemed to be in convulsions.

"Against the law to sell liquor here! And what of it, you greenhorn? Why in fifteen minutes I

could go into as many places and get all I could hold, or anybody could hold, by winking. Against the law! Prohibition doesn't prohibit!"

The sneer Bulstrode put into that "against the law," roused Craig's wrath more than ever.

"Well, I'll tell you fellows what," said Craig in a good round voice that would have forced attention anywhere, angry as he was, "as long as I have any respect left for a law-abiding citizen, and intend to be one, and to be respected as one myself, and would count it a disgrace not to be one, I don't intend to come sneaking down here and connive at breaking a law I live under, when I am able to keep it without injuring myself or any one else. I tell you I wouldn't do a low, dishonorable thing like this, even if I had not a particle of feeling against a drop of that stuff! I wouldn't touch it any way. I don't see how any man, woman, or child, that knows what a curse it has been, and is, would have the face to touch it, if not for their own sakes, for the sake of others. I am any thing you may care to call me on that score, — prohibitionist, temperance-crank, bigot, any thing, — but one thing is certain, it is a mean thing to slouch around in the dark and break your own laws. And I don't see how any fellow could expect to build up a character worth having by stooping to this kind of thing, whatever bravado name you may choose to call

it: now you've got it! I'm out of temper, or I would thank you for the pleasant part of the evening."

He turned abruptly and left the room. On his way out he asked the man at the cash stand for the oyster bill and paid it. Then he went up the hill at a swinging rate.

He took off his hat — the air felt good against his face. The stars were out, and where he could see them up through the trees they gave him a consciousness of distance he had hardly known before. The trees were so dark; College Street was lined on both sides with elms, and the branches seemed to stretch up and away so grandly and so mysteriously. Once fairly started up the hill, he did not meet any one. He did not think it could be eleven o'clock, and yet he saw very few lights in the houses; perhaps it was because the shrubbery around them was so thick.

The anger that had made him feel so strong faded away in the open air, and he walked slower. He felt crushed. It seemed as though some great insult had been offered him. He felt contaminated in some way. The jokes, and the stories that had often come so near being unfit to listen to, and that silent waiter with the knowing look, — every thing seemed false and changed and hateful. Craig tried to reason about it, and to pick out what had been all well enough from what was not, but he could not do it then. It all seemed

like a miserable dream, so different from the waking up and the cool air, and the stars, and the trees. He kept thinking the evening over, repeating to himself, till it wearied him, what Bulstrode said, what Dame said, what Allen said, what he himself said; he could see again all the side looks and laughs and meaning expressions that he had scarcely noticed at the time; and he would feel in turn insulted, indignant, ashamed, depressed — always depressed, and as though some indefinable weight hung over him; he tried in vain to shake it off. What would have been but little to most boys, a joke to be entered into and laughed at, or something to be avoided, was a new experience to Craig. He took long, deep breaths, but the feeling would not go away. His mind was clearer and he tried to think it all over honestly. He thought he had only done what he could not help doing under the circumstances, in speaking his mind and leaving; but what did it mean for him?

Part of his strong feeling, he saw quite well, was due to the shock. He had not expected any such thing. He did not know, or he had never realized at any rate, that just such things were done. He knew that plenty of liquor was sold, in no-license towns, in an underhanded way, but he had not thought about it, and he had not thought that it was sold to acquaintances of his. He knew that college students

were supposed to be wild and fast, but he had not thought about it. He was a greenhorn: Bulstrode was right. Now, if this was so, perhaps when he was more accustomed to these things, and recognized them as common every-day occurrences, probably his feelings of shock and outrage and repulsion would wear off, and his mind would wink at such things, and blind itself; and though he might keep himself up to his own standard, he did not doubt that he must suffer in some way, if wrong things did not rouse antagonism in him—if he grew blind about them and weak. And could he afford it? And what could he do about it?

He reached the house, and went upstairs. Mrs. Carver, good lady, heard him, and thought anxiously, "There—Sternhold is beginning to stay out late already! oh dear, oh dear!"

Craig lit a lamp, and walked restlessly up and down the room. Then he went into the next room to look at Jamie. The sight of the little fellow lying asleep in his cot-bed came like a benediction. He knelt down beside him, and looked at the peaceful little face.

He was accustomed to feeling strong—he felt weak; to feeling sure and safe—he felt uncertain and defenseless; to feeling self-reliant—and he was afraid of himself; to feeling hopeful and cheerful—

and he felt doubtful and depressed. And kneeling there by Jamie, his whole soul cried out for help.

God help him to be the man he ought to be. And, more fortunate than many, with the prayer itself the comfort came. A great quiet came over him, and he felt as though something new had come to him — a consciousness of the greater need of earnestness; and that to keep a living integrity of soul he must fight with his eyes open, and not go merely innocent or ignorant of wrong, but determining the right.

And Jamie! He must think for Jamie. The little fellow turned in his sleep, and, like a little sigh, came the one word, — “Mamma!”

That was almost too much for Craig. He put his face down by the little fair head, and held the little hands, and Jamie woke up. He was frightened for a minute and cried out, —

“Oh, Craig, hold me — please hold me — and rock me.”

It was a relief to Craig to have something to do. He lifted the little fellow up, wrapped him in his coat, sat down in an old-fashioned rocking-chair in the room and rocked him.

When Craig had left his hosts at Lush's, they were rather silent for a minute.

“The great calf!” said Bulstrode angrily. “What

does he mean any way, — treating gentlemen like that! Crank indeed! He ought to be fed on milk from a bottle.”

“A pretty to do if a fellow can’t stand a little liquor! He’ll get over these notions, unless he’s a sneak, — a confounded sneak!” said Dame.

“I never had much of an opinion of him — his hair’s too yellow!” sniffed Allen, who had been almost overcome with envy about Craig’s success in the rush. “Well, I’ll know enough to cut him, any way — dealing out his sermons like that! And all the fellows with a spark of pride and manliness in them will know enough to show him that he can’t come such stuff around the Mill! The great idiot! I expect he is just going to trot in the track of the high-stepping Clifford. If every such fellow were swiped out, we might have a life worth living up there!”

Not one of them cared in the least for the liquors they had ordered. They had not been used to any thing of the kind at home, as it happened, and were simply trying to have a regulation lark; but they drank all that was before them and more, and went up the hill that night just unsteady enough to justify Bulstrode’s remark that the hill was “most confoundedly vacillating.”

Three men that night, strangers to each other, congratulated themselves, as the sun went down, that

they had done their best by their sons, and that one member at least of their respective families was having the benefit of a hard-earned education. And three sons went shouting up college hill that night in a way that made more than one good-hearted woman think sadly, "I pity somebody's father—and mother, poor soul!"

Tracy Clifford did not feel very easy in his mind that night. He was pacing restlessly up and down his room in North College. He had been greatly attracted by Craig's face and manner.

"I ought to have said something to him—I ought to have said something to him. There is a possibility that he didn't know what kind of fellows Bulstrode and Dame are. But I couldn't. What could I say about them? And he is so young, and with such a face! I'll keep an eye on him; I'll speak to him to-morrow; I'll make a friend of him;—but to-night!" And Clifford walked his floor faster. He looked at his watch; it was late. The moon had risen. He looked from his window. The Green was beautiful in the moonlight; then he heard an unsteady laugh and a whoop; it was a caricature of a whoop for which Bulstrode was famous.

Clifford felt his faint hopes die within him. The voices came nearer; three figures rounded the fountain and were in full view in the moonlight in front

of the college. Only three? Yes: but of course Sternhold would have turned off at the head of the street to go to the Carvers'.

Bulstrode and Dame were having rather an angry altercation, but they smoothed it over, and with a final whoop disappeared in the entrance.

Clifford felt sick at heart.

In the meanwhile, Craig was re-assuring Jamie.

"There, old man, don't be frightened! You're awake now; it's all right, isn't it? You're as safe, as safe. There now, bless your old heart! Yes, sir, I'll hold you. Just because it's you, you know, — my old Jamie — and we have nobody else in the world, have we, old boy? Sing? I guess so. See how the moonlight comes in. Now shut your eyes. Are you warm enough? Nothing but the tip of your nose and a nice little bit of hair showing; and I've got you — tight."

And Jamie was quite happy and warm and contented, and Craig sat there rocking the little fellow to the tune of the creak of the rockers; and he sang in a low voice, sometimes saying the words and sometimes not, "O Paradise! O Paradise! who doth not long for rest," till Jamie was asleep.

He put the little fellow back in his cot and tucked him in; and, though he hardly knew it, he was saying, —

"O Jamie, Jamie, what should I do without you!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE FOOT-BALL GAME.

"I AM afraid I am not doing my duty, Mr. Carver," said Mrs. Carver one Sunday afternoon, as she sat in the open window, for it was very warm. "I am afraid I am not doing my duty by that child. Here, he is under our roof, by the dispensation of Providence; and, for aught I know, he gets no religious instruction. There is no denying that our Sternhold is the best boy that ever was, so far; and the way he takes care of that child is simply wonderful! No child ever was better looked after physically. Just think how clean he is kept, and how fresh he comes down-stairs every morning after his bath, and how clean his cuffs and collars always are, and how like a little gentleman he acts. But you know, Mr. Carver, we would be sadly to blame if we neglected our duty for lack of speech—and the boy is so young—I mean our Sternhold. And it really does seem as though that child ought to be in school, too. Our children went to school before they were five—and Jamie just plays out all day long. Well, he is

healthy, at any rate. As strong and straight and handsome as a boy could be. But I am afraid I am remiss in my duty in regard to religious instruction, for fear of seeming officious." And good Mrs. Carver, sighing over her own remissness, returned to her book.

October had come, but the day was unusually warm. Craig had taken Jamie and some books, and had resorted to the further end of the garden. He could hardly see the house for the trees. A solid board fence divided the Carvers' back garden from the rear garden of the master's house, which faced on the Green.

Craig had stretched himself out on the grass under an apple-tree near the fence, and was sometimes whistling, sometimes talking to Jamie, and sometimes reading. Jamie was tumbling over the grass and over Craig, promiscuously and indiscriminately.

"Come here, young man," said Craig, tripping Jamie and causing him to sit down at a convenient distance, "let's have a talk. You tell me your verse."

"Which one?"

"Oh, *the* verse! Take a header and let's see what you will give."

"'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.'"

"That is the one I thought you would give," rubbing Jamie's head. "Tell me who taught you that verse?"

"Mamma."

"And so long ago that you don't remember when, isn't that so? That was the first verse she ever taught me, too. You and I learned the same verse, Jamie, didn't we? Tell me what it means, little one."

There was a slight rustle on the other side of the fence, but Craig did not hear it.

Miss Brooks boarded at the Master's, and on this particular Sunday afternoon she had taken some books, and had rambled down to the end of the Master's garden. She was very much interested in what she was reading, and did not know when Craig and Jamie came down on their side of the fence. But she was startled finally by hearing Craig's voice making some remark to Jamie. She thought she would get right up and go back to the house, but being very comfortable she thought secondly that as nobody but Jamie was with Sternhold, she probably would not be doing any thing seriously out of the way if she stayed there. She felt altogether relieved when she found that Sternhold simply whistled, or was silent, or conversed with Jamie on the subject of the lameness in Beauty's legs, or the relative value of grass and grasshoppers.

When, however, Craig began to ask Jamie questions, Audrey felt underhanded and mean. She started to go away, but the grass and bits of stick, and her dress skirts, all made such a shocking rustling that she settled back into her former position. Then she became convinced that Sternhold was sitting on a little hillock, and that if she stood up he could see her distinctly, and then he would know that she had been there all the time before, and would think she had been listening to him. And — no, she couldn't do that, she would crawl away; she would gather up her books and crawl away.

She started to crawl — never! Crawling was not her *forte*; she did not like to crawl, and she knew that if she crawled, Sternhold would certainly see her, if not over the fence, then through it; he would see her crawling away. It was quite out of the question, so she sank back again as before, miserable and undecided — and interested.

“What does it mean, Jamie?”

“Oh — ah — not sneaky in your heart — and not dirty in the corners. Don't you know, you hate mean things — being with bad boys back of barns, like I was, you know, Craig, that awful day. And you know all that part about your heart being a little temple, and your body a little temple, and not for idols or bad things, but for God. You know, don't

you, Craig, how she used to sit and hold me, and kiss me and kiss me; and tell me about a sound, clean heart in a sound, clean body — and had me learn the words? And the cat used to sit on the window-seat. Oh, Craig, I do wonder where the cat is!”

“So do I; many a pan of cream that cat has licked! And what kind of a boy are you to be, Jamie?”

“An honorable boy, to make an honorable man.”

“What does it mean, old fellow — honorable?”

“Oh, look folks straight in the eyes, and hold your head up, and stand straight, and don’t sneak and wash half of you good and think you’ll wash the other half to-morrow, and nobody’ll know. And don’t say you don’t know when you do know, or you do know when you don’t know; and don’t say ‘mebbe,’ to get out of a thing; and don’t pretend; and don’t think one thing and say different — oh, you know.”

“And don’t forget what you owe other people; you owe every body something, Jamie, do you understand? Every body you see you owe something to. You must not injure any one, not the smallest bit — directly or indirectly, Jamie — and you owe to every body that you shall be the very best you can be — the very best, Jamie, in yourself. And you must be careful how your thoughts and actions make you grow, Jamie. You must see that you build well, — build

with the gold of noble thoughts, and truth, and honor, and helpfulness; you owe helpfulness to other people, Jamie. And you know about ideals, Jamie, old boy, and you must be so careful — so very, very careful. You will grow toward your ideals; and if you have a bad ideal what will happen to your thoughts?"

"They will grow bad."

"And if you have a high ideal?"

"Mebbe they'll grow high," doubtfully.

"And we have an Ideal — and" —

"Yes, I know — Christ; and always when we think of him we grow grand. Oh, Craig, it makes me want mamma so!"

"You poor baby! We know, don't we, Jamie, you and I" —

Poor Miss Brooks! she was nearly frantic. She had rustled and rustled but to no purpose. Indeed the minute her rustling had become particularly audible, she had speedily suppressed it. She couldn't endure life in that way another minute, and she couldn't go off to the house and have Sternhold see her after she had heard all that, and she simply could not run the risk of crawling away. Her cheeks were burning, and her eyes felt as though they might indulge in a tear apiece of absolute mortification, and her pretty dark hair was curling every which way, as she rose with determination to her feet, stuck her head over the fence, and gave a gasp.

Craig sprang up, almost upsetting Jamie.

"I have just been suffering agonies!" cried Miss Brooks, tragically.

"What on earth is the matter!" exclaimed Craig, much alarmed and coming straight to the fence.

"Oh, dear!" said Audrey, growing redder every minute. "I have been sitting on this side of the fence in perfect misery. I have heard *all*. I was going to crawl away, and I was so deathly afraid you would see me, I couldn't. I have been simply paralyzed, and I don't know what will ever happen to me for sitting and listening" —

She stopped in fine confusion, and looked abjectly at Craig.

He tried not to laugh, but he couldn't help himself. He just shouted until he had to lean up against the fence.

"I beg your pardon," he caught his breath to say, and then bubbled over into another laugh that was so contagious that Miss Brooks was forced to join in it.

"I do beg your pardon for laughing so!" said Craig, "but I never saw any thing so funny! I — oh — my, I thought something awful was the matter!"

"Something awful *is* the matter!" said Miss Brooks forlornly. "You may laugh now, and then you will see how shockingly I have behaved, and despise me! Oh, dear me!" And her brown eyes

fixed on Craig's face were so unutterably melancholy that he laughed again, in spite of himself.

"Well, I'm thankful it wasn't anybody else — really," he said. "A fellow does feel a little queer to have himself caught in the act, you know. But I don't mind you a bit. You would say the same thing to the boy yourself, wouldn't you?"

He looked at her so frankly, and yet with such an evident wish that she would say yes, that she forgot the previous circumstances, impulsively held out her hand, and said with all the sincerity of her very sincere nature, —

"Yes, I would: only I couldn't do it half so well. You just can't tell — how proud right through and through I am about you this afternoon, for all I am so dreadfully ashamed of my part! Did you really mean it, that you didn't mind me?"

"Yes, I did really mean it," with a smile. "We certainly are friends now, aren't we, Miss Brooks?"

She nodded. Her life had come out from the desperate cloud that had hung over it a few minutes before, and she was rejoiced.

Jamie, with a stubborn perseverance that often conquers immense difficulties, had managed to climb the fence, and was cautiously working his passage along the top bar to where Miss Brooks was.

"Hello, Miss Brooks!" he said cheerfully, "I've

been a wishing to see you to-day. I've been a thinking about that plan. I—a—say—Miss Brooks, would you come a geologizing with me to-morrow on the curb, after bugs? Ow—w"—

His last effort had been too much for him, and Craig caught him in the nick of time, just as he was toppling off the fence.

"Yes, I will. Good-by—both of you," and Miss Brooks, picking up her scattered property, hurried back to the house not in the very worst of spirits.

There was considerable excitement during this week in the college. The annual foot-ball match between the sophomores and the freshmen was to come off next Saturday. In the good old days all the members of each class were expected to play, and class met class with all its imperfection on its head. And each player went on the field as he saw fit, usually thinking it best to put on his old clothes and save his good ones.

But now the times were much more advanced. Each class chose an eleven, and each of the eleven prided himself on getting up a good-looking suit, though no particular style was prescribed.

What time there was that could be taken from the ordinary college work—and there seemed to be a great deal taken—was spent on the Campus chasing a foot-ball.

The freshmen supplied the ball, and one of the amenities of freshman existence was that the sophomores considered themselves entitled to steal the ball. And they were remarkably proficient in this. In spite of marked vigilance on the part of the freshmen, they had already lost three balls.

"The next fellow that gets this ball," said Jack Kirk savagely to a secret conclave, while he brought his hand down on the new ball, "will get a broken head with it."

Whether the sophomores thought they had distinguished themselves sufficiently, or whether Jack's threat constrained respect, or whether the guarding freshmen were more wary, the fourth ball was not taken.

The eleven had been chosen, and practiced with might and main. Rumor proclaimed an uncommonly even game. Seniors and juniors, who from a new dignity recalled past triumphs and defeats at foot-ball but as memories, had endless advice to give.

Would it rain Saturday or wouldn't it? Would the freshmen beat or be beaten?

More than one plug hat was lost and won on those issues. The game was to begin at half-past two.

It was generally supposed that the Rugby game was played. Certainly the "gallows" at each end of the field spoke volumes in favor of that supposition.

Jack Kirk was the captain of the freshman team,

and Craig Sternhold was one of the most promising players.

"Audrey," said Miss Graham, Friday afternoon, "now you certainly must come over here for me for that match. I shall depend on you entirely; we will get a good place to watch, and have a nice time. I wouldn't go over there alone in that rabble of boys for any thing!"

Audrey could only laugh; she knew that the "rabble" consisted of Miss Graham's devoted admirers, and that the match would lose most of its charm without them.

Saturday came, bright as a day could be.

By dinner-time, Miss Brooks found that she was almost incapacitated for receiving her share of roast beef and potatoes, so great was her excitement. She was in very nearly the condition that Jamie was in. He was sitting at the Carver dinner-table, looking out of the window with longing eyes, and exclaiming in every conceivable tone, —

"Craig, do you suppose it's begun yet? Won't you please to hurry? Swoller 'em quicker, can't you?"

Miss Brooks left the table before dinner was half over, and hurried to the college, dreading lest she should find that the flowers she had ordered had not been sent up.

As tradition demanded, the junior girls had informed Audrey that it was incumbent on her, as the girl of the class, to supply flowers for the freshman eleven, whether they should win or not. She had not been particularly impressed at first, but had ordered her flowers with great calmness.

There were six girls in the sophomore class, and for the past week they had held secret meetings, assisted by the three seniors; and, as was an open secret, these meetings were merely in reference to the question of flowers for the sophomore eleven.

Little by little, Audrey had succumbed to the excitement. She was afraid her flowers would make a very poor show compared with the fine preparations of the sophomores. She was afraid they would not come on time. She was afraid she should be frightfully cheated, and find that her flowers were weeds or vegetables, or of wretched colors, or in the last stages of decay. She imagined herself so overcome with rage at finding her flowers inferior, that she should make an assault on the florist and should be indicted for criminal assault, and —

“See here, Audrey, if you are in such a state about those flowers,” said Miss Cameron, who sat next to her at the table, and who was able to at least conceal her excitement and act calmly, as she had lived through two similar attacks, “you had better go

right over to the room and rest your mind. Why, I shouldn't be in the least surprised if you found them there already. It wouldn't be worth Hicks' while to disappoint one of us. I'll be around in the course of time. You had better water them, and cover them over with some paper, or leave them in the box. You go ahead!"

So Audrey went, greatly obliged for the suggestion, and comforted by these assurances. She had an immense admiration and respect for Miss Cameron, who boarded in the same house that she did, and had explained all manner of seeming mysteries, and been very kind and pleasant to her. Audrey considered her quite the flower of all the girls in the college, and was proud of her as a junior and as a friend, and even of living in the same house with her.

When Audrey reached the girls' room she found some of the sophomore girls in there.

"Have my flowers come, girls?"

"Yes, and they are simply lovely," was the cordial answer.

"We picked out the best flowers for our boys, but the rest are in there."

Audrey's look of blank astonishment raised a laugh.

"You are too young to tease," said one in a supe-

rior tone. "Your flowers are all right. I even put some water on them for you — there they are."

There they were sure enough, and Hicks had done his best. There was a large basket of flowers, built up to make as much of a show as possible, and another basket of button-hole bouquets. At first, Audrey had ordered eleven button-hole bouquets; then she had thought, "Why eleven?" and had straightway changed her order to forty. Her juniors had been immensely amused at that.

She no sooner looked at this basket of button-hole bouquets than she was seized with an idea. She pulled out all the bouquets in the center; then she selected eleven containing the finest white rosebuds or tea rosebuds or Marechal Niels, and placed them in the center. Between these and the other bouquets, she marked a dividing line with fine greens, maiden-hair fern, and such things. She was greatly pleased with the appearance of the basket after her alterations; and, first giving it a long admiring glance, she sprinkled it again, covered both baskets with a wet newspaper, and hurried over to the Graham's.

The Graham family were not through dinner, and Nan insisted on Audrey's going right out to the dining-room and taking a seat at the table.

The President smiled good-humoredly at her.

"Well, Miss Brooks, which side do you hope will win to-day?"

"Our boys, of course!" was the almost indignant answer.

They all laughed.

"That is all I wanted to know," said the President, with an amused look. "That 'our' settles it. You are quite at home here."

Of Mrs. Graham, who sat opposite her husband, Audrey had gratefully thought again and again. She had decided that she must be just about the sweetest woman in the world — she had been so kind and cordial to herself — when Mrs. Graham asked her where they were going to stay to watch the game.

"Why, I don't know; I hadn't thought any thing about it." And Audrey looked at Nan inquiringly.

"We'll find a place, I guess. Mr. Severn suggested something about a recitation-room," demurely.

"Severn!" said her father. "Severn was here again last night, wasn't he?"

"Yes — yes, I think he was," slowly. "He came to see mother."

"Anna Graham! I knew nothing of it!" said her mother, with evident astonishment.

"What a mistake on my part! I can't think how it happened!"

Nan was laughing, and poor Audrey felt as though she must laugh or die.

"And Severn was here the night before, wasn't he?" continued her father.

"He — a — he came over to see where the Political Economy went to — a — he wanted to study it that evening."

"Did he find out?"

"I didn't ask him."

Audrey began to cough violently.

"What time did he go home?"

"You won't let them stay after ten," in an ag-grieved tone.

"He was here the night before that, wasn't he?"

"It seems almost as though he was. He came to — see mother."

"Anna Graham! He wasn't easy a minute until I left the room."

The President himself laughed at that. "I shall have some private conversation with Severn, if he isn't careful. Miss Brooks, your father kicked tremendously at our first game of foot-ball when we were freshmen."

"Is that so!" said Audrey, interested at once. "How funny that seems! I always wanted to see you; my father told such funny stories about you. He said he wouldn't have me go to any other college in the country but his old one. Only he was sorry the dome was gone. He said I wouldn't get half such a good education with the dome gone."

The President and Audrey had the conversation

mostly to themselves after that; and when they left the table he said, in the kindest way, —

“You must never forget that you are always most welcome over here; the more you are here the better. It will be a great pleasure to all of us. Your father and I were firm friends, and I am glad to know his daughter.”

After that Audrey came and went as she chose, and even had a napkin ring set apart for her especial use. It did seem as though Nan never would get ready that afternoon, but Audrey did not dream of expecting her to do any thing different from what she did do. Nan was not a character to be measured by the same standard as ordinary mortals.

This foot-ball match was not Nan's first by any means, and she knew that it would keep.

At the college entrance they met Severn, in a very resplendent suit. Audrey wondered what was the matter with him.

“How do you do?” he said, waving his curious cap. “Thought you would never come! Good-afternoon, Miss Brooks! You have no idea how your men are getting beaten!”

Poor Audrey looked simply horrified, to Severn's great delight.

“Don't you pay any attention to him,” said Nan, “the game hasn't begun, or Mr. Severn wouldn't be

here. He is an umpire. Where shall we see the game ? ”

“From Keeler’s room ; that is the very best place. I have been keeping the key for an hour, and some of the fellows are just raving for it. The windows would have been filled up in a minute if the door had been open.”

They hurried upstairs, the door was unlocked, and the girls were speedily established in a fine place for watching the game.

“I ’m for the freshmen, Mr. Severn,” said Nan.

“What treachery ! You were for the sophomores last night ! ”

“Yes, I know, but I forgot about that Sternhold. They say he is so handsome. You must be sure and bring him up after the first goal.”

“Not I ! I know better. He is too good looking by a long shot ! ”

There was a shout for Severn, and he was obliged to go. Audrey was looking out at the scene below, her heart beating nearer the regulation foot-ball time every minute. Except for the deep shadow of the college buildings, which was now thrown at the back by the afternoon sun, the whole field was in sunlight. There was a fence around three sides of the field, and that fence was draped and stuccoed with all kinds and sizes of little boys. The unfortunate little boys

that could not get up on the fence were playing leap-frog, or fighting, or kicking old tin cans.

A very wide space between the college and the rope that kept the spectators off the fields was rapidly filling up with people. Several carriages were there, standing still, and as many more were driving slowly up and down. The college boys were everywhere. The non-players of the freshman and sophomore classes were hurrying around in a greater state of excitement, and with more to say, than the players. Those of the seniors and juniors who were particularly good players, and had played in former games, were talking things over among themselves, or urging this or that point on some of the players of the day.

And the two elevens — how fine they looked! It was hard to tell one player from another, or to recognize them at first, they were so changed by their football rigs. And they were every-where; always surrounded by devoted admirers and anxious advisers. A bit of bright color was sure to be surrounded by dark coats. But it was easy enough to pick out Craig Sternhold. There wasn't another fellow on the field that had such a figure or carried his head as he did. His suit, which was all white and scarlet, was not to be overlooked either.

Over on the fence was a very prominent little

figure also in scarlet and white. High up on a post he sat, and his bright hair gleamed in the sunlight under his small scarlet and white cap, and his white flannel suit looked like a white spot over there across the field, and his little scarlet legs kicked right merrily against the post, and there never was a prouder or a happier boy than Jamie Sternhold on this day of the great foot-ball match.

The umpires, Severn of the seniors and Middleton of the juniors, were all over the field. Jack Kirk and Bush, the captains of their respective teams, were also every-where. Miss Brooks confessed to herself that she never before had known what ubiquitous meant.

The attention of the spectators became concentrated. The men were being placed on the field. All the windows up and down the college were filled with heads. The carriages stopped driving; the very noise of talking seemed to quiet down. The sophomores had the choice of sides and kick-off. There were several shouts, of which Audrey hardly caught the meaning; then came the last ringing cry, —

“Freshmen, are you ready?”

“Warm the ball!”

Bush gave a splendid kick-off; the ball flew, steady and even, well over into the middle of the freshman side. A ringing cheer went up from the sophomore

partisans, and from all the little boys, who yelled the whole afternoon on both sides.

The ball was well met. It was urged back a short distance, and then was met by a rush of sophomores crowding right on; the boys closed in; the ball was inside somewhere; the struggling mass swayed a little — first toward one goal, then toward the other—then sideways. There was a constant cry all over the field; then the crowd broke, the ball flew out toward the sophomore goal, and after it, a yard ahead, was the white and scarlet. A deafening cheer went up, but the goal-keepers were ready. A kick just in time sent it way back over the runners, but Jack Kirk's cool head had warned him of this, and with the class yell he sent it back. They closed again; there was another scrimmage, and again the ball flew out, but it went sideways and was out of bounds.

That gave a breathing space. Audrey felt as though it was her first breath in half an hour. The place where the ball went out was marked. It was the sophomores' ball and was nearest the freshman goal.

Audrey did not see how she could endure the suspense, and Nan was almost as excited.

The players were ranged in two opposing lines; every one of them was in an intent position, ready to kick or run when the ball flew. The umpires, on each side of Bush, had paced solemnly down with the ball.

Bush stood ready at the end of the line to kick down the center — then the word — then the kick — then the rush.

There were hoarse cries of the class numerals all over the field; the heavy, dull rebound of the ball could be heard occasionally, but it hardly moved more than a foot either way. Then the crowd broke and Sternhold and Kirk carried the ball through. They rushed it down the field right between the legs of two sophomores. Sternhold was ahead; he gave a slight kick, in another second he would be where he could kick it over the goal: he could hear that great hum of shouting behind, in front, all around him. Then a goal-keeper met him, it was kick and kick again, but the ball flew backwards behind Sternhold, and the goal-keepers made a rush at it. The one ahead gave a furious kick, but he only plowed up the dirt; high over their heads, straight, just barely over the bar, went the ball, kicked over by Jack Kirk the freshman captain.

The first goal was won.

Cheer on cheer went up.

Audrey did not see how she could possibly stand such excitement another minute. College life was a grand thing.

No one had been particularly hurt on either side, and it had been a well-played game — every body said

that; and not so very long either, though it was half-past three — nearly four.

The boys were hurrying from the field to see their friends or to find a resting-place.

Sternhold had gone straight to Clifford, who was so proud of him that he hardly knew what to do. Jamie, considering that the winning of the goal had released him from his promise to stay on his own side of the fence, came tearing across the field among some good-natured cries of "Here comes the little freshman!"

Severn, in spite of his protest against Miss Graham's demand, was very anxious to take Sternhold up to her, and so the four, Clifford and Sternhold and Jamie and Severn, proceeded to "Keeler's room."

"Here is one of the heroes of the day, Miss Graham," said Severn, "Mr. Sternhold."

"Do take a chair, Mr. Sternhold," said Nan, shaking hands. "You must be awfully tired! I have been watching you with the greatest interest."

"So 've I, Craig," put in Jamie, jealously.

"And so have I," added Clifford, laughing.

"Now there is Miss Brooks," said Severn, "she is the only one that doesn't say so. I don't suppose she has even looked at you, Sternhold."

"I think I have done my duty in watching," said Audrey. "You don't think they'll beat, do you, Mr. Sternhold?"

"Well, they won't if there is any thing in me to stop them!" was the reply in a low tone.

The time was up, and Severn and Craig had to go.

"Come on, Jamie, and the quicker time you make back to your post the better. Good-by!" and off the three went. Clifford remained behind.

They found a chair for Miss Cameron, and the four devoted most of their attention to the game. If the freshmen made this goal the day would be theirs. If the sophomores won it, they would have to play for the third goal.

The ball was first at one end and then at the other; both shouting and playing went on with unabated vigor. Until Audrey saw Clifford spring to his feet with a "By Jove, I never saw such a kick as that!" his face glowing with excitement, she did not imagine that any of the others at their window could feel so interested as she did, because — because it was "our boys" who were playing. Sternhold had made a kick in the teeth of the enemy that would make him famous in the college foot-ball ring for some time to come; but it was no use. In less than a minute afterward the ball went flying over the freshmen "gal-lows," and the sophomores had won that goal.

Sternhold, it seemed, was very much needed by his team, in the intermission that followed; but just before the last round opened, he ran upstairs with Jack

Kirk, and they tried to assure the anxious Audrey, when no one was listening, that they would win the next one if it was possible to do so.

Every body's excitement was at the highest for this next goal, the last and final test. The game had been a remarkably even one so far. Jack Kirk seemed steadier and cooler than ever; there was a stubborn determination on the face of every one of his players. And exactly the same thing could be said of the sophomore team. The shouting from the excited adherents around the ring was louder than ever.

The ball was played well, every inch of ground gained on either side was fought for; but the ball was on the whole steadily moving up toward the freshman end. Then there was a scrimmage. It seemed as though the ball would never come out; but it did. It went out one side, and over the fence quite near Jamie.

There was the usual disappointed cry of "out of bounds." It was always disappointing to have the ball go out of bounds just at an interesting point of the game. When the ball came toward Jamie, he dropped off his post like lightning. A crowd of little boys ran for the ball, as was their custom and prerogative; but Jamie was there first, and got the ball. All the other little boys pounced on him to

take it away, but he held on like a little man, and ran for the fence.

"Fair play there, you little rascals!" shouted Severn.

He and Middleton and Kirk, — for it was the freshmen's ball, — were waiting there at the fence.

Jamie, flushed, excited, triumphant, stopped just before he reached the fence; and with a mighty kick that threw him flat when he gave it, he sent the ball just up to the top of the fence, where it was caught by Middleton.

"Bravo, Jamie!" he cried. "Isn't he just one chip of that Sternhold block though?"

They paced off the distance. Kirk gave the ball an easy kick between the lines, and the contest began again. Down, back, almost to the freshman goal, back again, down the field, a struggle over every inch of the way. Then the white and scarlet, not so bright as in the beginning of the game, started out ahead of the struggling mass, ahead, still ahead, down the field, followed, cheered, met by three of the sophomore team, but right through them, still ahead; and then, just as it seemed as though his wonderful run must stop, when the goal-keepers rushed at him like one man, and his proudest admirers thought that he must be driven back, then he made the finest kick that had ever been seen on that field, and

sent the ball up, straight and true, right between the poles, and high above the bar. It was a wonder that there was a throat in the crowd fit to speak after the cheer that went up then.

The freshmen had won the day.

Clifford was simply wild, —

“Never saw any thing like it! Sternhold forever!” and he rushed out of the room, and down the stairs,

“To meet and greet him on his way,”

so Nan said.

The game was over, and the crowd gradually vanished.

The flowers were to be presented, and Miss Brooks was instructed by her jubilant juniors that she must present hers in person. The freshman team, having come off victorious, would receive their flowers first. Kirk had his men together around the entrance, and Miss Brooks came to the door with her flowers, smiling because she couldn't help herself. And Kirk, accepting them for the eleven, gave the order, “Three cheers for Miss Brooks,” and the cheers went up as stoutly as though the boys had not been straining every nerve and muscle for the past three hours.

So the great foot-ball match ended.

Not very long afterwards a committee of two

brought a photograph to Miss Brooks. The freshman eleven had tried to do their duty by posterity, and had been photographed,—they and their suits and their flowers,—and Jamie. Kirk had proposed that the “ little freshman ” should be in that picture, and the proposition had been received with enthusiasm. So there he sat on a table, holding the foot-ball, and leaning his sunny little head against Sternhold the elder.

CHAPTER VII.

JAMIE'S CLASSICS.

"WHAT is all this I hear about Jamie's being able to read Latin and Greek and all manner of foreign languages, Sternhold? He is only five years old, isn't he?"

Severn was asking the question. Quite a number of the students were in the Masters' parlors one evening. They were the honored and honorable members of a Reading Club, which on this particular evening was holding its meeting at the Masters'.

The reading-club committee had seen fit to appoint a certain number to read what they pleased, — that committee had proved itself a genius in a certain way, — and the various readings were finished.

The club had resolved itself into groups, more or less earnestly engaged in talking. Around the piano were Miss Brooks and Miss Cameron and Miss Young, Clifford and Sternhold and Kirk; while Severn was standing beside Nan, who was touching

the keys in an aimless but entrancing little way of her own.

"Come, Sternhold, how is it?"

Craig seemed very much amused.

"Why the child can't read very much Latin. He reads the fables; and as for Greek, he reads in a little Greek reader. The only other thing he knows any thing about is French, and he can read some simple little French story books."

"Oh," cried Nan, "not much! I wonder he isn't a perfect little skeleton. I think it is cruel. Latin and Greek readers indeed!"

"Well, Sternhold, how did it happen? That much is wonder enough in all conscience — at five."

Craig laughed. "It is part of my mother's ideas. Lately I have begun to think her ideas were very original and different, though I didn't think much about it awhile ago. I can tell what was done in Jamie's case, if you want to know, though I don't think you will see much in it. I don't."

They all wanted to hear, for rumors of Jamie's prowess had spread abroad through the place.

"I suppose the secret of the whole thing lay in Jamie's being taught to read so early. He could read whatever he could say when he was two years old, and he could read words before that."

"That is just the point — how did it happen?"

“My mother said that she saw no reason why a baby should not learn to know that a certain shaped mark was A, as easily as it could learn to know that certain spots in people’s faces were eyes. And, as a matter of fact, when she tried it—using big letters, of course—he, Jamie, knew, and could pick out the different letters just as soon as he could do any thing. She tried a variety of ways of teaching him words. I think she taught him a good deal by these big wall texts, scripture texts, because they are in such large print. She did not know how he did it, but he would recognize an ‘and,’ or a ‘the,’ or ‘to,’ or ‘by,’ or any little word that he was taught, quite soon. She said that he was learning tremendously all the time, about things,—about what was hard and what was soft, and about distances,—and he didn’t know the difference. It wasn’t any harder for him to learn what of reading he did learn, than to learn all the other things. You see, it wasn’t as though she had tried to teach him the difference between endogenous and exogenous. I doubt if Jamie would have taken kindly to that; but if he could see a plate and call it a plate, he could see an ‘and’ and call it an ‘and.’ And if he saw a plate forever, and wasn’t told the name of it, he would only be, in proportion, in the same condition as children who see marks on a printed page without knowing their names.

“And in reading, at first, he only read words up to his ideas. He had very few ideas, perhaps, and his words had to correspond. He did learn something of the formation of words, and when he was three he could read, with apparent intelligence, what could have meant very little to him; as he can do now, and as he does, for instance, when he reads a little Latin without being able to translate it. And the writing, — that was only a question of mechanical difficulty, really. In the same way that he learned how to pick up any object, he learned how to make a pencil form a letter A. When he knew the printed A and the written A, all he had to do was to make either one or the other, — a mere matter of training his eyes to observe, which children’s eyes do readily enough, and his hand to become facile, which is also natural enough.”

“Yes; but writing the words.”

“Oh, of course, he spelled like a little fiend; he does now. But spelling is, after all, a matter of observation. If he read ‘and’ with his eyes open — and children’s eyes are apt to be open — he would in all probability write it correctly.”

“Maybe there is something in that.”

“But how about the Latin and Greek, if he could just read when he was three?”

“Well, you understand, he had learned to read

without knowing it. He learned the difference between a comb and a brush, and between a C and a B, and the one seemed to cost him no more effort than the other. He never was called from any thing that was interesting him, to read or write. These things were regarded as separate amusements, and as much at his option as his playing with a rubber doll he had, though mother did all in her power to keep him to that view of it. As for the Latin, the letters being the same, he could read the words. A 'table' was called both a table and *mensa*; quite as admissible, you know, as calling it a table and a stand. A 'lamb' was a *hædus* and a lamb, a 'roof' was a roof and a *tectus*, 'and' was also *et*, etc. So he was taught to read a fable without any reference to cases or moods or tenses, and I thought it was wonderful. I didn't see how he did it; but still, it wasn't any more surprising than his knowing and doing a hundred and fifty other things that children know and do. And he was told more things all the time. *Mensarum*, for instance, meant 'of the tables;' and pretty soon, when he saw the termination *arum*, he would say 'of the,' and pluralize his word. And in the same way he learned something about verbs. It was surprising the way he seemed to catch on.

"As for Greek, he learned the alphabet in the same way that he learned the English alphabet. Such a

mark stood for such a sound, that was all. He can read the Greek words quite readily without knowing what they mean. He learned to read these in his reader just as he did the Latin; and what little French he knows he learned the same way."

"Well, I never heard of such a thing. I think it is simply because he is a prodigy."

"I don't believe you would think that if you would consider it. Jamie is ordinarily bright naturally, and I don't think precociously so; and I think one would only have to look at him to see that he hasn't been imposed on in the educational line. It is simply the way my mother taught him. Now, Jamie and I look alike, they say, and are enough alike for brothers, I guess; and my mother always told me," with a laugh, "that I was as up to the mark, as a small boy, as Jamie; but I couldn't do any thing that Jamie does. Why, I could hardly read two words when I was five, and hated those two. The reason was that I was brought up just like other children, in that one particular. My mother did not get her educational ideas until I was too old to begin on."

"Where did she get them?"

"Thought them out, I guess, as she did other ideas she had. But I know she was much interested in the way John Stuart Mill says he was brought up in the literary line, but I suppose you know all about him.

He, you know, could read Greek at three, and read a lot of it, and worked hard at it; and he insists that it is only what any average boy or girl could do. There have been plenty of children, who, when circumstances have been favorable, have learned to speak one or two languages beside their own when they were very small. That seems to me like more of a strain, really."

"Well, but, Sternhold, now that you are here in college, what do you do about teaching Jamie? You are always around every-where, and never seem to have to stay in for any thing. I don't even see when you do your own studying; and as for Jamie, it seems as though he must be out-doors from morning till night. Own up, now, like a man, even if it is some kind of witchery in an iron caldron."

"Come, now," said Craig, looking around at their faces to see if they didn't want him to stop; but there was such marked interest visible instead, that he took heart of grace, and went on, —

"I should think this would be an awful bore, and it is sort of personal stuff, too; but if you don't mind, I don't. As a matter of fact, Jamie doesn't get very much attention, compared with what other children get who are learning things. The hard part is pretty well over, it seems to me. About reading English, he does most of that himself. My mother always

had him read her something out of the Bible in the morning, and he does to me before breakfast. I like to have him read the same thing over pretty often, and take things he can understand, and then he remembers them. He likes to read, and has his own books. I don't suppose he reads very much. He will often read things that make people think he is very wonderful; but it is because the rhythm, or the words, or something about it interests him, even if he doesn't understand it. As for the writing, he does a very queer thing, I think. It sort of shocked me at first, but I couldn't see any harm in it, and when I thought about it, I encouraged him in it.

"I was writing to my uncle one day, and Jamie said he would like to write a letter. And he did; he wrote a letter to mother. It was about two weeks after her death. The next day he wanted to write again; and now, as a usual thing, some time in the morning, while I am over at the college, he writes a letter to mother. He will write quite a little, from two to four pages, and is quite particular about it. He might have let it slip, I suppose, but I generally remind him of it before I go. It seemed to me a very good thing, in more ways than one. It entirely settles the question of his writing, and, inasmuch as he is writing to mother, he tries pretty hard, I think, to have it his best. I always read it, and a few of

the words that he has spelled wrong I show him in print; and when he accustoms himself to the right way of spelling a word, by looking at it printed, he doesn't often slip on it again. Then, he learns to express himself, and, as he was very fond of his mother, and as she spoke to him about things different from what he hears spoken of every-day, he writes about such things to a certain extent. It is wonderfully educative; I know it is. I don't suppose I make myself very plain."

"What kind of things?"

"She used to talk to him about what and how he thought, for example; and so sometimes he writes down what he thinks, and queer enough stuff it is too. But it is an uncommonly good thing for him."

"But the Latin and Greek?"

"For one thing — I presume you will all laugh at this, and I don't know whether there is any use in it or not — after I have got out my Latin, for instance, I call Jamie, if he wants to come, and he always has so far, and read him the lesson, Latin and English, slow and easy, and without making any fuss about it. It doesn't take long. Then he picks out the words, and he has always been able to construe most of it correctly after I am through. Now that is some good, I am convinced, for he does remember it, and it familiarizes him with the words and the

look of the Latin, and the terminations, and I believe he is beginning to catch on to the construction.

"I do the same thing with the Greek. It only takes a few minutes if I am properly prepared, and he is very proud of it, and very much interested. You know, he thinks a great deal of being in college.

"Then at odd times — when it is raining, or before he goes to bed, or if he wants something to do, or when I can make up my mind to give him fifteen minutes — I read a little in his French books with him, or in his Latin or Greek Readers, just to see what he is doing; and then he generally reads a little something in one or the other, or all of them, every day. Jamie is really quite a busy little boy. My principal business in regard to him is to keep him out-doors, and all his little literary interests come in when they can."

"You haven't said any thing about arithmetic."

"He doesn't even know the word, I guess. He can add and subtract pretty well; I don't think he can do any thing else. He does it all in his head, and out-doors, I suppose: does it with trees or stones or sticks, — any thing. He is very accurate on small numbers, and that seems to me enough now. If he is familiar with the process, and feels confident, he won't be half so apt to fall into that horrible stupor

that comes over so many children when they first begin to wrestle with numbers. I haven't gotten over the dumb state I first fell into when I was given something to add on a slate, yet. I became sort of paralyzed, and my mind never would act right about it afterward. I haven't any doubt that a certain portion of mathematical science is natural and easy, if it is instilled into the youthful mind in a proper way, and time alone will show whether or not I have discovered that natural way for my young brother."

"Well, upon my honor, Sternhold," said Severn, "I have seen your head around the mill pretty often, at one time and another, and I won't say that I haven't admired it, but I never dreamed it held all this stuff. Why, you are a walking encyclopedia for the use of parents, teachers, guardians, and all those having the charge of children, on the great and growing educational questions of the day. Hear, hear!"

Sternhold laughed good-naturedly. "My ideas are not my fault. I was brought up that way."

"But, Sternhold, see here; if you have such almighty ideas about starting a youngster along so early, why don't you make Jamie bone down to it and study? According to your showing up, and for all anybody can see, he isn't made to work half so hard as some other children."

"He has got to be strong, first and foremost. I think he learns just as much this way, as a matter of fact, because his mind is taken in its most receptive state, and not prejudiced by dislike. But, even if he would take to being made to study, and like it, I wouldn't have him learn if it kept him in-doors, or kept him quiet. What is the good of a head without a strong body? I don't mean that it is absolutely useless, you know, but it means lots of misery. If my mother had odd ideas about children's minds, I think she had just as unusual ones about physical culture, though, of course, they wouldn't be so apparent. She didn't develop her educational ideas until I was a little beyond them, but she had her physical ones in time for me too. And even so far, I have had reason to appreciate them."

There was such an easy consciousness of strength about Craig, as he sat there with his arm over the back of his chair, and he carried it all so well, that not one of the group looking at him could help admitting that he had some reason for the faith that was in him.

"Jamie has had considerable attention paid to him in that way, and I feel so proud of him sometimes I don't know what to do. He can swim like a little fish, he can ride, he can go through all sorts of muscle strengthening and limber performances like a

little acrobat, and he is strong, and has lots of endurance and pluck. He has never had a sick day in his life yet."

"What will be the object of it all?" asked Miss Young. "Suppose he does go on as well as he has begun, what will happen? Will he get into college when he is twelve years old, or what?"

"That's so; what good will it be?" said Severn.

"I can't say that it will be any good in Jamie's case, though I have something to say about that. But now look at it this way. We come into college, we will put it between sixteen and eighteen. We read every day, say a little Latin and a little Greek. Not very much, now, is it? Nor so very well done. It takes quite a good while for most of us to get it out, fully as long as there is any reason in our giving those languages, if we do not intend to make a specialty of them; and yet we don't learn so very much, now do we? There isn't one of you fellows in ten, that are seniors, that can read Latin or Greek with real fluency."

Clifford and Severn looked at each other with a laugh that admitted that Craig's statement was not any too strong.

"Then, what do we have? — elementary chemistry (it is elementary, isn't it? — of course it is), elementary geology and botany and physiology; not a

very extensive course in German; an awful grind in mathematics, that comes hard to most of us, and doesn't always stick, does it, to you fellows that are through? Then the senior studies you take up, about which I can't pretend to say any thing, but at which you must get only a superficial look. But the most of the time of our first two or three years is on the whole given to Latin and Greek, isn't it?

"Now the good that it seems to me would come from a different way of beginning a child's education would be this: a boy or girl of twelve might easily, with a start such as Jamie has, have read a good share, if not all of the Latin and Greek that many college students have to read. It is not inconceivable at all. As a matter of fact that is so among the English boys who are being given a classical education. Look how much De Quincey had read when he was twelve or thirteen, though they do not begin the way we were talking about. Or if that seems pushing matters, it would not be too much to say that at fifteen or sixteen they could be more proficient in those languages, just for fitting, than most fellows who are through college. And taking an easy start, and with care and tact in the instructor, they should also have an elementary acquaintance with those subjects that are relegated to a college course, botany, geology, and so forth. Then we would have a state

of affairs in which students would go to college, not at twelve years old as you suggested, but to a much finer and more worthy course. There wouldn't be as much time given to Latin and Greek, and that time would, as a matter of course, be given with better results. There would be much more really literary and appreciative study given them. Studies in literature and the sciences would be carried much farther, and in a more scholarly way. Can't you see that it would be so?

"Now, of course, as I haven't much expectation that college courses will change in Jamie's time, — though this change will surely come, — I can't see that Jamie will reap any such benefit, but he will reap some. If he is able to read Latin and Greek easily, when he enters college, he will have every inducement to pursue his reading by himself, and it is to a great extent this working outside of limits and requirements that marks a real thorough student; and he can read more, and will, I think, stand a better chance all around."

"Who ever would have thought that this oracle was only a freshman? I can't get over it. Go on, Sternhold," said Severn.

"I don't see why some of you don't say something. I have thought I was at the end of my rope several times. But now suppose a boy is going into business,

and begins early, quits going to school at fifteen, say. He becomes educated. Any thing that keeps his mind intent and active is an educative; and it isn't quite fair to shut him out from all the things in the line of books and literature that other men enjoy; but this will be apt to happen to a great extent, if he leaves school at fifteen in the condition of mind common to most boys of that age. If he had been given an easy start, — the kind I mean, — he would really be in a very fair position at fifteen to be of much use to himself in a literary way; as much so, I am inclined to think, as some boys who in these days are college graduates.

"I don't expect you to give me much grace on this harangue, but I am sure these questions are worth thinking about."

"That's a fact, they are so," said Clifford, who had been silently glowering at Craig for some time past. "But I don't see where you got it all. Whatever made you think of it?"

"Oh, some of this college trash is out of my own head, I suppose; but the gist of it all, the what-would-make-me-think-of-any-thing-of-the-kind, is what I was taught — told — talked to about."

"I meant to ask," said Miss Cameron, "why it was that you put Jamie at the Latin and Greek? I should think that you would have accomplished the educa-

tive purpose, and been much more interesting, if you had begun teaching the child something of natural history, and that kind of thing."

"He has had a dose of 'that kind of thing'—all he could take easily, I guess."

"You just ought to hear him on bugs and ants, if he does talk about 'geologizing after bugs,'" said Miss Brooks.

"My mother used to walk with him, and talk to him. He had several collections of things, and was always bringing something into the house to ask about. Such things were his out-door play, and the reading and so forth his in-door play."

"Oh, that child is too wonderful by half," said Nan. "It makes me tired to even think of his poor little head. The Latin and the Greek was bad enough, but to think of his having to be burdened out-doors as well with all kinds of dreadful little animals! It is simply shocking!"

Miss Graham waved her hand and shook her head in token of her disapproval, while the others laughed.

"Jamie certainly seems to enjoy himself," said Craig smiling; "and he certainly doesn't get interfered with very often."

"Isn't he *ever* bad?" asked Nan incredulously.

"Oh, people that do not distinguish between what is inconvenient or inopportune or annoying, and

what is wrong, might say he is very bad. But it doesn't seem to me—and I know little enough about it, I'll admit—that a child well born and perfectly healthy, with kind, even treatment, and not too much interference, and with proper religiously moral instruction, will show any especial disposition to be bad. Uneven, fussy treatment, up one day and down the next, would make any child not fire-proof act bad about half the time."

"See here, I won't have it. I have stood this just as long as I think is proper," said Severn. "You know altogether too much. You have no business to know these things: you are too young. You ought not to have been able to make statements like these last few until you had been married—oh, once or twice. It is only becoming that a married man should have such sentiments."

"People ought to educate themselves for marriage before they begin it, just as they would for any other life work," said Craig; and, with that startling statement, he rose rather abruptly, and went off to another group.

There was an awkward silence for a moment after he left, and then Severn broke in with a laugh.

"No use in our sitting here and looking unconscious. We've got it now, every one of us. Never got hold of such a queer customer in my life." His

tone was so thoroughly admiring that even Clifford had no occasion to resent the words.

Jack Kirk, who usually had two words for every other person's one, but who had sat quite silent, in a state that sometimes seemed to border on horror, now said, in a tone of deep conviction, —

"He is queer; now, isn't he? But I made up my mind to swear by every word that ever came out of his mouth, when he kicked that last ball over the goal; and I haven't forgotten it yet."

"Well, *I* am very sorry for him," said Nan; "very. He will never amount to any thing, with such horribly solemn ideas. He will simply be useless. I feel that for a certainty, and it is such a pity, when he is so handsome. I don't see how his mother had the heart to ruin him that way. I haven't felt so depressed for weeks;" and Nan, turning to the piano, rattled off some college music that speedily brought all the singers in the room to the piano for a "sing." They sang college song after college song. Craig had such a fine voice, and was ready for solos, or choruses, or any thing, with such easy good will, that Miss Graham took pleasure in smiling at him as benignantly as if his mother had not utterly ruined him. Audrey was standing near Nan, and what was her surprise to find that when all were singing "The Poco's Daughter" with great vigor, Nan and Severn

were privately singing the chorus with much amusement, —

“Oh, Prexie, Prexie, keep your eye
On your fair-haired girl, for she is sly” —

Nan saw that Audrey had heard her, and laughed, but the hitherto unabashed Severn was covered with much confusion.

The society initiations had come off, and Craig went around, to the great delight of Severn and Cowen, and various other interested parties, with a fine new Lambda pin on his vest. He had been rather disturbed by this society business. He had liked many of the Lambdas very much, and had felt himself almost booked for them before he had met Clifford, whom he admired and liked more than any man in college.

He had only thought before that he might just as well join the Lambdas as not. Now Clifford was a Nu. Why couldn't Clifford have been a Lambda? Perhaps the Nus were, after all, the best society. He hadn't given his word, or even intimated that he would join the Lambdas. He had only accepted lots of favors that he didn't see how he could have refused without being mean. He didn't know what to do about it.

“Clifford,” he said one day abruptly, “are you the

kind of fellow of whom I can ask an honest question, and get a fair answer, without my being thought a muff ? ”

“ Try it, old man.”

“ I am awfully embarrassed about it, and it may be scandalously bad form for me to ask it ; but I wouldn't think of asking any one else in college ” —

“ Go ahead.”

“ Which is the best society, the Lambdas or the Nus ? ”

Clifford did not begin to show the shock he felt, but Craig reddened as he looked at him.

“ You know that I am a Nu, don't you ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ And that the fellows always stand up for their own society ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ You must allow me to ask a question also. Do you feel yourself in some sort of a way bound to the Lambdas ? ”

Craig did not answer immediately, and Clifford did not wait for an answer. He knew the state of affairs.

“ Well, I'll see what I can do. I wish you hadn't asked me that. I am a Nu. I like you, — I won't say how much. There is a little something in two fellows being in the same society. You must take all this into consideration in what I say.

"Now, for your question. I am not a rabid society man, though I believe in them. They do lots for a college, lots for the boys. When you average it up, I think the balance is very decidedly in favor of them. I would be glad to see most of the 'society feeling' here gone. Society feeling runs very high here, at different times.

"The Nus and the Lambdas stand ahead, I suppose. You seem to imagine that yourself.

"Now, for my honest opinion. I don't think there is a dime to throw up between them. To the members of each their own society is the best. They know most about it, you see. There is no denying, in my case for instance, that there are men in our society that I think are the crack men in college. I know them better. They have done more for me, perhaps. The Lambdas would say the same of their men. The character of a society changes to a certain degree every year; but as the two societies stand now, I don't see much difference. It is generally supposed that you will join the Lambdas. I am glad to have this opportunity to say a word to you beforehand. Don't narrow yourself down, Sternhold, whichever you join, to that one society. Don't school yourself, or allow yourself to believe that there is nothing outside of your society worth your consideration. Don't be afraid to make friends outside, for

fear of being thought lacking in society spirit. There isn't too much good, or honor, or true friendship around to make it worth your while to confine yourself only to that portion of it in your own society.

"And, personally, Sternhold, we ought to be friends, whichever society you join. If you join the Lambdas, don't get the idea that we can't be such good friends. You will think of that, won't you ?

"I take it that you have asked me your very unusual and very compromising question in confidence, and I have answered it in confidence. I wouldn't be very well satisfied to have my own men know what I have said to you," with a laugh. "And there is one thing certain, if you do end by wearing the Lambda pin, — if you want a compliment, — I shall feel that there isn't a better fellow in the college than one of the freshman Lambdas."

They shook hands warmly, and Craig felt more relieved and wished the year was to be longer, though it had only just begun. He wished, too, that Clifford wasn't a senior, and felt gloomy forebodings about the coming years when there should be no more a Clifford in those classic halls.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COFFEE HOUSE.

It was Sunday noon at the dinner table, and Mrs. Carver was looking exceedingly melancholy. A few of the ladies of the town had been very much worried over the disreputable, immoral, and unchristian condition of Water Street. They had not only decided that it was a disgrace, as had many of their predecessors and contemporaries, but had determined to try to do their best to help matters. They had rented a house, a corner house, on Water Street; and installed a delightfully clean little old Frenchwoman therein to keep a Coffee House.

In this Coffee House were to be sold cheap, clean meals and strong hot coffee. The working men of the neighborhood, and the loafers as well, were not to be left entirely to the mercy of the low eating saloons, where, as every body knew, the liquor ran rather easily for a no-license town.

The Coffee House was fixed up in an attractive manner, and good literature was distributed freely

with every cup of coffee; but even in the hopeful eyes of its hard-working projectors, the enterprise did not seem to be an unmitigated success. The workman and the loafer seemed to cling to their law-breaking doggeries with a degenerate conservatism that was disheartening.

However, some little progress had been made, and the Coffee House was still kept open.

Mrs. Carver was also at the head of a little movement in connection with it. She had recognized the great need there was of doing something for the Water Street children, and she had planned, in the goodness of her heart, to go down to the Coffee House every Sunday afternoon, and try to collect the children of the neighborhood for a Sunday-school.

Mrs. Carver was not a very strong woman, and it was a mile from her house down to the Water Street Coffee House; but she had walked down that hill regularly every Sunday afternoon, had toiled with the heirs of Water Street, and had climbed back up the hill, weary beyond words and generally discouraged.

She had not been entirely alone. Some other ladies had helped her. The superintendent of the church Sunday-school had come down to help sometimes, but hardly any one was to be depended on for every

Sunday, and she often had to open the school alone; and nobody who had not been in the rather dark little room, with its high counter and variegated benches, and its hilarious, tumultuous inmates, could guess at the physical and mental cost of spending an hour in there in the character of instructor.

So she was only making a pretense of dining, and was dreading her afternoon struggle.

Craig had often heard her experiences since he had been in the house; and he was thinking that she looked rather tired, and that, perhaps, it was pretty hard work for her. He was also thinking of having a good read and a good talk that afternoon with Jamie.

"Are you going down to the Coffee House this afternoon, Mrs. Carver?" he asked cheerfully.

"Yes," she said, with a weak attempt at a smile, "and I dread it. Those big boys do act so badly!"

Even while she was speaking, Craig became possessed of an entirely new idea.

Why was it that he, perfectly able to lend a helping hand in this matter, in some way at least, had allowed Mrs. Carver, who was any thing but strong, to go uncomplainingly, Sunday after Sunday, to this work, while he never even offered to help her? It seemed to him as though he was a mean, cowardly sneak.

"See here," he said, in a great hurry, "I don't know why I never thought of it before, but can't I help you? I can sing—I might do something—and I can bring down your papers and stuff for you, at any rate."

Mrs. Carver's face brightened in an almost magical way.

"You have no idea what a help you would be to me. Oh, I would be so thankful if you would only come!"

So it was arranged that Craig should appear at the Coffee House.

Mrs. Carver wished to see a sick woman on the way down, and Craig bargained to come afterward and bring the Sunday-school papers and picture cards destined to attract the infant mind.

Mrs. Carver started off that afternoon more hopefully. She did not expect a revolution from Craig's efforts to help, but it was vastly encouraging to have some one express interest and sympathy, and a desire to help.

"Well, Jamie, you'll miss your old brother this afternoon, won't you?" and Craig put Jamie on his shoulder and carried him upstairs. "You'll be a pretty good boy, won't you? I'll tell you all about it when I come back, and we'll have a nice long talk,—a nice long talk, won't we, Jamie? I expect

Mr. Carver would like to see you this afternoon, after he is through with his after-dinner nap. You will be careful not to disturb him before, won't you? And your books and every thing?—you were a splendid boy in church to-day. Yes, old man, we will have a good long talk when I come back. Good-by,” and he departed, with his goodly bundle of papers and cards.

He had never been in Water Street before, but he had no difficulty in finding the house. The front doors were part glass. Craig looked in, and saw that the room was full. He entered without attracting much notice, and stood in the corner of a stair-way leading to the floor above. There were one or two boys evidently older than himself. The most conspicuous ones were those from ten to fifteen. Up toward the front was a collection of little girls and little boys who did not do any thing worse than wriggle and whisper. There was such a buzz and noise through the room that it was as much as a minute before Craig discovered that Mrs. Carver was standing at the rear, by a small table, and that, with hands clasped before her and her eyes closed, she was praying. The boys made such a noise that he could hardly hear what she was saying, and then he discovered next that some one, he could not see who, was making a target of her, and was firing spit-balls at her.

He felt as though he would like to invite the whole *posse* to a good round fight, and thrash every one of them soundly. Why had he never thought of this before? Why had he been contented to sit around, amusing himself at home, while Mrs. Carver was going through a siege like this? He was, most undoubtedly, a sneak.

Mrs. Carver finished her prayer, and said, in a voice not too confident, —

“Now, children, if you will only try to be quiet a minute, we will sing. What would you like to sing? Some one suggest one of the hymns you have all learned.”

“ ‘Johnnie Morgan
Grinds the organ,
His sister plays the tambourine,’ ”

shouted one boy, and, of course, he was cheered to the echo.

“A hymn, dear. Try to be good, and we will sing something you all like.”

Mrs. Carver was alone, as she thought, and, as she could not sing herself, she was anxious to have the children suggest and start something.

“ ‘There is a happy land,’ ”

suggested a pale little girl mildly.

Mrs. Carver caught at the suggestion.

“ ‘There is a happy land.’

Children, now sing with a will.”

And they sang, and the words that were clearly distinguishable were, —

“ ‘There is a ha-ash house,
Far, far away;
There they have ha-ash
Three times a day.’ ”

Craig struck in with his full, strong voice, and carried the tune on with a rush. The more appropriate words that he sang prevailed, and the others joined in.

When Mrs. Carver heard Craig’s voice, a positively peaceful look came into her face, and she sat down.

Craig started another hymn, and another. When he stopped, Mrs. Carver, to his horror, said, —

“Now, children, there is a young gentleman from the college here, and he will speak to you.”

If she could have seen the look Craig gave her, she would have felt some compunctions; but she did not see it.

He worked his way up to the table, amid cat-calls and witty remarks at his expense. He did not feel pleasant.

“Fair play, now!” he called out when he turned

around. "You give me the floor now. You have had your innings."

"Yi," yelled an excited voice. "It's the feller that kicked the last goal at the game. Three cheers!"

And they gave three cheers then and there.

Mrs. Carver's hopes suffered an awful shock.

"You ought to know better than to cheer a fellow in a Sunday-school. I wouldn't have believed it of you," said Craig; and hurrying up on his temporary advantage, though at his wit's end for something to say, he began, "I will tell you about a hero, a real hero; a man that did something so brave and honorable and heroic that, though he died hundreds and hundreds of years ago, people talk to-day of what he did."

Then he told the story of Daniel in the lion's den, as well as he could, and knew he was succeeding, for every body was still, and every body was listening.

Mrs. Carver said afterwards that she had never known a minute of such quiet as there was in that room, while Craig was talking, since she had been going down there. Craig felt that they had to listen. It did not seem to him that he could have stood it if they had not.

He went on from the story of Daniel to a few

words about heroes of every-day life, and what made a hero, and what they could do to show real bravery, and grow to be men worth the name. He did not talk long. He didn't dare to. He meant to stop while they were still interested. They needed an outlet just because they had been quiet, and he struck up

“‘Dare to be a Daniel.’”

Most of them tried to sing too, and succeeded, carried on by his strong voice.

A couple of ladies and a gentleman came in, and Mrs. Carver said that they would now divide up into classes. The gentleman took the older boys. Mrs. Carver had the smallest children, and the others were divided between Craig and the two ladies. Every one shouted to be in Craig's class; and in spite of precautions to the contrary, defalcations occurred from the other classes, and Craig had about twice as many boys as he had the slightest hope of managing.

His boys, mostly about ten and twelve years old, sat up on the high counter, while he paced before them like a menagerie manager. As long as he could keep his eyes fixed on them he was all right. They would keep moderately quiet, only making a disturbance by trying to get nearer their teacher.

"You dumb fool," said one, punching his neighbor violently in the ribs. "If you don't quit a crowdin', I 'll knock you into the middle of next week."

Or it was, "If you stick your durned head in front o' me agin, I 'll pull your wool out."

But these remarks seemed to Craig a mere nothing, as long as they expressed interest in himself. The wit and impudence that the honorable gentleman behind him was receiving would have been vastly more exasperating.

Craig talked himself nearly blind. He did not dare to ask any questions, because the boys were sure to answer so brilliantly that the applause of their companions would have drowned him out. It was an exciting half-hour. Craig thought he had never before known what relief meant when Mrs. Carver said they would sing, receive their papers, and depart.

They sang every which way, yelling any words and almost any tune. The papers were distributed, and with many hitches the boys filed out.

Craig noticed that none of the little girls or boys made any move to go. He asked why it was.

"Because they set on us, and clouts us, and takes our hats, and chases we 'uns home," was the rather timid answer.

The boys were yelling like wild Indians outside

the door, and down the street. Most of them tore their papers into shreds, and threw them either inside the door or in the street.

The smaller children seemed to guard their papers very jealously, and to be very much pleased with them.

"It's awful, isn't it, Sternhold?" said Mrs. Carver, almost with tears in her eyes. "But I am sure they are better than they used to be. And they sang beautifully with you at first, and were so quiet. Oh, I do hope you will come again."

"Indeed, I will, Mrs. Carver. You may depend on me. I think you are too plucky for words. I can't apologize enough for not coming before. I don't know what ailed me. I never even thought of it. I'll get some more fellows, too. You just take courage."

And Mrs. Carver's opinion of "our Sternhold," as she usually called him, went up higher than ever.

Craig was as good as his word about speaking to others. Clifford said that he would be very glad to go down the next Sunday, and shouted with laughter over Craig's description of his experiences.

Audrey, who had an irrepressible interest in any thing out of the common, declared that she should go down.

"I wish you would," said Craig. "You would be

just the one, I know. Mrs. Carver will be so pleased she won't know what to do, when she hears you are going."

So on the next Sunday afternoon, Audrey was initiated into the mysteries of the Coffee House Sunday-school.

She reached there a little late; that is, she was on time, but there was some lively singing to be heard before she turned the corner. Clifford and Sternhold were singing with all their might and main, and the boys were not very much behind. They seemed to like to sing, and when they tried to pay any attention to words and tune, they did tolerably well; or so at least it seemed to Mrs. Carver, as she sat in her chair by the little table, looking at the turbulent mass before her, and thinking what a fine thing it was to have some one there to sing and speak, who did not feel so discouragingly afraid of boys as she did.

Audrey stood in the shadow by the door, and looked at different varieties of young persons before her. One of the oldest boys, quite a young man, was lame. Three or four boys were scuffling. A heavy-faced, dull-looking boy, with almost no forehead, was being nudged on each side, and his seat-mates were running straws into his ears and calling, "Canuck, Canuck!"

Upon the counter was a row of boys of all sizes,

and among them was one very noticeable little figure. He seemed to be about seven years old, and had a fair, thin face, with fair, thin hair. He was dressed in the gaudiest style, and some one had evidently taken the greatest pains with him. He wore a white collar covered with lace, a ruffled and lace-bedecked shirt. His suit was of black velvet or velveteen, trimmed with gold lace and gold cord. He wore fancy little high-heeled slippers, with large rosettes on them. There was no question about it in Audrey's mind: he was suffering absolute misery. His face alternately flushed and paled, his hands were clasped nervously, his knees and feet were pressed tightly together, his head was lowered. He seemed longing to get himself into as small compass as possible. The boys on each side of him kept crowding up against him. They whispered things in his ears, they pulled at his gold lace and his ruffles, they pulled his hair, they pinched him, they called each other's attention to some recently discovered curiosity about his clothes, and then seemed to go into convulsions of laughter over it.

Audrey felt on fire. It seemed just as though she were that little boy herself. She walked behind the benches, and around to the counter. She made the boys move up, and stood there by the little boy, holding his hand re-assuringly, and whispering to him that

it was all right, and not to mind, for she would take care of him. She had no doubt that the boys would turn their wit on her, but they didn't. They all looked at her in surprise, and examined her critically, for Miss Brooks was very pretty, and beauty hath charms, as well as music. Dick, who seemed to be a leading spirit, sat on the other side of Audrey's *protégé*. Audrey leaned over to him, —

“Just keep those boys from bothering the little fellow, won't you, while I 'm standing here?”

“Sure's you live, I will that,” was the good-natured answer. “Plague that brat and I 'll punch yer head,” he said to the next boy.

Sternhold had seen Miss Brooks cross over in the face of the enemy to the defense of the small boy, and in the slight pause between verses he whispered to Clifford, “Isn't she a brick, though!”

Clifford laughed and nodded.

The superintendent of the Sunday-school, Mr. Snell, came in at the close of the singing, made some brisk, energetic remarks, and proceeded to divide up the classes. He took the older boys, Mrs. Carver the little ones. Sternhold took his own boys, who began yelling, “I 'm in his class,” “Hyar I be, I belong with you,” “I 'm yourn,” with the exception of Dick, who stoutly asserted, “I 'm hern.”

Clifford collected some boys, and Mr. Snell turned to Audrey.

"Now this room is so full, will you take some boys to the room overhead, just up those stairs? It is the good lady's kitchen, and quite empty."

"Yes, if I have no more than six boys."

"Oh, certainly, only six, of course, — only six," and before Audrey quite knew what had happened, she was going upstairs, preceded, flanked, and followed by eleven boys, every one of them in the highest spirits, and all wild with delight at being able to explore the mysteries of Dame Clerie's upper apartments.

Her heart sank within her.

She felt something tugging at her dress. She looked down. It was that little monkey of a boy, in his gold and velvet. He was looking at her in a too complacent way, she thought. She was sure that his presence would incite the boys to worse behavior than ever, and she was so anxious not to fail, so that every body would know it. She expected ignominious defeat, but she was anxious to have it concealed.

But, after all, the little fellow held on so tight, and she had promised to take care of him, — she felt ashamed of herself.

"Come on, little man. What is your name?"

"Montmorency Montague Ler" —

"Yes; all right. You stay by me."

They were at the top of the stairs, and Audrey had her first view of Dame Clerie's kitchen, — an apartment to be ever after fixed in her memory.

The floor was bare, and spotlessly clean. The stove was polished to the last degree of blackness, and there was no fire in it. There were no chairs. There were two windows, and a door opening on a platform, from which steps went down outside the house. There was a wooden stationary sink, and an old shoe.

The boys were proceeding to execute a war dance.

Audrey hurried to the outside door. She felt that if she had her back against that, they at least would confine their orgies to the inside of the house.

"Now, boys," she said, in a brisk way, that was hypocritical to the last degree, "we haven't very much time, and I am awfully anxious to talk to you, and to get acquainted with you" — red-headed Jim tipped his hat, and made a low bow — "and I want to tell you a story to begin with. Which one of you boys is named Joseph?"

"Me."

"So 'm I," said another, with a wink.

They were all proceeding to claim the name Joseph, but she went on with seeming ease, "Only wanted to know, because I am going to tell about a Joseph." So she told the story of Joseph, and the boys seemed easily enough interested, for as long as she talked

just as fast as she could, they paid close attention. She hurried on to talking to them about themselves, urging them to try to be rulers themselves, rulers of themselves; urging them to try to aim, then and there, while they were young and there would be some chance of their succeeding, to be men worth something, men respected, and with money in their pockets, and with something to live for, and with some chance of being a help to some one else.

She had to receive a good many side remarks during that part of her talk; but still they were all listening very well, and the time must be nearly up, and she would be able to take her class down in triumph. She had received a great many compliments from them, and though these compliments were not elegantly expressed, they were as balm to her troubled soul. Some of the boys were leaning up against the walls, some were sitting on the stove, some were sitting in the sink. Miss Brooks had congratulated herself that there was nothing in the room that could possibly be hurt, but she had failed to notice a pail standing beside the sink. That pail was full of dirty water. If it had only stayed full, all might have been well; but Jim, tired of the by no means soft edge of the sink, jumped down, and not looking where he jumped, he struck the side of the pail, and over it went.

Miss Brooks's moral remarks came to an untimely end. The boys all rushed to the spot of disaster. The water was running over the clean floor. There was nothing to wipe it up with, though Audrey noticed gratefully, even in the midst of her distress, that every boy turned, the first thing, to find something to wipe the flood up with.

A door at the end of the kitchen opened. Dame Clerie had suspected trouble. She loathed these wretched boys who had previously made her life a burden to her. She was enraged. She broke out in a torrent of mixed French and English. She seized a broom. She raised it in the air. She brought it down with force on the spot where she thought a boy ought to be, but he was too quick for her.

The boys were in a frenzy of delight at this turn of affairs. Their brief concern for the mishap was gone. They danced. They jeered. They ran in the water, and tracked it over the floor.

Dame Clerie raised her broom to attack poor Audrey, so great was her excitement.

"No, you don't, old lady," hooted Dick, knocking the broom one side.

The boys were starting to run down-stairs and yell "Fire," or any thing else that would cause a panic.

"Oh, boys, please go down easy, *please* do," begged Audrey, stopping the foremost boy. "Just think,

we've gotten along so well, and that awful water," laughing in spite of herself. The boys laughed too, but quite softly; and moved by some strange impulse, they slipped down-stairs, without making any disturbance, and reached the door just as Mr. Snell was going to call them.

Montmorency Montague's face was the only solemn one in the group; he had not smiled once.

The afternoon closed very much as it had the Sunday before, but a new turn had in reality been given to the college life for that year.

CHAPTER IX.

WATER STREET PLANS.

CLIFFORD and Sternhold and Audrey talked about the Coffee House prospects as they walked back up the hill. Sternhold had learned something of its history from Mrs. Carver.

"I will tell you what I think," said Audrey decidedly. "I think it will be a shame to us if we don't take hold and do something ourselves. This is a good chance. We have lots of energy. It fairly runs to waste among us. Why not use it? If we really could be induced to be in earnest, and to believe in ourselves, and to go to work, we could actually do something down there, and not have it interfere with our regular work either."

"It makes me feel good to have you talk like that," said Sternhold. "I move we do something too."

"What could we do?" said Clifford. "I'm ready, only I hate to say much, and then see it all go off in smoke."

"That is what we will plan about. And I know

there are plenty more in college who will help. I can think of lots of things. We could start a men's reading-room, where it would be handy, you know, right here on Water Street; and a boys' reading-room, and get up occasional entertainments for the boys, or some kind of classes,—some kind of trades classes; for instance, to teach something of carpentry, or any thing you please. Then there should be a room for the older girls, and classes in sewing, and perhaps in cooking, and meetings for the women, and a Bible-woman, and a nurse just such as the London Bible-Woman's Society have, and lots of things."

Miss Brooks was quite out of breath, and the boys were laughing.

"No lack of ideas around you, that is certain, and I think they are immense," said Clifford enthusiastically. "You have said about ten times as much as we could expect to do, but we will have some of those things as sure as my name is Tracy Clifford."

"That is just the way I feel," said Craig. "How will we go about it? What shall we do first?"

"I'll tell you," said Audrey. "I know Miss Cameron will be just as interested as she can be. She is the finest girl I ever knew, and she has the greatest head for planning any thing. Now, why can't you two come over to the Masters' some evening—the sooner the better, to-morrow evening, if

you can—and we four will decide on some plan of action. Then we can interest others, and go to work.”

“Good! I like that.”

“Yes, that is just the thing. To-morrow night, I say.”

The next night, in the Masters’ front parlor, there was a highly interesting meeting.

After a little preliminary conversation on the state of various matters in the different classes, which necessarily should take precedence of every thing else, Clifford turned to the subject for the evening.

“I have been thinking of what you said, Miss Brooks, about the reading-room. I think that is a very good idea. I don’t know what those boys would do with a reading-room, I am sure, except tear up every thing that was in it; but I like the idea.”

“I do too,” said Craig doubtfully; “but it does seem as though it would be a bull in a china-shop over again, to have two boys I can think of in a reading-room.”

“I thought of a little something in regard to that,” said Audrey. “You noticed that lame young man, didn’t you? He looked about twenty. Well, he seemed quiet enough, and it really seemed very odd to me that he should come at all among those little boys if he wasn’t interested in some way; and there were three others that looked as old as eighteen, and

they really did not behave very badly, — only laughed at the disturbance.”

“Yes, that is so.”

“Well, I thought that if some of you, who have so much better chance in life, could take the trouble to speak to them, and get acquainted with them, and show an interest in them, you might find that they had some little idea of getting on in the world if they could. And they might appreciate a pleasant room to stay in evenings, and think they would like to see the daily papers, and have some books and magazines. And just those four, if they were interested and wanted the room, would be able to form a public opinion about it, and to keep order.”

“I believe there is a good deal in that,” said Clifford, in a tone of deep conviction.

“I have an idea of very much the same kind,” said Miss Cameron. “Those younger boys, who made such a fine disturbance, according to Audrey’s story, are probably much more formidable when all together, and in their own precincts down there in Water Street, than they would be separately, or in a different place. They probably act their very worst Sunday afternoons, and, as a matter of course, must have a better side. Now, it seems to me that if they were taken separately, or in small squads, you might gain some influence over them, and cause them to have some

sort of a desire, however weak, to stand well and be approved by you. It is this way, though I don't seem very successful about saying it, — down there at the Coffee House they regard you all as their natural prey. Whatever fun they can have at your expense is so much clear gain to them; but if they felt that they met you on a different level, as friends, they wouldn't feel quite so much pride in taking advantage of you."

"You ought to be a senior, Miss Cameron," said Clifford gravely.

"And if such a reading-room is opened," continued Miss Cameron, "I really don't think you would have so much trouble as you anticipate, if some of these boys were invited up here on the hill, to take tea and be treated as friends. Mrs. Carver would do it in a minute, I know; wouldn't she, Mr. Sternhold? And Audrey and I could have some here. Mrs. Masters is just as good to us as she can be; and there might be other places. If the boys once desired your respect, they would find inclination enough to change their behavior."

Sternhold leaned back in his chair.

"That reading-room looks as clear to me as daylight now. I couldn't imagine any thing before but a lot of torn Sunday-school papers, fit to play hare and hounds with."

"How will you go about starting the reading-room?" asked Audrey.

"There won't be so much trouble about that, — the getting the room part, I suppose you mean," answered Clifford. "We will look around on Water Street, and find a suitable room. Rents aren't high down there. We could raise a subscription in college to pay the rent, but we won't. These lazy folks here in town shall do it. Plenty of us know people here in town, and it wouldn't make much difference if we didn't. The rent won't be much, and we shall get it given. Some of these stores down here shall give us a couple of tables and some chairs. They'll just have to, if we put it strongly enough. And I can vouch that we won't have any trouble about getting magazines and papers and books given. The thing won't be any expense, really; but it will take tact, and watchfulness, and continued interest, and that is what we must swear to give and get given, if we start it."

"Good!"

"What else?" said Sternhold.

"That is something for the boys, and you two will see to getting it up. Now I am awfully interested, secondly, in getting a nurse Bible-woman started, who will go around regularly among those Water Street houses, get acquainted with the people, and be able to

make suggestions and give advice about having cleaner and more orderly rooms, and about the care of children, and make herself useful generally among the women."

"That will be a good deal more of an undertaking," said Clifford thoughtfully.

"Yes, I think it will, but it ought to be done. Mrs. Masters said there was no such person, and that nothing of the kind had been done."

"What made you think of it?"

"Oh, I was interested in the London work of that kind. I went around in some of the worst districts in London with three of the nurses, and had a pretty fair view of what could be done by such means, and of what was done. It isn't my idea."

"Why, have you been in London?"

"I spent part of last winter there."

"Did I ever!" said Sternhold. "I knew you came from California or somewhere, but I didn't know you had been to Europe. Were you on the Continent?"

"Yes, I went around a good deal."

"How long were you gone?"

"A little over a year. I came back last May."

"Why, when did you fit for college?"

"Oh, I had plenty of chance to study. But we ought to go on with the nurse, oughtn't we? what are we going to do about her? You approve of her, don't you?"

"Yes, of course," said Sternhold, rather absently.

"I think we can even get around that," said Miss Cameron. "Do you know that smiling old woman in our church, Mr. Clifford? She always sits in a back seat,— 'Old Mother Comfort' they call her, though she isn't old at all, not over fifty, and is as lively and fresh looking as can be. I think her real name is Comfort Hodge. Her son, the only one she had, was killed in some way about five years ago, and she lives alone in a little bit of a house with a little bit of a garden. She hasn't very much to live on, but she is the best old woman, always gives three boys a Christmas dinner and a New Year's dinner, and is constantly called out by her neighbors if any thing is the matter with them. She is as good as gold, and is constantly saying she wishes she could do more to show how thankful she is for her mercies. She would be just the woman. Anybody would like her, for she isn't in the least interfering, and is ever ready to help. Now, if we could pay her a salary, and supply her with all sorts of things that she would need, we would be just fixed, wouldn't we?"

"Do you know, Sternhold," said Clifford in an injured tone, "I believe this is a put-up job. Our two friends here have talked this thing all up, and have planned what to say and do, and that is what makes them seem so much more brainy than we are." .

Audrey took it all in earnest, and looked very conscious.

"We couldn't help talking about it," she said apologetically, and then she had to stand being laughed at.

"Suppose 'Old Mother Comfort,' as you call her, will accept this office, and I should think it would be any thing but a pleasant one, how are you going to run her?" asked Craig.

"We will have to get the money out of people here in town some way," said Miss Cameron. "We will go around to ladies we know,—that makes me shudder,—and try to interest them, and see what they will do about it. I think it is a great deal harder to interest and get money out of indifferent women than out of indifferent men."

"That is one scored for us," said Clifford.

"Oh, it isn't inherent, don't think I meant that," said Miss Cameron quickly. "I think the trouble is that most women don't have their own money, and so, if they are indifferent, there isn't much reason why they should make any little necessary sacrifice in order to get the money, or take the trouble to wrestle with their husbands about it; though if they were interested to begin with, I would stake them against anybody or any thing. And the men,—an indifferent man might accede to a request for

money simply because he didn't wish to seem small, and because he felt accountable to no one, and able to buy his peace without the chance of being found fault with for it, and without its inconveniencing him."

"That is so!" and Craig seemed to be in earnest as he went on, to Clifford's astonishment. "I wonder why more women don't have a business, or do something, and be and feel independent. They would get twice as much out of life. Just imagine a whole-souled kind of a man tied down to living off his wife's money, and asking for it at that, and just attending to matters around the house from year's end to year's end."

"There is no comparison whatever," said Clifford. "But I know you are just fooling. A woman rules in the home, and is supreme there."

"Called petticoat government, isn't it?" put in Audrey.

"And her duties are such that a trade or profession for a married woman would be subversive of all home life, and would interfere with the order of society, and" —

"Take her out of her sphere," suggested Miss Cameron.

"Yes, would take her out of her sphere," accepting the suggestion gratefully, and not doubting its sincer-

ity. "I don't believe a woman should do nothing, simply because she is a woman. She will find plenty to do in one way or another, if she feels so inclined. But a married woman has one chief business, and that is the home. That should be her world. As for these money matters, they could be arranged easily enough, I am sure, and in a way that would be conducive to her independence and true womanliness."

"There it is again," said Miss Cameron, in a lofty way. "Always what woman should or shouldn't do; what is correct, and what isn't. Can't get even a senior and a freshman together to talk about a boys' reading-room, but they will settle between them the exact duty of woman, — lovely woman. Woman as a whole, spelled with a big W, this her duty, and thus it should be performed!"

"Why, I thought you agreed with me," said Clifford, passing his hand over his broad, square forehead, and biting his mustache. "I think some things in reference to women might be changed with good advantage, but I don't see the use of upsetting every thing, and striking at the basis of the home."

"Come off, Clifford," said Craig. "Nobody wants to strike at the basis of the home here. I don't. The home is going to be my hobby, — when I get a little older. But for my part I don't see why this home

business should all be shelved off on the women. That is a pretty way of getting out of it, to my mind. Another thing, I don't see what right you have to declare that all women, all married women, should, by the mere act of getting married, force themselves to run in one groove all the rest of their lives; any more than that you should say that all men on getting married should immediately become shoe-makers. Some women could make a science and a profession out of housekeeping. All well and good, give them a chance. Some women couldn't, and yet have energy and activity and interests that must be satisfied. They should have their chance. But, dear me, what does ail us? We were on that nurse last, weren't we, and here we are entirely at sea about it?"

"I feel as though you were all down on me," said Clifford, "but I don't know why. I said the very nicest things I knew. They may have been badly expressed in some way, but I still think what I said."

"All right," said Miss Cameron, laughing. "I am only thankful that you did not attempt to take any thing back. I know what that would have amounted to, from of old."

There was a twinkle of amusement in Clifford's eyes, and they all returned to the discussion of Old Mother Comfort.

Before they shook hands all around that night, they had decided on what steps to take for the furtherance of their new project, and each one felt that this thing was sure to grow.

As a matter of fact, in the course of two weeks' time a reading-room was opened every evening for the Water Street boys, and another for the Water Street men; and Old Mother Comfort went around from house to house, and from room to room, more and more cordially welcomed and eagerly looked for every day.

"I am afraid they wouldn't like me to come," said Old Mother Comfort, rather nervously, when Miss Young, Miss Cameron, and Audrey broached the matter to her one afternoon in her neat little sitting-room. "They 're an awful noisy lot, they say, and won't take no interference."

"But you don't know how to interfere, Mother Comfort," urged Miss Cameron, "so that will be all right. And just think of it, — think of some of those women, real young and ignorant, and with little miserable children, that they don't half know how to take care of. Why, I do believe this very minute some poor baby has pulled a great scalding kettle of water over onto itself, and is standing there screaming and trembling in perfect agony, while its mother is screaming for some neighbor, and doesn't know what to do, — and you are *such* a hand with burns!"

Old Mother Comfort had risen hastily, and started for her bonnet. Miss Cameron's little sketch was full of reality for her, and she was going to the rescue of the little sufferer immediately. The girls held her back, and, with a good deal of laughter and mixed explanations, got her to sit down again.

"But you 'll go, won't you, Mother Comfort? You can just try it, any way."

Yes, Mother Comfort would go, though she had many misgivings about the same. What should she take, and what should she do, and how should she begin?

"I 'll tell you all about that," said Audrey. "You shall take a bag — a good-sized bag — and you will have a lot of things in that bag. We will get every thing for you. You shall have lint in it, and some rolls of stuff for bandages, and scissors, and needles and thread, and a little jar of Liebig's Extract of Beef; and after a while, when you know what you want, you shall carry some kind of simple cough medicine, and some kinds of liniment and salve. If you can give those people medicine with a name to it, and talk with them about how they feel, they will love the ground you walk on. You must wear a lovely big white handkerchief around your neck, and a lovely great white apron, and then you will look simply stunning, and so dazzlingly neat that

it will clean a room to have you go into it. You are just too lovely for words, any way, Mother Comfort." And the good old lady said "Tush," and "Nonsense," and looked highly pleased, and the other girls said the same thing over again.

"Well, next," continued Audrey, "you will go down there to Water Street, and find that there is a tolerably new baby somewhere,—a new baby is the best,—or else that some one is sick. You go in and smile and say, 'How do you do?' and they will look suspicious. Then you will say it is a miserable time of year, and awfully hard on poor people; then, that you have a kind of medicine, and that you had heard of her case,—this is the sick woman, not the baby; you won't have a bit of trouble if it is a baby,—and that you want to talk about it. Unless she is a very hard case, which she won't be, Mother Comfort," re-assuringly, "she will begin to talk, and you will listen. You will bustle around and air the room—be sure to do that—and straighten the furniture, and shake up the bed-clothes, and give her some simple thing you think will be good for her, and talk a little. You can't do very much the first day, but when you go, say you will come again. The next time you will do more for her, wash her, perhaps, and fix her hair, and air the room again, and put up some bright picture-cards. We will keep you

supplied. Or you can take her flowers; we will see that you have what you want. Pretty soon, she will just lie and wait for you, and will tell you all about herself, and about the other people in the house; and you will read the Bible to her, and talk to her, and do just what your kind heart will lead you to do. She will tell the others in the house, and they will nod to you on the stair-ways, and show the children to you, and ask you to step in and see the baby that seems ailing, if you have time. So it will go, and you will be interested, and will have a chance to do more good than any of us can dream of. You shall start day after to-morrow, if you will. We will have every thing ready for you."

Mother Comfort heartily agreed, and at nine o'clock in the morning, two days after, she started out on her rounds. She carried her bag, and felt herself fully equipped. But the nearer she came to Water Street, the more her heart sank within her.

It was all very well for those young ladies to talk so finely, and it sounded well enough at the time; but now it was quite a different thing.

However, she plucked up her courage, and went on. Just as she turned the corner into Water Street, she saw a little girl with a pitcher.

"Child," she said, and her voice sounded strange to her, "is there a new baby in this street?"

She remembered that the youngest of the young ladies had seemed positive that she would have no trouble if there was only a new baby.

"I should think as much," was the scornful answer. "Right down there, there across the street, where there's a red flannen-petticut a hangin' from the window. There's a new enough one to suit you; 'tain't more 'n a day old."

"Thank you," said Mother Comfort, and she went on to the sign of the "flannen-petticut," but not with the satisfaction that she had thought would pervade her soul if she could only hear that there was a new baby in Water Street. She entered the open door, and looked around. A woman stuck her head out of a door down the passage.

"Good-morning," said Mother Comfort. "Where is the new baby?"

"Upstairs, first door to your left."

Mother Comfort knocked at the door answering to this description, and entered.

The room did not seem to be quite such an abode of desolation as she had anticipated. There was no one in there, but the young mother in the bed in the farther part of the room. She seemed very young, and her pale, pretty face aroused Mother Comfort's ready sympathy.

"Good-morning, dear, and how do you feel this

morning?" she said in her cheery, kindly way. "I came in to help you a little. Yes, you do need it, dear, don't you? To be sure, to be sure. And who is doing for you, dear?"

"One of the neighbors, ma'am. She was in this morning to say she would be in later. My husband is off to his work."

Her voice was weak.

"There, there, dear; we won't say any more just now, will we? Your neighbor is a busy woman, and I'm not, and I'll just lend a hand this morning. Many and many is the baby I've handled. They all like me, dear. Let's see its little face."

The woman turned down the corner of the bed-clothes.

"And a fine child it is, to be sure. A boy or girl?"

"Girl."

"And a great comfort she will be to you. There, dear, just keep easy, and you shall be fine and comfortable soon."

Mother Comfort bustled around the room, picking up scraps, and putting water to heat. Then she gathered the dirty dishes,—some that had been used for Mrs. Doyle,—into a pan; lowered the window from the top, sewed up a rent in the curtain, straightened a picture on the wall, and made the room look quite neat.

Poor little Mrs. Doyle followed her with grateful eyes.

"And you didn't feel like eating much this morning, did you? No, I see you didn't. There, there, dear! Now, this water is warm, and I will wash the baby."

"Its things are in the box," said the woman, looking toward the shelf where stood a box covered with red canton flannel and white cotton lace. "I wish they was better."

"There, dear; how nice you did fix baby's things, to be sure! They are as neat as can be. They will soon be small for such a fine, large child as this, though. You have no idea how nice she will feel when she is all fixed up. You are a beautiful baby, you are! Yes, you are!"

So Mother Comfort, with a good many remarks that brought something like a smile to the poor little mother's face, washed the baby and dressed it, and declared that it was the finest baby she had seen in many a long day.

Then she did her best for the woman herself, and had the satisfaction of seeing her lying there, cleaner and more comfortable, and looking proudly at her very clean and very comfortable baby.

"Now, dear, I know a great deal about babies and about young mothers like you, and you won't let

any one try to give you any spirits, will you? It will be so bad for you, and heighten your chance of a fever. And don't let any one give gin to the baby for wind colic or any thing else. These people have such queer ignorant notions sometimes, that they will urge you to give something of the kind to your baby; but you won't, will you? And, now, dear, I will just kneel down here by your bedside, and we will thank God for you and for the baby, and pray that it may be a blessing and a comfort."

After a short prayer, old Mother Comfort put on her bonnet again, and took up her bag to go. But she had forgotten the beef tea. So she broke some bread into a clean bowl, put in a good spoonful of her extract of beef, poured on the boiling water, and little Mrs. Doyle had a fine bowl of beef tea.

"Good-by, dear. I'll be in again to-morrow morning to see how you are getting along."

And old Mother Comfort was no longer a stranger in Water Street.

CHAPTER X.

TROUBLE.

THERE was a cloud over the college. One morning in chapel there seemed to be something very strange in the air. While the last bell was tolling every one was talking, but not in the usual way. They talked in low tones and whispers. The boys who were still down-stairs were standing in small groups, and any new-comer joining them either seemed to know the one subject of conversation, or being informed, let off some mighty expletive, and at once began a low, eager questioning. They came up the stairs slowly instead of taking two and three steps at a time.

Nearly all the faculty were in chapel, and that was something unusual. They all looked grave.

The President seemed more dignified, more reserved, sadder than ever. The unreadable expression on his face, that attracted Craig so much, was more noticeable than ever.

Some of the boys laughed, and made jokes that seemed to jar; but all the better men in the college seemed grave and rather depressed.

"It's awful!" said Severn, after chapel. "Awful! I am glad it is none of our fellows."

"It will be expulsion, of course," said Hartranft, another senior, slowly. "Prex will never let it go. It will get out all over by to-morrow."

"Dame was one of them, you are sure?"

"Yes; kind of rough to have a junior in a thing like that. Generally, if a fellow pulls through the sophomore year without being bounced, he can keep down enough deviltry to let him stay through."

"And Peters, — I never thought Peters was much, one way or the other. It seems queer it should be Peters."

"Well, he was a sneak, though it does seem to be mean to have a lot to say against a fellow as soon as he is down."

"And Allen — I am deuced sorry about Allen," said Severn; "there isn't much to him, perhaps; but he is young, and his father is a hard-working old chap up our way. I've seen him often, and he thinks his son is a flower."

"He got in with that set, Bulstrode and Dame and Cary and Larkin, when he first came," said Armstrong. "Anybody could have told that if he stayed with them of his own accord, and liked them, that he wouldn't amount to much; but, then, it is rather rough that it has turned out this way."

The juniors had even a more personal interest in the matter.

"I hate to see one of our class bounced," said Middleton, "even if it is the Dame. Never liked him, but I hadn't any thing against him."

"Pretty rough. Queer Bulstrode wasn't in it. Where was he?" asked Cowen.

"He was out of town. I feel just sick. Never saw Prex look so in my life as he did in chapel; and Keeler, and even Graff, new as he is, and St. John. Did you see St. John?"

Peters was a sophomore, so the sophomore class was touched; and Allen was a freshman.

"One of our men, too," said Jack Kirk. "Never had any thing to do with Allen myself, but I don't see why our class couldn't have kept out of it."

"I haven't ever spoken to him that I know of," said Garrison Colfax. "Don't know why a fellow must act like an ass."

"I didn't know him either," said Ed Hastings; "but I thought he didn't seem like half a bad fellow."

"Well, I knew him some," said Sternhold. "Don't know when any thing has cut me up the way this has."

And they went into the recitation-room, speaking about it in a low voice. Every one else in the room

was speaking of the same thing; they could see that. They were hardly seated before Allen came in. A dead silence fell upon all in the room. Allen sat down in a bravado way, leaned over to the fellow next him, and asked some question about the lesson. He was answered in a constrained manner, and the recitation began.

"It won't be long before all those fellows have notes, requesting them to discontinue their attendance at recitations for the present," whispered Kirk to Sternhold.

It was generally supposed that Dame, Peters, and Allen were alone implicated. Some of the boys knew a good deal about it, and said so. But there would be an investigation of course. This was, by all odds, the most serious thing that had happened in college for years; there were very few men in the college who saw fit to laugh at it or turn the matter into a joke.

The President, Professor St. John, Professor Keeler, and Professor Powers, who was the oldest man on the Faculty, would carry on the examinations. President Graham had been out of town on the night of the trouble, and had only returned early the next morning.

It was generally understood that all the fellows rooming in the college would be called up to tell

what they knew. Those in North College would go first.

Bulstrode was summoned first. He was soon dismissed, as he had the President's leave of absence, and was known to have been out of town.

Some of the boys knew a good deal, some knew nothing.

Severn was called, and his examination became a source of great amusement among the Faculty, in the college, and, as a matter of course, abroad through the town.

"Where were you on Tuesday night, Mr. Severn?"

The President's lips shut up tightly after every question. His voice was calm and business-like.

"I was out." Severn seemed uneasy. As a matter of fact, Severn had spent the evening from eight until after eleven in the President's back drawing-room with the President's beloved and only daughter. One of the President's rules, and one of the few in regard to his daughter that he had been able successfully to insist on, was that none of the college boys calling in the evening, and their name was Legion, should stay after ten o'clock. The President being at a safe distance on this Tuesday night, and not expected to return until the next morning, his ten-o'clock law vanished into thin air. Both Nan and the entertaining and entertained Severn

quite forgot the flight of time until after eleven o'clock.

"Dear me, how exceedingly dreadful!" exclaimed Nan, in a pretty little flutter. "How ever do you suppose it happened? After eleven! What ever would my father say? Now you must go,—how shocking! Promise me that you'll never, never tell," solemnly.

"I'll never, never tell," with a smile.

"All right. Good-by. Now, remember."

So Severn, with dreadful feelings inside of him, said, "I was out."

"Where were you at eleven o'clock Tuesday night?"

"I wasn't in the college building."

"So it seems," with a touch of sarcasm. "Will you kindly tell us where you were at eleven o'clock on Tuesday night?"

"I had rather not," said Severn still more uneasily.

"Mr. Severn, Mr. Severn, you will think better of that," put in Professor St. John earnestly.

"Mr. Severn, you will please state at once where you were at eleven o'clock Tuesday night."

The President was not to be fooled with, and Severn had a horribly keen realization of the fact, but he hung out a little longer.

"I was out," was the dogged answer.

The President looked him full in the face, and simply said slowly, and with what seemed to Severn a wonderful amount of meaning, —

“You will now favor us by telling us, Mr. Severn, where you were at eleven o’clock on Tuesday night.”

Severn looked at all the professors. They seemed nervous. This examining business was not pleasant, and they liked Severn, and they dreaded to find out the reason of his hesitancy. Professor St. John alone returned his look, and to him he addressed his answer, given in a rather weak tone, and with a convulsive desire to laugh, now that the climax had been reached.

“I was — I was, at eleven o’clock on Tuesday night, over in — in” — President Graham dropped his eyes, and his mouth twitched nervously — “in President Graham’s rear drawing-room.”

Professor St. John hastily raised his hand to his face, to conceal the smile that would come. Professor Keeler coughed spasmodically, and the veteran of the flock, judiciously tipping his chair back to take himself out of the President’s range of vision, laughed openly.

“That is sufficient. You are dismissed,” said the President in a low voice.

Severn went. As soon as he was outside of the door he laughed until he felt weak; he leaned

against the wall and laughed; he went over to his room in South College, threw himself on the sofa, and laughed until the boys threatened to throw water on him. They were all in there waiting, — Hartranft, and Cowen, and Kirk, and Colfax, and Hastings, and Sternhold, — and they had been talking about the most solemn things, in the most solemn and depressed way. They were *sure* Severn knew nothing about the story, except by hearsay, and did not expect much from his examination; but they were interested in having him come back, and had been waiting for him, and it was too bad to have him roll on the sofa and laugh like a fool.

It was too good to keep. When Severn caught his breath he told the whole thing, while the boys shouted, appreciating the situation to the fullest. They had been in suspense an unnaturally long time, and now they laughed until their sides ached.

Other boys in South College heard the noise, and came tumbling in to investigate.

The story flew over the college. Craig saw Miss Brooks starting for home across the Green, and hurried after her to tell her the story first, and before Audrey was quite over little outbreaks of laughter about it, she had hurried over to Nan, and told her; and Nan, who had the keenest sense of humor, was almost hysterical about it. The dinner bell rang

while they were talking, and Audrey stayed to dinner. When the girls entered the room, in a state of irrepressible mirth, in spite of the gloom that had hung over the house for two days, Mrs. Graham felt much surprised, and also relieved.

The President asked Audrey what was the matter, and she answered, "Nothing," in a vague way, but Nan laughed, and said that Audrey was afraid she would be "examined." Audrey laughed. She was afraid of falling in the President's estimation, but she couldn't help it. She laughed, and then she grew red in the face, and stammered out what the matter was — that she had just heard of Mr. Severn's examination. Then the President himself laughed, and told the story in a funnier way, even, than Craig had told it.

But that was the only amusing thing about the business. Dame and Peters were expelled. Allen was suspended. He was younger, and was supposed to have been led astray, and, more than that, a certain gray-haired old man had been seen around the President's house, and the boys whispered to each other that it was Allen's father. He had pleaded and begged for the boy, and had said that the boy's mother was sick, and that it would kill her. He seemed hopeless and bowed down, and said that this trouble had made him old. He had longed for an education himself, but things were against him, and he had

resolved that this boy of his should go to college, and should know no trouble and pinching about it; he and his wife would do the pinching and scraping and niggardly saving. They had done so, and this had come of it. And now his wife was ill, and his boy disgraced.

It was rumored among the boys that Allen's reprieve could be referred to the gray-haired old man. The President talked for a steady hour with Allen in his study; the boys saw Allen go in and come out. Then Allen went up to his room in North College, and got his umbrella, and said good-by to no one, and left the building. He went down the hill and never looked around, and a gray-haired old man met him silently at the station.

So the father took back the boy that he had sent off so proudly, and with so much rejoicing, not so very long before. Craig, standing in the door-way of the college, watching Allen's vanishing figure, vowed that if he came back to college, he, Craig Sternhold, would greet him like a friend, and do for him whatever one boy could do for another. And Clifford, standing at his window, was determining the same thing.

This trouble in the college had the effect of bringing the students more closely together for a time, — made them think more seriously of their every-day life in the college, and of their influence over each other.

The college prayer-meeting that week was very full. It had never been so well attended. Nearly all the boys in college were there.

Severn and Clifford and Hartranft had thought that they ought to take the opportunity the meeting presented to speak their minds on certain subjects, and they did so. They were regarded as the three leading men in the senior class, and were respected and looked up to by all the boys, whatever their class or society. They spoke very earnestly of their influence over each other, of the effect that their taking a manly, honorable Christian stand in the college would have on themselves, and on others, and of their responsibility in that direction. The President came in toward the close of the meeting, and sat down. Hartranft, who was leading the meeting, asked him if he would say a few words. He did so.

Hardly a student in the room forgot what he said that night. He spoke of the recent trouble in the college, — it was the first time he had publicly mentioned it; he spoke of the opportunity to start on again with new vigor, and braver, truer purpose; of the high standard of public opinion in the college, which they must create; of what they individually and collectively must do for their college; and of how much their subsequent usefulness and real man-

liness depended on their lives and aims while they were in college.

He stayed after the meeting was over, and talked with the boys. He did more to win the loyalty and affection of his students that night than he had done in many a long day. Some of the boys were always very enthusiastically in his favor from the beginning, impressed by something about him, they could hardly tell what,—Craig was one of these; others disliked him; but that evening there was not a boy in the room who did not feel as though he ought to be a better man for having had Dr. Graham for a president.

A good many of the college boys had been pressed into the Water Street service.

The men's reading-room, with some little attention, ran itself. When the boys first began to talk about such a reading-room, they were informed that that kind of thing had been tried before, and had resulted in complete failure. On investigation they thought they discovered facts that rather weakened the effect of this statement. It seemed to them that a little too much had been expected of the men in one way, and that they had been treated too much as unruly subjects in another. There had been too many rules and regulations, and too much charity about it. The boys meant that their room should

simply be a warm, open room, for the free use of the men who chose to enter. There was to be little that they could damage, and if they damaged that little, there was to be no fuss made. Some games were put into the room, and enough reading matter to go around. The men came and went as they pleased. At first that seemed rather informal and unruly, and sure to come to grief; but there was very little grief it could come to. To some of the men a warm, comfortable room was a great convenience. These naturally endeavored to have the room kept for its intended use, and were in the main successful.

In the boys' room it was different. There the mere love of making a row would be apt to lead to serious difficulties. Miss Cameron's plan had been tried, and the boys who had been invited out to spend the evening, as she suggested, seemed to feel it as an honor, and on the whole tried to behave as well as they could. They immediately behaved better in the Coffee House Sunday-school, and Mrs. Carver's soul rejoiced within her.

The lame young man, Sam Rand, and three others had seemed very much pleased with the idea of the reading-room, and had promised to do their best for it if it were left to them; and that was what the college boys wanted. If the Water Street boys would be interested in a reading-room, and care to

have it just for themselves, and to run it themselves, it would be sure to be a success.

Craig was down town one evening, and thought he would walk around to the boys' reading-room, and see how they were getting along.

He had beatific visions, as he walked, of clean, orderly boys sitting by the tables, industriously reading or playing games. He imagined them looking up pleasantly, for he was a favorite with all of them, and knew it. He thought what a fine educative thing a reading-room was, especially if left to the boys themselves to run, and what a change for the better! He imagined himself sitting down and having a chat with some of them. It was lots of fun to talk to Dick; the boy was working in a box factory, and seemed very ingenious and ambitious. Sam Rand seemed like a well-meaning sort of a fellow too. He liked to read, and was reading an English history with the greatest interest.

Craig reached the house in which the reading-room was situated. There was undoubtedly a great deal of noise coming from some room in the house, but of course it could not be from the reading-room. The nearer he came to the reading-room door, the more reason he had to distrust his former conclusions. He opened the door, and saw a fine sight. Sam Rand sat in one corner of the room with a book. He was

the only one in the room holding any kind of reading matter. All the books and papers had been piled away on some shelves. Craig felt grateful for that. He thought it showed how careful the boys had grown to be. The boys were yelling like little demons. They had cleared away the chairs, had piled them on a table, and were using the other table for vaulting purposes. The table was high and wide, and no boy had yet vaulted it successfully.

Dick tried it. He struck flat on the top of the table, amid the jeers and shouts of his friends.

Jim tried it. He nearly did it; he struck the table nearer the edge, and rolled off on the floor.

No one had seen Craig.

He stepped over from the door, and said, "Here, let me do that!" and over he went, as easily as though he had been walking down-stairs.

"Three cheers for Sternhold!" and the boys complimented him volubly.

He sat on the edge of the table, and coolly surveyed the room.

"Nice thing to have a reading-room, isn't it, boys, — so improving?"

They laughed.

"Neat way you have your books fixed. Makes 'em easier to get at, doesn't it?"

Another laugh.

Sam Rand turned around.

"The little beggars would do it," he said. "Welsh and Lane," two of the older boys, "couldn't make 'em stop, and went off. I stayed to remind 'em about the books. I expect some of 'em do get kind of tired in the mills, them that's workin', and want a little row; but they know better 'n to do it in here."

Dick looked a little sheepish, but he said with some gusto, "You 'd just ought to a seen the set-to we give Welsh and Lane. The whole on us went for 'em, and they wa'n't nowhere."

"Do you feel as though you had sort of worked it off now?" asked Craig with interest.

"Just about, I guess," chuckled Jim. "I'm sore all over, lame, from thwackin' that table top."

"Because if you feel easier," said Craig, "you might as well put back the chairs, and fix out the reading stuff."

They obediently went to work to re-arrange the room.

"Do you know, you fellows, I believe you ought to have some kind of a gymnasium down here. It would set you up no end. I wonder if we couldn't get up something of the kind?"

"My gracious!" exclaimed Dick, his eyes wide open. The boys crowded around.

"Now, I haven't much idea that this can be done,

so you mustn't be disappointed. It wouldn't be much at first, any way, you know. A trapeze and some rings, and a bar."

"My *gracious!*" cried Dick again.

"We can see about it, I suppose. First floor of this house isn't used, is it?"

"No; been empty over a week," said Sam Rand.

"Well, I believe we can do something," said Craig hopefully. "It wouldn't be a bad idea, would it, Sam?"

"No, it wouldn't. It would be a good un."

"I'll tell you what, I believe we can get the room, and put up a trapeze any way, right off. You'll have to wear slippers or something; you can't fool around down there in hob nails. And, then, when you want to have a fling, you'll go down there, won't you? and leave Welsh and Lane alone, won't you?"

"You bet. Any thing. We'll promise."

And when Craig left, satisfaction reigned on every side.

CHAPTER XI.

JAMIE'S ACCIDENT.

THERE was a heavy fall of snow before Christmas, and the whole town seemed to give itself over to sleighing, coasting, tobogganing. The college boys were not a whit behind the times in their devotion to the fashion, and no one among them was more excited than Jamie Sternhold.

He was out every day with his sled, or on the shute when he could get on, and Jamie had a way of getting invitations by simply looking at people.

Craig could not boast that Jamie showed marvelous zeal for his college studies. He would turn up about dark, with a bland smile, and say that he had had an invitation, and had been making the most of it.

Craig let it pass, pleased with the little fellow's red cheeks and good spirits.

"Well, old man," he would say, "as soon as this snow melts, or you get over the novelty, you'll come back and help your poor, old brother with his lessons, won't you?"

And Jamie would consent very readily.

But Jamie's gala day came to an untimely end.

Carstairs, one of the freshmen, had taken Jamie to the shute. The boys always thought it was very amusing to see Jamie go down by himself. His bright hair shone so under his little cap in the sunlight. His independent little legs, with their leather leggings buttoned up above the knee, stuck out so bravely, and he was so beamingly happy and reckless when he was allowed to go down alone. He started down on his toboggan this time, while Carstairs and Mason cheered him from the top. But something went wrong. The side of the shute was not perfect, and Jamie's toboggan veered off toward the defective place. How it ever happened neither Carstairs nor Mason could have told, but in less than a second there was no toboggan, and no yellow-haired Jamie to be seen.

Craig and Jack Kirk passed below just in time to see a broken toboggan, and a poor, little limp, motionless heap made up of leather leggings, a bit of gray kilt, tight little overcoat, sunny hair, and a pale, little face.

Jack Kirk uttered a sudden exclamation, but Craig stepped forward silently, as pale as Jamie, and knelt down beside him.

He raised him, so gently. The blood was running from a cut in the boy's head, and the pretty golden hair was all matted down and bloody. He tried to

stanch the blood with his handkerchief and some snow.

Jamie didn't open his eyes, but he was breathing, and his heart was beating. Some of the color came back into Craig's face when he was sure of that.

He took off his overcoat, and laid the little fellow in it, so carefully. It seemed a strange thing to touch Jamie that way. He took him in his arms, turned to Kirk, and said, "Doctor," and strode up the hill. He tried to hold him easily, and go fast. He hardly took his eyes from the little face. Finally the eyelids fluttered, and the little fellow looked up into Craig's face. He tried to give a smile, and said in a voice that sounded strangely even to himself, —

"I'm coming home to Latin to-day, Craig."

And Craig tried to smile back, and he said very softly, —

"So you are, my boy, my old Jamie! Do you feel hurt anywhere?"

Jamie seemed to recall his adventure, and remembering Carstairs and Mason, he cried out, —

"Carstairs!" and tried to raise himself, but fell back, with his lips whiter than ever.

He wasn't used to pain, and there was a strange look in his frightened eyes.

"Where did it hurt you, Jamie? You're such a brave, brave boy!"

But Jamie couldn't tell, and lay quite quiet, not attempting to move, until Craig laid him gently down on the bed in his own room.

Mrs. Carver was sadly frightened, but she knew what to do, and Jamie was in a very fair order when Dr. Lewis came. The doctor felt him, and punched him, and listened to him, while Craig and Mrs. Carver stood anxiously by.

Jamie was evidently trying his best to be still, but in spite of himself, he called, "Craig," in a sharp, agonized tone, and clutched two of Craig's fingers with his poor, nervous, little white hand as hard as he could, when the doctor hurt him more than usual.

"You're the bravest boy in the county, Jamie," said the doctor at last, when he was through; and he said, to Craig's unspeakable relief, —

"There are no bones broken, but he has been badly shaken and wrenched. The cut in his head is much the worst thing, but that will be all right. You must keep him quiet and comfortable, and not let him move around much; amuse him in some way, and don't let him get excited. I will call in this evening."

The college boys had all heard of Jamie's accident, and delegates had come over several times during the hour to see how the little man was.

Craig did not leave the house until he went over

for the afternoon recitation, and he had to stand a good deal of affectionate chaffing on the subject of his turning so pale when he first saw Jamie.

"You thought the boy had skipped the gutter, didn't you, Sternhold?" said Milne. "Carstairs says he never squeaked once on the way over."

"How is the 'little freshman,' Sternhold, by this time? 'Pon my honor, I'd leave college if any thing happened to the boy," and Ed Hastings shook Craig's hand vigorously.

"How is Jamie now, Mr. Sternhold?" asked Miss Young, as she passed him on the stairs.

"He will be as good as new in a day or so," was the cheerful answer.

Even Professor Graff, the new man, and one not so very well liked, as is apt to be the case with new men, stopped Craig in a kindly way, if rather stiffly, —

"I hear your little brother had an accident. He is doing well now, I hope?"

"Yes, sir," said Craig, much gratified. He was only just beginning to realize what a mark Jamie had made. He hurried home, and upstairs. The bedroom door was partly open, and he heard a decided snuffle.

Craig stopped short. It couldn't be that Jamie was doing — a — that thing.

Another snuffle.

Craig entered the room. Jamie had pulled the sheet over his face, and was lying there crying his little heart out.

"Jamie, Jamie, you poor baby! My poor, little Jamie, what is the matter?" and Craig tried to pull the sheet down, and look at the little, tear-stained face.

The boy's face was flushed, and he was sobbing in a way that shook him, and must have hurt the jarred, aching little body.

"What is the matter, Jamie?"

"Oh," sobbed Jamie, "this door was a little bit open, and — and somebody came to the front door, and, oh — ah — it was Clif—ford and Sev—ern, and they said," sob, "they said, 'How is Jamie?' and she, Mrs. Carver, said, 'He is better,' and," sob, "she didn't ask 'em in, and they went away, and the door shut, — and they're gone. O *Craig!*"

"They will be right back here; they will be here in a minute. They want to come awfully. Only, Jamie, don't cry; I can't stand it. There, there, there, they will come right back. I will go and explain. Every body has been saying to me, 'How is Jamie?' — all the boys — and I have been saying that you were better. There, Jamie, Craig's old Jamie! It is all right now, isn't it? and you will try to be quiet, won't you, like the doctor said?"

And Craig washed the hot little face and hands, and soothed him, and fixed the bedclothes, and dashed back over to the college.

He was so afraid that Severn or Clifford would be out.

He went to Severn's room first, as that was the nearest, and was relieved to find both Severn and Clifford in there amicably talking.

"What's up, Sternhold?" said Severn as Craig came in.

"Well, it's Jamie! I wish you two would come over and see him; he is waiting with his heart in his mouth, I guess. I went over from recitation, and found him crying for all he was worth, and he doesn't cry very often, for a small fellow. And I got out of him what was the matter." Craig told the story, and Clifford was off half way over the Green before Craig had finished.

"What a queer little beggar he is, to be sure!" said Severn, taking his hat and sauntering out with Craig. "I guess *your* heart was in *your* mouth this morning, wasn't it? I'm glad the little rascal is such a tough!"

When they reached the house again, they found Clifford sitting by Jamie's bedside, holding one of the little hands, and telling him some highly interesting news, to judge from Jamie's face. His face simply beamed, he was so happy.

"Well, Jamie, the brave and the fair, shake hands! Our little freshman has turned into our little hero, all through a toboggan shute, hasn't he?" said Severn in his leisurely, kindly way. And Jamie beamed, if possible, more contentedly than before.

They stayed and talked a few minutes quietly with him, not wishing to unduly excite him, and then left.

"You don't suppose I could help you with your Latin, do you Craig?" said Jamie wistfully.

"Well, not to-day I guess; I managed to get it out by myself, to-day. You'll have to keep pretty quiet, and not look at any thing very much for a couple of days, won't you?"

"I think it was pretty mean in me that I didn't have any Latin or Greek, not yesterday, nor not the day before, Craig."

"That was all right, Jamie. You know I want you to be out-doors and grow stronger. That was just right. You and I will have a fine slide as soon as you're up again, won't we?"

"And you won't keep me off the shute, 'cause it was broke?"

"No, I guess the shute will be all right. Miss Brooks is going to send you some flowers this evening; that will be fine, won't it? Miss Young asked how you were; and Miss Cameron is going to send you a lemon pig."

"A lemon pig! What is a lemon pig?"

"You've got me there. I asked her, but she said I would see; but that is the name of it, a lemon pig. Won't it be a funny thing to have?"

When Craig was feeding Jamie his supper, in a way that amused him greatly, he undertook to discourse on the approaching Christmas time.

"What did you think you would give Aunt Polly, Jamie? You decided on a work-box last, didn't you?"

"I don't think a work-box is a — oh — ah — hardly usefuller enough, do you, Craig?" Jamie looked absently at the ceiling. "A nice, well, a nice velocipede, now, Craig, that would be more to the point, wouldn't it? We'll be there two weeks, won't we?"

"You don't think Aunt Polly is a little mite stout, to ride on a velocipede, do you, Jamie?" asks Craig solemnly.

Jamie seemed nonplused by that view of the question, but he rallied.

"She might like it — oh — ah — in case of company, you know, Craig!"

"There is something in that; at any rate, some of her company might like it. What do you think you will give Uncle Tom?"

"I've decided on several things for Uncle Tom.

I'd like best to give him a lovely green tree, such as Cole's meat-cart man had last time I drove with him, fixed into the headstall, standing straight up between the ears; for Peggy, you know, Craig."

"That would be fine, and you'll have to give Alexander something, and the Carpenter ladies, and Jacob and Betty, won't you? And Mrs. Carver; you must think of something real nice for Mr. and Mrs. Carver" —

"And Craig, I really must give Miss Brooks something. I've been a-thinking about it nights a lot, only I always get to sleep some way before I begin to think just what."

"I think it would be first-rate for you to give Miss Brooks something!" said Craig thoughtfully. "You're a nice boy, Jamie. You'll have to plan about it while you are kept in. College closes in a week, — just think of it! Examinations all next week, and then for Uncle Tom's. You haven't been there but just once since fall, have you?"

"And didn't I have the cookies, though! I just ate 'em, and ate 'em, and ate 'em. You s'pose she'll remember about 'em this time, don't you?"

"Yes, you can trust her for that!"

When Craig came back from college the next morning, he heard a voice upstairs that sent a curious little thrill through him.

"O Craig, it's Prex!" cried Jamie eagerly, but not with that reverence of expression that Craig could have desired.

The President looked around, smiled, rose, and shook hands with Craig.

"I thought I must come over and call on my little friend, Sternhold, when I heard of his accident. We have been so interested that I have rather over-stayed my time."

Craig was so glad to see the President there, and felt so honored by the kindness of the attention, that he could not help reddening.

"O Craig!" cried Jamie, "you know you just love him, and why don't you say so! I'm so afraid he's going!"

Jamie was seriously afraid lest the President, not finding Craig's greeting cordial enough, would leave on that account. Dr. Graham laughed, and so did Craig; and then, much to Jamie's relief, his visitor again sat down and talked with them both.

He asked all sorts of questions, in an unobtrusive, quietly interested way, that won Craig's confidence at once; and he realized, when he and Jamie were alone, that the principal facts of his own and Jamie's existence were now well known to Dr. Graham.

When the President rose, and looked at his watch, and patted the smiling Jamie's cheek, and shook

hands with Craig, he said, with an odd smile, that he had made his longest call in years, for he had been there over an hour and a half.

The next Sunday, Craig went to church alone for the first time, and found himself feeling lonesome enough without Jamie.

Miss Brooks went to the same church, and Sternhold, Miss Brooks, and Jamie had fallen into the habit of always walking up from church together. The snow still held, and the day was bright and clear.

"Ready for your examinations, Miss Brooks?"

"As ready as I intend to be, I think. I haven't taken much trouble looking over things. What is the use?"

"If you can get along without, I don't know as there is any use. Some of us couldn't."

"You could at any rate. Mr. Colfax told me that he was studying his best, and he certainly doesn't need to unless he is trying for marks."

"Of course he is trying for marks. I would like the marks myself, only I can't try against him without more trouble than I think it is worth."

"Well, I intend to let these examinations take their course, and see what happens, then I shall know better what to do next time."

"Colfax will lead I guess, so every one seems to

think. You don't seem to like Colfax particularly?" with a laugh.

"He is well enough, I suppose."

"Now, really, Miss Brooks," more seriously, "Colfax isn't half a bad sort of a fellow, nor as queer as he seems. I know the fellows generally have some kind of a joke and a story about Colfax, on account of his curls and that conceited way of his, but they are growing to respect him more and more. He is an honorable fellow, Colfax is. Not so very prepossessing, perhaps, but he will improve. Some of that stilt is leaving him already, and he is a fellow of good principles, and there is lots that is worth having about him."

"I like to have you say that, at any rate," said Audrey. "I know he is bright enough, but he seemed to me sort of a bore, but perhaps even by the end of this year I may have entirely changed that view."

"To change the subject, how did you like the sermon?"

Audrey looked at him inquiringly.

"Pretty well," she said slowly.

"Not so good as some?"

"Certainly not so good as some."

"Church is sort of slow?"

"It is slow."

"People don't turn out in a wonderful way, or seem overpoweringly interested?"

"Not exactly."

"Ever been to prayer-meeting there?"

"Once."

"Sort of drony and quiet, wasn't it?"

"I did think something of the kind."

There was an odd expression on his face.

"See here, Mr. Sternhold, what are you trying to get at?" She stopped and looked at him.

"Oh, I was just thinking, — I was just thinking, and it seems natural to talk to you some way. Do you mind?"

"I like it."

"But I may go too far, unintentionally. I may say something I have no business to say, just stumble into it awkwardly, you know; but I like to talk to you. Are you a church member?"

"No."

"I didn't know whether you were or not. I noticed that you didn't stay to communion last time; but I didn't either. Queer, isn't it? we have talked about plenty of things, and yet I didn't know that. Any particular reason why you are not?"

She laughed. "No, there isn't any particular reason. I intend to, if that is what you are trying to get at, and I like you all the better for asking. I

have sort of put it off, and I haven't been home so very much lately, and — well, I don't know exactly why. That is a weak point."

Craig's face had brightened.

"That makes it easier to tell what I was thinking. We just said that the sermon wasn't particularly interesting, nor the prayer-meeting, nor the Sunday-school, from all I hear, though I never was in it; and nothing goes on with much vim unless it is the sociables, and I doubt if they are much of a success. We say all that so easily, and every one else does, I suppose. And Mr. Walker is a rather tired-looking man. He feels that he isn't a striking success, and he needs help and sympathy from his people, and he doesn't get it. What do you hear? That there is dissatisfaction in the church, isn't that it? That is the stock expression in such cases.

"Do you know what I think? I think 'dissatisfaction in the church' means usually, merely that the people are lazy and indifferent, and won't take hold and help. Mr. Walker, I think, is a good man; and though there is no denying that he might be a better sermonizer, so might nearly every other minister. The salary this church pays won't buy the best brains there is going. And besides that, the man is discouraged.

"What I was thinking was this: that after all we

are a very poor lot, you and I, for instance, if you will let me say it. We can see the trouble, and we just hang on there, mere dead weights. Have we any right to do that? We are here, and we go to that church. Simply because we can say we are young and college students, and don't live here, are we excused from doing what we can? We will be here the greater part of four years, in all probability. Now, ought we, is it fair to ourselves, are we doing the square thing, if we just lie heavy; go to church once or twice a day, and to prayer-meeting once a term, and find fault openly, or by indifferent silence, with every thing, and then think we are virtuous simply because we do go to church? Is it fair?

"I don't believe you will say what can we do? I can see you have thought of something to do already, or know that you soon will. It was you who first spoke to me here about this energy we have so much of, and after all make so little real use of. We could just as well alter the character of that church as the next person, couldn't we? Sounds big, doesn't it? but isn't it so? If we were really and truly to determine to do our best, and take an interest, and try to lead a creditable church life, you know, as well as I do, that it would tell. And you and I are not the only college students in that church, nor the only college students who would feel that there might be

a duty in this direction, and who would be willing conscientiously to try to do their best. We could form quite a public opinion. Of course we would begin small, and of course we would only have to do with the younger portion of the flock, wouldn't we?

"But don't you think there is something in it? Don't you think it would be mean of us to shirk for four years any kind of church duties and church life? Ought we to lie low here, just because things seem to be at low tide, and because there is no one to take hold of us, and to tell us what to do, and to tell us to do it? Wouldn't we be all the better for bracing ourselves up, and doing something because we know it is only the right thing to do? Don't you think so?"

And Audrey looked up frankly and said, with a sincerity that Craig was well accustomed to and expected, —

"Yes, I do."

They had reached the Masters' gate. Craig stood there with his hat off, ready to go, but half hesitating.

"Miss Brooks," with a smile, "don't lose your patience with me, will you, now you have held out so long? I am sure you know all about it, quite as well as I do, and all that, but I can't help saying it, — is it, or isn't it, any of my business? — but if you are intending to join the church any way, and

would have done so before, don't you think you might as well make the start here in college, where you will have four years before you? All these things make us, do they not? and if you think this is a right and honorable thing to do, isn't it, perhaps, the correct thing to do it now, and to build along on that line awhile? Is it all right?"

He held out his hand.

"Yes, of course it is all right, and you know it, and I think you are an awfully good fellow. I believe you are right about it. Good-by."

CHAPTER XII.

CHRISTMAS.

GREAT were the preparations made in the Talbot mansion for the reception of the two Sternholds. Jamie was coming home in something of the character of an invalid, and was mentioned by Mrs. Talbot hourly as an innocent being, injured by the machinations of college boys in general, and the shute managers in particular. A marvelous amount of cooking was being carried on in the kitchen, and Jamie's favorite cookies were turned out by the panful. Mrs. Talbot, though living in an undeniably artistic age, and in a town that prided itself on being abreast of the times in its art feeling, was herself very deficient in this direction, and had been known to confess to two of her dearest friends (though unfortunately the story had spread over the town), that, for her part, she saw much more to admire in a nice bright chromo, with a baby or a good-natured little donkey in it, than in a picture of "Hope," or "Love and Death," or "Life and Time," or in other pictures that every body talked about. All the same,

Mrs. Talbot felt the grain of artistic feeling that she possessed grow like a mustard tree, and she worked out, with a proud and happy consciousness of success, her ideas of beauty in cookies and gingerbread dough.

A donkey, so called, was made first, and Mrs. Talbot admitted, without the slightest feeling of embarrassment, indeed, even with a feeling that it was an added recommendation, that it would pass equally well for almost any other known animal. Then came a succession of cookie boys trimmed with currants and other delectable fruits. Mrs. Talbot's courage rose, and she made more animals and a whole gingerbread family, and a cart and horse with a boy sitting in the cart. This last was so fine that she rested on her laurels and "let well enough alone," as she modestly remarked.

The two elderly Misses Carpenter also had a desire to make themselves attractive to the little visitor, and secretly laid in a stock of small toys that they hoped would be what a little boy of Jamie's age and characteristics would most like.

"But, then," as the elder Miss Carpenter remarked to the younger Miss Carpenter, with a sigh, "he may have changed frightfully; we must not expect too much. We must remember that he has been with young men of probably questionable character, and doubtless has heard and seen much that would

detract from his charming simplicity and freshness. We may have to lay these few toys away with sadness. He may have grown rough and rude, or he may no longer desire our company."

"Jane, don't! He was the loveliest child! Do you remember the sweet way he said good-by?"

"And the unaffected joy he expressed when we gave him the little books and the card?" And so they buoyed each other up and resolved to wait.

Going away from "College" was a great excitement for Jamie. He had taken leave of every body, and had left his Christmas present for Mrs. Carver with Mr. Carver, and his present for Mr. Carver with Mrs. Carver, and had made them both promise on their word of honor, not to reveal the secret of those presents until Christmas Day.

Dr. Talbot met his nephews, with the cutter, at the station. He examined Jamie with a professional eye, and pronounced him sound, though Mrs. Talbot had urged him, with tears in her eyes, to make up a little bed in the wagon, and drive Jamie home in that fashion. Nothing could convince her that he was not in pieces.

"Well, Craig, how have the last few weeks gone, and the examinations?"

"First-rate! I'm so glad to be back! How well you do look! How is Aunt Polly? This little

beggar here keeps talking about her cookies. I've done nothing but think about her cooking for a week."

"She is a grand cook, now, isn't she?" said the doctor proudly. "Never saw her equal!"

"Yi—i. Sternhold, hello!"

"Alexander, as I live! Can't we take him in, Uncle Tom? I always see that boy as soon as I reach Brandon."

The cutter stopped, and Alexander squirmed in, filling it up completely.

"Hello, Jamie. Heard you broke your neck!"

"Did I, Craig?" said Jamie doubtfully.

"I guess your head will make a big enough story for the present."

"Say, Sternhold, what you going to do here? Lemme go around with you some, won't you? I'm growing no end. I'll do any thing if you only will. I licked a fellow going on fourteen last week, and I'll be twelve myself the first of next December."

Craig laughed. "Yes, I guess so. We'll see about it;" and Alexander was more than contented.

As the cutter passed the Carpenters', Jamie leaned out, and waved his cap rapturously. The elderly ladies had been looking from their window, and they turned to each other with mutual complacency.

"I believe he is returning the same sweet-tempered little boy that he was when he went away."

The Carpenter sisters had been from home at Thanksgiving, much to Jamie's grief, and so they had not seen him since fall.

"I am quite sure of it," assented the younger Miss Carpenter.

Mrs. Talbot had been standing at the door since a few minutes after the doctor left, and as the day was cold, she had called to Betty several times for additional wraps. So there she stood, clothed upon with layers comprising a soft, white, woolen wrap that she usually wore around the house, a heavy shawl, and one of the doctor's great coats. Finally Betty had thrown a fur robe around her mistress, at least as far around as it would go, for Mrs. Talbot had gained a fictitious diameter.

She waved her handkerchief violently when she saw the cutter approaching, and called out in a good, high voice before Peggy stopped, —

"You'll set him out gently, won't you? My poor Jamie!" But Jamie jumped from the cutter without waiting to be "set," and ran up the path to his aunt, who was vigorously endeavoring to shake off her extra wraps that she might have the free use of her arms.

Then Jamie had to rush to Betty, who was a great favorite of his, and he had to see Jacob immediately. He wanted to see Jacob because he was Jacob, and

also to consult him about the green tree for Peggy's headstall.

Mrs. Talbot was truly rejoiced to see Jamie, and had quite forgiven Craig for taking him away, though she still regarded that as an unwarrantable liberty and an unchristian performance. He had grown even since Thanksgiving, and he was growing handsomer all the time. He was a nephew to be proud of.

Jamie in an incredibly short time had interviewed Jacob, Peggy, the cow, and the exceedingly well-grown calf. He had conversed with Betty, had sounded her delicately but thoroughly on the cookie question, had rushed up to the garret to see his abandoned treasures, and was ready to begin his round of necessary calls.

He went first to see the Misses Carpenter. They saw him coming, and went to the door to receive him. He took off his cap gallantly, extended his hand first to the elder and then to the younger.

"How do you do, Miss Carpenter? How do you do, Miss Emily Carpenter? I've got the loveliest Christmas present for you both. I'll come in and see you until our dinner is ready; and Aunt Polly says will you please to send me home promptly, I'll be so int'rusted staying."

"How the dear child has grown!" exclaimed Miss Carpenter.

They ushered him into their comfortable sitting-room where they sat daily and knitted and sewed and read and conversed and received their neighbors.

They sat down in their accustomed chairs, Miss Emily in the bow window, and Miss Jane near the fire, for she was subject to rheumatism, and dreaded a draught. Criticising persons had hinted that she even objected to sitting in a cane rocker on account of the draughts.

"You have been away a long time, Master Jamie, and how have you enjoyed yourself?"

"I have had a most splendid time!" replied Jamie, running his fingers through his hair after the fashion of his brother. "I have made a great many friends in college. I had an accident lately," insinuatingly.

"We heard that you fell through a toboggan shute."

"Something happened, but I broke my head, I think it was, and received flowers while I was re-covering."

Jamie always talked his best for the Carpenter ladies.

"How long will you be here?"

"Two weeks. I shall be to see you every day, if I don't be in your way. How is your cat?"

"The poor thing died. We miss her very much."

"It's awful to miss things," was the sympathetic

answer. "I often wonder where our cat is. It used to sit on the window-seat. How is Ann?"

"Ann is very well, and will be very glad to see you again. And now you must tell us something about your college. Where do you live?"

"With Craig. He lives with Mrs. Carver and Mr. Carver. They are very nice kind people, and are lovely cooks of molasses candy and pop-corn. Mrs. Carver does the candy, and Mr. Carver the pop-corn. I could do you the corn over your grate there, if you had a popper."

"We shall certainly have a popper, and will be very glad to have you pop for us."

"It is better when you butter it, — the corn," said Jamie tentatively.

"It shall be buttered. Did you meet many young men in college?"

"I met lots of boys, fellows, and men. I don't quite know the difference, until it comes to grown-up men like Prex. He called on me when I was *re-covering*."

"What did you say he was?"

"Prex, they call him. His name is Dr. Graham, and he is the president of Craig's and my college."

"Oh, certainly. A most gentlemanly man. I remember to have met him. What has happened in the college?"

"There was the cane rush, which was most fearful, the backs of some showing because of their shirts splitting. We won that. Then there was the foot-ball game, which was beautiful. Craig and me wore white and scarlet, and I'm in the photograph, holding the foot-ball. I'll show it to you. I kicked the ball over the fence myself. At least Severn caught it."

The two ladies looked somewhat mystified.

"It's foot-ball, you know," explained Jamie. "Rugby game. Three goals, and you scrummage, and sometimes your ball is out of bounds, and sometimes it isn't; and there's captains like Jack Kirk, and umpires, and a rope and goals, and you warm the ball, and yell all the time, and watch from the fence."

The ladies looked even more in the dark, and Jamie wisely desisted from further explanation.

"And what else?"

"There's a great deal going on; there's a gymnasium, and a base-ball nine, which is coming up, and some suppers and tobogganing, and there's some studying, I think."

"Very little, I imagine," said Miss Jane rather grimly, to Miss Emily.

"Did you know any little children?"

"I knew some, but they were not so much fun to play with as Alexander Logan and his brothers and sisters."

"And whom did you like best?"

"After Craig, you mean?"

"Yes, after Craig."

"I think I liked Prex. He puts you to sleep lovely with a cat he had. Then I like Miss Brooks. She's rode horses after cattle on a ranch, and is braver than I can think of. You should see her ride! I like lots and lots more, but I like those two best of any. Then there's Beauty. Beauty is the most loveliest dog; she is most remarkable lame, and funny-eared, and funny-haired, though."

"Are you glad to be back?"

"You can't think how glad. And I couldn't wait till I had come to see you both," smiling from one to the other.

The two sisters nodded to each other complacently, as much as to say, "Our judgment has again been unerring!"

Jamie had a great deal to do in the short time before Christmas. He had a great many presents to buy, and the jocular clerks in the toy emporium greeted him with increasing pleasure.

"Well, Jamie, what will you have to-day?"

"I'll look at a few things, if you'll show 'em to me. I rather like being behind the counter, like I was yesterday."

"What kind of a present are you looking for?"

"Oh — ah — some kind of a present that would be more suitable for an elderly lady than a velocipede, as Craig says she's a little mite stout to ride. You know," confidentially, "Aunt Polly is a real fat lady!"

There was a laugh from the clerks that rather disconcerted Jamie.

"How would something of this kind suit you?" and the clerk showed him a little fancy basket fitted up with a tiny strawberry emery, a little tomato pin-cushion, and a little needle-book. "See how useful and pretty this is!"

Jamie looked at it for some time.

"It's very bright — but — but don't you think it's a little slow?"

Another laugh, while the proprietor of the emporium stood by with his hands in his pockets, and smiled benignly. The store had just been opened, and trade was not driving as it would be an hour later.

"I think if you had a nice quiet game, more suitable for an elderly lady, it would be nice; some jack-straws, say, or a steamboat puzzle."

Jamie finally chose the jack-straws, and then, as though he had a little doubt about the suitability of his choice, he added the fancy basket with the strawberry emery.

"I won't take any more for Aunt Polly now," said Jamie, "for I did hear Craig saying a little something about another present. But now I want a very particular nice present for a young lady."

Again a laugh, and Jamie looked around inquiringly. "She's a college girl, and very beautiful and very brave. She sent me a magnificent rose when I was *re-covering*. Did you hear about my accident?"

They claimed that they had not, and Jamie was put up on the counter while he told about it.

"Kind of dreadful, wasn't it?" he said in conclusion. "Now what you got for Miss Brooks?"

While he was examining the things, Craig came in, intending to make some investments in Jamie's and the youthful Alexander's behalf, but he found Jamie there before him.

"I'm looking for a present for Miss Brooks, Craig," remarked Jamie calmly. "I've about decided on that," pointing to a match-safe with a horse on it; "she's so fond of horses. I'd rather get a riding-whip, a stunner, you know; she lost hers before Thanksgiving. But their whips don't look the right kind, some way."

Craig thought Jamie was uncommonly bright for a boy.

"Get the safe, Jamie, and then we'll look for the whip."

And that was the way it happened that Audrey, who was staying on at the Masters' for her Christmas vacation, received a package from Brandon on Christmas morning. There was the redoubtable match-safe with the prancing horse upon it, and a riding-whip that "was a regular little beauty."

There was a note, and the note read in Jamie's handwriting :—

DEAR MISS BROOKS, — I am having a butiful time but I mis you. I have been bying a Christmas present for you I hop you will like it. I thot of them both myself. I hop the whip will like you as much as I like you and not get lost. May I have your other whip if I find it? I wish you were here My Aunt Polly cokes lovely I will bring you a cake she says she will make for you. She says poor lonsim girl she should be here, meaning you. Will you ask Mrs. Carver if Mr. Carver rembered about her present. He might forget. Craig is gone off with Uncle Tom or he would send his love. Please to excuse his not sending you a present. I am afraid he has no money for he said he could not. This is a long leter and I hop speled right This is from

FITZ-JAMES JAMISON STERNHOLD.

Audrey was very much pleased, and that letter was carefully preserved.

"I wonder where he got that awful name," she thought. "I never knew that was his name before."

Christmas day dawned brightly for Jamie. He was so excited the whole day long that he hardly knew what to do with himself. His own presents

were a source of great joy to him; but then Jamie, as every body knew, would have been perfectly delighted with whatever was given him. The presents that he had collected to give his friends and relatives were piled together on the sofa in one of the parlors, and the distributing was likely to be a work of time and trouble.

When affairs had become sufficiently quieted in the Talbot establishment, Jamie was well buttoned up, and sallied forth toward the Carpenter's. He carried a basket, in which were his presents for the ladies.

Jamie had kept his word about calling on them every day, and after that first call his manners had been a little more free and easy. He played around on the floor with the bright-colored rubber ball and little cart and horse and wooden village, that the ladies had bought for his especial delectation. He popped corn before their open fire, and dressed up the deceased cat's successor in fantastic garbs. He talked on all subjects, and became more and more necessary to the Misses Carpenter's happiness. They had some presents for Jamie waiting on a little table in the bay window. There was a little fruit cake covered with frosting, with his name printed on it in colored candies; not his long name, but his short name, so Jamie said. Then there were two books for him.

When he came in this Christmas morning, smiling and rosy, carrying his basket, the elderly ladies wished as usual to help him off with his things.

"Oh, no, thank you," said Jamie cheerfully. "I can do it all myself. Craig always makes me, so that I won't trouble people when he isn't there. I've got a lot of places to go, because I haven't even been to Alexander Logan's yet, but I thought that I must stay here quite a while, if I won't be a bother to you."

Jamie had tugged off his warm little overcoat, and sat down on the floor to wrestle with his leather leggings.

"You can't think what I have brought you, now can you?"

They assured him that they could not.

"What would you like it best to be, of any thing?"

They were very cautious, and couldn't seem to think what they would like "best of any thing."

"I've brought you quite a lot of things, I have really; so you would be sure to have something awful nice. I brought you each," opening the lid of his basket, and peering in, "I brought you each a little candle in a little candlestick, for you to burn to-night.

Yours, Miss Carpenter, is red; and yours, Miss Emily Carpenter, is blue. Don't you remember I asked you day before yesterday which colors you liked best? I was thinking of the candles then. If you had both liked red best, I should have been most crazy, for the man had only one red candle left. They are little, you see. I thought they were cunninger little; and, really, you would have been surprised to have seen how my money had gone."

They praised the candles and the little pewter candlesticks to his heart's content.

Jamie peered into his basket again, and said, "I brought you different things, and I hope you'll both like 'em. I worried about it nights, a good deal, and I changed my mind most every day, about which should be which's, you know. But I made up my mind this morning, and ran over while I remembered. This calendar is for you, Miss Emily Carpenter, because you write the most letters; and this birthday book is for you, Miss Carpenter, because you have the most rheumatism, you know. I think the birthday book is lovely, but I'm afraid the calendar won't be quite so usefuller."

The ladies were nearly overcome by the thoughtfulness of these presents. Miss Emily hung up her calendar, with many protestations as to its usefulness; and Miss Jane wiped first her spec-

tacles, then her eyes, and then her birthday book.

"I've got something more," said Jamie proudly, and he drew out a little sugar cat and a little sugar dog. "The sugar cat is for you, Miss Carpenter, because you are fonderest of cats, and the dog is for you, Miss Emily."

The sugar cat and the sugar dog were placed carefully on the mantel-piece, and Jamie was quite sure that they were appreciated, because Miss Jane nodded to Miss Emily, and Miss Emily nodded back to Miss Jane, which was a sure sign that every thing was as it should be.

Then Jamie received his own presents, and admired the little cake above all things.

"Had a good time to-day, Jamie?" asked Craig that night, after Jamie was tucked into bed.

"Perfectly be-eau-tiful, Craig. And all the things I got, and every thing. And Alexander, he was so funny, we almost died a laughing. But, Craig, don't you remember last Christmas, and mamma,—*mamma*, Craig, and how jolly it was in the evening? I've been thinking and thinking about it."

And Craig had thought that Jamie was entirely taken up with the present, and had been glad of it!

"I must keep the child out-doors, and keep him in first-class order physically, poor little rascal," thought

Craig to himself in a worried way. "There's a streak of melancholy in him that there never was in me. He'll have to take some awful hard hits later, and he ought to be ready. Poor little chap! Well, I suppose it is natural enough."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END OF THE YEAR.

CRAIG STERNHOLD's freshman year was nearly at an end. Two terms had slipped by, and now the third would soon be a thing of the past. The annuals were drawing near. Every thing that had been put into the heads of those wretched freshmen was now to be drawn out again, — or the attempt was to be made.

Garrison Colfax was doing his best. His marks for the first term had been the highest. Audrey had been ahead for the second, and now it was a question of some amusement, to the others, which of the two should carry the day, for the third term and for the year. But there did not seem to be enough studying going on to hurt any one. There was very much else to do besides conning lessons. Spring had transformed the town; the carefully kept lawns before the houses on the hill streets were as green as grass could make them, and there was a constant sound to be heard of the rush and click of the lawn-mowers. The elm-trees were in their freshest beauty.

To be sure, Craig had been in the town in the fall, when every thing was still green and summer like, and he had thought then that the place could not be surpassed ; but now there was a freshness and a newness ; and the air was soft and warm. The spring was late that year, and the oldest inhabitant, even, could not remember a year in that town when the spring had not been late ; but, when it came at last, it came with a rush, fully and freely, and with no further delays or drawbacks. The apple-trees were all in bloom, and some of the white petals were falling. Jamie could touch some of the blossoms by leaning out of the window that looked toward the Linden house. And the robins had come back to their nest in the branches, and the eggs had been in the nest in plain sight, and now there were birds in it ; the most wonderful little birds to Jamie, with great yellow mouths continually open. The grass had grown high on the Green, and it was full of dandelions and daisies nodding their white and yellow heads.

The grass was high in the Carver's yard, and Mr. Carver had taken a scythe and cut it while Jamie watched him.

The evenings were so long now. The pleasantest part of the day seemed to come after supper, and there were fine things to do then.

There was a hole in the fence between the Masters' and the Carver's, and through it did Miss Cameron and Miss Brooks come after tea, at Jamie's invitation; and on their side of the fence would be Craig and Clifford and Jack Kirk, who also took their meals at the Carver's. Then from Jack Kirk's pocket, would come the inevitable ball, and there, in the pleasant evening light, in spite of the long grass and the apple-trees, they would have a very unscientific, but apparently, a very amusing game of "three old cat."

Great was Craig's delight when he found that Audrey could throw, and not throw like a girl; and when Clifford would ask her gravely how it happened, she would only laugh, and say, "Why shouldn't I?"

Or, if they did not play ball, or pitch quoits,—which was another great amusement; or if they soon tired of the games, they would all meander across the Carver domain, and through another hole in the fence—Jack Kirk alone knew how that most convenient of all holes ever happened to be in that particular place—into the Linden garden. The Linden house was unoccupied, and there was a charm about its garden quite different from any it could have possessed had the owners walked in it. The grass seemed longer, and the apple-trees more scrag-

gly and often more heavily loaded with blossoms than on the other side of the fence. And the Linden garden was quite large. There were curious little paths in it and flower-beds, that had once been laid out ever so neatly. The bushes grew as they pleased, and extended their branches over the walks. The daffodils came up anywhere, and the hyacinths seemed to smell sweeter over there in the evening air than anywhere else.

They would sometimes sit on the low, wide front steps of the Linden house, and talk, — talk until the stars came out, and Clifford would look at his watch with a laugh, and shrug his shoulders as he thought of the coming examination, for the seniors were always examined first at the end of the year.

Jack Kirk and Jamie seemed to have a great many things to do together in the way of climbing trees, discovering birds' nests, and finding patches of violets and daffodils. It was always Clifford and Miss Cameron that Craig and Audrey saw walking together towards a curious little honeysuckle-covered arbor at the side of the house; while Craig and Audrey compared notes zealously on their state of mind in regard to "Trig." Clifford and Miss Cameron, on their part, always smiled in a very amused and superior manner, when they saw Sternhold and Miss Brooks sitting on the edge of the veranda and conversing together so earnestly.

There was a Commencement stir making itself felt through every thing. Various little extra touches were being given to the buildings. The grass on the Green was soon to be cut in honor of Commencement week. Great things were going on in the art gallery. Boxes were daily arriving. They were getting ready for the usual annual loan collection.

Clifford and Severn and Hartranft and Miss Young, and all the others who were to speak at Commencement, were hurrying down to the Opera House at any and all times, to rehearse their weighty orations. Who would carry the last place, Clifford or Severn? One of the two, surely, but which? And the Lambdas said "Severn," and the Nus said "Clifford."

Then those of the juniors who were to speak at their exhibition were likewise hurrying up and down the hill, to and from the Opera House. For they had also to rehearse, and it was quite an important matter to them. Who would take the last place there? Some said one, and some said another, but the general impression was that it would be Miss Cameron.

Jamie enjoyed all the excitement as much or more than any one. When the last snow melted, and the little ditch between the sidewalk and the road in front of the Carver's had been filled with a brown, turbulent little torrent Jamie had sailed chips by

the hour. Then the fine hours and long Saturday afternoons had been spent in the Castle and Her-rick and Rutgar woods, hunting for arbutus, and trying to carry home clumps of spring beauties and innocence, and enjoying all the piney and sweet wood smells. When the weather grew warmer and warmer he had trotted bravely down the hill with Craig and Jack Kirk, and some of the others, to the lake for a good row, and down to Red Rocks and up the other way to the Echo; while the water was soft and smooth, and yielded so steadily to the light boat and the even dip of the oars, and the sunlight fell so generously on every thing,—the water and the rocks, and the clocks and the houses, and the trees, and the college tower up there on the hill so far away. Jamie had enjoyed it all, and had been in every thing. But now there was more to be done; things were pressing, and Jamie knew quite well that he would not go to many more places until Craig's last examination had been taken. The evenings after supper, playing ball or roaming around, were the only times for "living" as Jamie said.

So Jamie wandered at his own sweet will over the Green, picking the dandelions and the daisies. His own sunny head looked so bright as he wound his way in and out of the tall grass that Carstairs

called out to Craig one day up in the recitation-room, while they were waiting for the professor, —

“Hello there, Sternhold! There is a most monstrous big dandelion down there in the Green. I can see it from here!”

And the boys that lounged up to the window to see what had so attracted Carstairs’s attention, laughed, and proceeded to give Craig some good-natured chaff on the subject of Jamie’s yellow head.

Jamie picked as many flowers and as much grass as he could carry, and meandered toward the other end of the Green, by the President’s house. He would have gone into the art gallery: he considered that he had been very useful in there lately; and Professor St. John and Dr. Graham always seemed to welcome him very kindly when he came, although small boys were, as a rule, strictly warned off the premises. Now he was thinking that he would like to take a little floral offering to the President. He had been very fond of making presents of flowers since he had received them himself when he was “*re-covering*.” He walked up the President’s front steps and turned the handle gently, as he had done on his first visit, though now he had turned that knob many and many a time. The hall was cool and dark. The door to Dr. Graham’s room was slightly ajar as it had been that first time. Jamie entered. No one was there. The table was covered with writing materials.

Jamie felt disappointed about his flowers, but he laid the great bunch down on the table. The stems where he had held them were hot and broken. They ought to be in water. Jamie meditated; then leaving his flowers there, he hurried back across the Green, through the Carver gate, up to his room, to his particular corner of the room, and having possessed himself of a bright red tin cup bearing the legend "For a good boy" on its face, he ran back. The cup had been given to him by Mrs. Carver's handmaid Mary, in a sudden burst of affection.

Jamie filled the cup at the fountain, and by carrying it with great care it contained as much as half of the water when he again reached the President's. The cup was small and the bunch of flowers large, but Jamie squeezed the stems together and crowded them into the cup. More of the water slopped out to his amazement; but never mind. Then the bunch of flowers was tall, and simply insisted on upsetting the nice little red tin cup. That difficulty was overcome by leaning the flowers up against some books. He wiped up the water with his handkerchief, and picked up the bits of broken leaves and stems, and stood admiring his work with the greatest pride, when in came the President.

"Good afternoon," said Jamie cordially, holding out one little hot hand. "I've brought you a pres-

ent," and he pointed to the glaring device on the tin cup, and the wilted, top-heavy bunch of daisies and dandelions. The "For a good boy" struck the President a little awkwardly, but he refrained from smiling and expressed his sincere thanks.

"You are going to leave us pretty soon, Jamie," lifting him up on his knee; he was quite used to Jamie now. "Do you want to go?"

"I am coming back you know, sir. We'll be sophomores next year. I asked Craig if we couldn't help it any way, but he said not. It seems too bad, doesn't it? Were you ever a sophomore?"

"Oh, yes. You will like being a sophomore when you are one. What are you going to do this summer?"

"Swim and ride and fish and shoot. Craig's going to have me. Craig says I'll have to pay more attention to the Latin and Greek and things too."

"I'm afraid Craig will ruin you," said the President, with a sigh.

"He says if I be strong I'll be all right. Craig is going to take me over into the Adirondacks and have me tramp, if I can stand it, Craig is."

"That isn't quite so bad. Are you coming here to college when you are older?"

"The second time? Yes, of course. Craig says it isn't every boy goes through college twice. Craig is gen'ly correct."

"What do you think about Commencement?"

"Won't it be jolly though! And the grass on the Green cut, and the 'rations! I asked Professor St. John yesterday what 'rations could be, and he said a 'measure of food,' I think. It don't seem as though that was quite right, does it? — that they should go down to bury their measure of food so often — Clifford and Severn and Miss Cameron and all of them?"

"What *do* you mean?" The President was getting out of his depth.

"I've often thought about it lately," said Jamie absently, "only I never think when Craig is around; but you'll do, I suppose. Now, you know, don't you, what they really do? Clifford took me down only yesterday, and he got up on the stage, and I went up to the peanut gallery, and Clifford went it like mad; and that was his 'ration, for he said so. But I didn't see the food, and forgot to ask him, and I didn't see the hearse either."

"What hearse?"

"They go down to re-hearse their 'rations. I've heard 'em say so. My mother was buried in a hearse," solemnly. "I'll never forget it; but I didn't see theirs."

The President had a good laugh, and explained the state of affairs to Jamie.

"Will you be interested in the speaking?"

"I should think so. Some days I wish it would be Clifford, and some days I wish it would be Severn. I think most days I wish it would be Clifford. I think Craig just loves Clifford. But you know I wouldn't like Severn, if he got the last place, to think I was a wishing it was Clifford. And then Severn is a Lambda like Craig."

The President seemed much interested.

When the great and eventful day of Commencement really came, it was Clifford who won the last place. Severn was next before, and Miss Young next before him.

For Sternhold and Kirk and some of the other boys and Miss Brooks it was the first taste of a Commencement Day. The house was packed long before eleven, but there was not a person in the audience so wrapped up in the proceedings, and so excited, as Miss Brooks, though it would be safe to say that Craig came next.

It was "only Commencement," and "only the boys" to most of the people in the house, to most of the townspeople at least, who had attended Commencement after Commencement as part of their bounden duty. Some of the parents of the boys who were about to graduate were there, proud and happy and finely excited, but they were only interested in one boy. Every thing revolved around this son of theirs,

while for Miss Brooks, or for Sternhold, every thing was a matter of deep interest.

Jamie was there, attracting attention every time he moved. Any one would have turned to see the straight, handsome little fellow, with his well-set head, and his strong, graceful little body.

"O Craig, there is Miss Brooks right down there. Can't we go down there? And it's an end seat too, and we could sit on the steps."

So down they went. Jamie had passed his sixth birthday a few days before, and the promised trousers had come. Jamie felt as light as a feather, stepping easily and gravely down the aisle beside his tall brother. The little fellow in his tight, little white flannel suit, his long black stockings, and shiny, little low shoes, held his head and shoulders so ridiculously like his big brother, that every one smiled as the couple passed. They seated themselves on the steps near Audrey, and enjoyed the morning all the more on that account.

"Wasn't Miss Cameron just immense last night?" said Craig.

"Yes, she was," said Audrey, a proud light in her eyes.

"Best thing I've heard yet. I don't believe any one to-day can go ahead of it."

"We will soon see," said Audrey with a laugh.

The orchestra struck up the Marseillaise, and the "show" had begun.

It did seem as though it would be something not to be borne if any one of the speakers should not do himself or herself justice. But they all did well. Fans fluttered, there were all kinds of flower scents in the air, the orchestra played, the speakers came and went, and were clapped until even doting parents were contented. The orchestra played before the last three came on. Then came Miss Young, then Severn, then Clifford.

Clifford had a fine, round voice, deep, and not hurried; he took his time, and rolled out his sentences, and did the college credit beyond the best hopes of its President. Craig clapped until he was obliged to look ruefully at his hands; and as for Jamie, he had been so excited, that in one impressive pause, when Clifford had worked his subject up to a fine climax, and every body was intent, he had cried out before Craig could stop him, and so that nearly every one must have heard him, —

"Go it, Clifford!"

Then he was so ashamed that he ducked his head under Craig's arm, and stayed there for as much as a minute, while the people near by wondered for the twentieth time who that handsome little boy was.

Then the diplomas were given, and all those who

were "graduates of colleges" were cordially invited to adjourn to the Van Ness House for the Corporation dinner, and the great excitement was at an end.

The fortunate fresh graduates could go to that Corporation dinner, where all that was good was supposed to abound, where speeches were made, and scholarships given, and money, if it was a lucky year, was donated by thousands, and where every body was enthusiastically zealous for the welfare of the brave old university.

"As long as we can't go to *that*," said Craig, with a resigned air, "we might as well betake ourselves up the hill. Think of us up there three years from now, will you? Just think of it! I expect you'll be taller, and will probably carry off the last place, and all the honors. But the rest of us will be there too."

"It doesn't look much like honors, does it, with Mr. Colfax ahead for the year? Wasn't it too funny the way that turned out?"

"That pleased me. Colfax ahead the first term, you ahead the next, and I, of all queer accidents, ahead for this term. But Colfax averaged up the highest. Colfax is a good fellow."

"I think so, too. Do you remember what you said to me about him once? I like him ever so much now. But just think of four years — three years from now."

"I shall be six feet one when I go up beside you that day, Miss Brooks," and he looked down at her with an amused smile.

"Six feet one, indeed! how do you know?"

"Oh, I'm growing as fast as I can, and I sha'n't have to do so very, very much to reach that figure. I put it six feet one because I feel pretty certain I can't stop under that; and I make that the limit because I hope I won't be any taller."

They walked on in silence for awhile.

"I will see you to-night at the *levée*, if I am lucky," went on Craig, "and perhaps to-morrow night at the boat-ride if I decide to go, only I don't think I shall go." He seemed rather dejected.

"I would just like to take Hartranft out and quarter him," he said decisively.

The desire seemed rather bloody for one of Craig's temperament, but he felt that Hartranft had got a long way ahead of him.

Some time before this, one evening when Craig and Audrey were sitting amicably on the Linden front steps, conversing about various subjects, Audrey had said casually, —

"Are you going to the boat-ride?"

Craig felt a little surprised and very much behind the times.

"I don't know much about the boat-ride. I have

heard it spoken of, but haven't paid much attention to it. They charter the *Vermont*, don't they?"

"Do you know," said Audrey confidentially, "I haven't told any one else, but I thought it was some kind of a *skiff ride*. I thought the college boys asked different girls to go with them, and took them rowing the evening after Commencement."

They both laughed, but Craig's laugh was not quite so free from care as Audrey's.

"Of course I found out soon enough that that was not so, but I didn't know or care about any thing else. I wish you were going."

"Are you going?" Craig was dreadfully afraid she was going to say yes.

"Yes."

Craig did not see why some people needed to be in such a monstrous hurry. It looked flat, he thought. He wondered if it was Severn or Clifford or Middleton or Jack Kirk or Colfax. His blood boiled when he thought of Jack Kirk or Colfax. But no; Jack Kirk had looked at him with a face as innocent as a baby's that very night. And Colfax? Colfax was the last fellow to think first about that boat-ride; and, as for Severn, he would be sure to take Miss Graham; and if Clifford couldn't confine his attentions to Miss Cameron, he was no gentleman, positively no gentleman. He was perplexed.

"Why don't you ask me with whom I am going?" asked Miss Brooks blandly.

"Why don't you tell me?" sulkily.

"Well, Mr. Hartranft asked me to go. Don't you think our class ought to feel honored? Mr. Hartranft always has led the class, hasn't he? and I suppose will, when the last marks are averaged."

"Oh, yes, Hartranft is a good fellow, and brainy, too," said Craig, wondering why he had not thought of Hartranft. "I wish Hartranft had never come to college, though," gloomily.

"Queer how you have concealed your feelings, heretofore," said Audrey innocently. "I always supposed that you liked him very much."

"Ye-es —"

So it happened that Craig was in a state of doubt as to whether he should go to the boat-ride or not. He wanted to go for several reasons, but he had decided that he did not want to take anybody. He had remarked one day that he was going alone, but had been instantly hooted down. He had almost decided to just go on calmly, alone, and see how it went. He could amuse himself easily enough, he knew that. And that was what he actually did.

Hartranft and Miss Brooks were going on at five. Craig thought it would be fine to go on at five, and

have that jolly ride up to Plattsburg and back, but he wasn't going to do it. He was not going on until eight. What should he do if he went at five, bobbing around after Hartranft and Miss Brooks; it would be a very different thing if Hartranft were not there. But if he went on at eight, then, surely, those few who would go on early, would have had an opportunity to get tired of each other, and it would be more lively all around. Craig's reasoning was a little vague, but he went on at eight.

Hartranft and Miss Brooks were leaning over the railing, in company with every one else on the boat, watching the crowds coming on. There were a great many strange faces. The best families in the town were accustomed to go to the Commencement boat-ride. Here came Severn and Miss Graham hurrying across the gang-plank. Nan saw Audrey and nodded; she would be with her soon. Clifford and Miss Cameron came on. Then Audrey saw a tall fellow with broad, square shoulders, and smiled, as she pointed him out to Hartranft. Sternhold had come on alone.

When the *Vermont* slowly swung away from the dock, and the wheels began to churn the water again, and the new comers had spread themselves through the boat, and a merry company it was, too, Craig came up to a little knot of people standing in

the grand saloon,—Miss Graham and Severn, Miss Cameron and Clifford, Audrey and Hartranft.

“Here’s Sternhold,” chuckled Severn. “Sternhold, where is the young lady you were to bring?”

“She went off with—another man,” said Sternhold solemnly.

“There are lots of fellows on this boat, Sternhold,” continued Severn, when the laugh died down, “who have two and even three sisters with them. Now, unshackled as you are, you will be a tremendously welcome young man in such quarters. Hartranft,” turning irrelevantly to Hartranft, “unless I am greatly mistaken, you will find more family men on this boat who will want you to leave—Miss Brooks—just for a moment, and be introduced to their mothers and their sisters and their other relations, than you ever dreamed of; of course, only because you are a very worthy young man, with a patent double-back action brain.”

“Miss Cameron and I will talk to you once in a while, if you get tired, Sternhold,” said Clifford, patronizingly. “Will you take a turn on deck?” addressing Miss Cameron.

But in spite of their insinuating remarks, Craig found plenty to do and plenty of people to talk to, and passed an evening long to be remembered. He did make himself serviceable to more than one of

the senior class endowed with an extra number of sisters who were "doing" the Commencement festivities for the first time, and who were anxious to do and see all that there was to be done and seen. But he had a long, long talk with Audrey, out on deck, at the stern. The air was warm and pleasant, the stars were out, and the moon was just rising. They could hear the rush of the water, and the pacing of the couples on the deck, and the low voices and laughter from the groups near them; they could hear the hum and noise from the laughing, talking crowd inside the grand saloon. They could hear the fascinating, rhythmical music, softened by distance, coming up from the deck below. They could see the broad, foamy track behind them, brightening more and more in the moonlight. They talked about the year that they were leaving, about the things, big and little, that had happened. The Water Street boys came in for their share. Craig was sure that Dick was a remarkably bright and plucky boy, and was studying like a little staver. He thought the boy wanted to go to college, and for his part, he, Craig, should help him all he possibly could. They planned things to do down there the next year, and talked of the college prospects.

"There is one thing sure," said Craig. "I'm going to do my best, however little it may be, for the

fellows that come in next year. And if our Allen comes back, — they say he will be back in the next class, — I'm going to try and be a friend to him, and not hold my head up so plaguy high. I would like it if I could ever be to some fellows what I know Clifford has been. He leaves college with a good record behind him, and is the kind of a fellow to do things that nobody will know about, — awfully helpful, kind, grand sort of things. It seems as though the mill would be dead enough without him next year."

"I am thankful that Miss Cameron is not going; I dread next Commencement," said Audrey slowly. "Still, I suppose we won't notice it much when the time comes. It will seem strange to have a new class below us" —

"And you leave to-morrow early?"

"Yes — early train. I'll be home in a week; and then to ride over the ranch on Kitto, and after the cattle, and fourteen miles for the mail by moonlight. Oh, I'm in a hurry for it! I get so restless here, sometimes. I want to get on a hunting rig, and go shooting, and be among the cattle. I act real like a lady for the way I was brought up, don't I?"

Craig laughed. "That makes you the girl you are, I guess; you are different from anybody else. I shall miss seeing you, awfully" —

"So shall I you. You are going to be in the Adirondacks awhile?"

"Yes. It depends a little on how Jamie takes it. I imagine I can risk him though. And so, after to-night, I shall not see you until next fall" —

"No. Let's agree together," and Audrey looked unusually serious, "to make next year a year worth having, and expect it of each other, and be able to speak to each other about it, will you? With some reference to your building theories," smiling.

And Craig could only look half how glad he was, but they shook hands on it, then and there, and parted — for Hartranft came up then — better friends than ever. Craig also had a little talk with Clifford. Clifford would leave the next morning, and he did not know just when he should return to the old college, and he felt a little solemn — a good many things to make a fellow think had happened that day, and, as far as he was concerned, that evening, too, for the matter of that; and he was glad to talk with Craig, as they paced the deck in the moonlight for a few minutes. And for all Commencement had come off the day before, Craig did not feel that his freshman year had ended until the boat-ride was over; until he had recrossed the gang-plank and was on his way back up the hill to Jamie.

CHAPTER XIV.

SENIORS.

“FRESHMAN! Hello, down there, Jamie!”

Two of the boys were leaning out of one of the college windows, — one of the windows of Severn’s old room.

Times had changed. Jack Kirk and Ed Hastings had just returned to town that morning, at the beginning of the first term of their senior year. Severn, in his day, had been one of “*the men*” in the college, and now Severn was but a tradition: of all the crowds of students who in a couple of days would be swarming across the Green, in the chapel, in the recitation-rooms, in the halls, — none but those in the senior class would know any thing about the mighty Severn. Sometimes, to be sure, the college walls would ring with the boys’ shouts of laughter, while Kirk or some one else would tell a story beginning, —

“The first year I was in college, the best thing happened I ever heard of. Severn, he was a senior then,” etc.

But Severn had long since departed, and Kirk and

Hastings ruled in his old room; and the boys would soon flock in there to hear the news, or tell a good joke, or lounge, very much as they had done in Severn's day.

Kirk and Hastings had been speaking about it, and laughing together over different things they remembered. They had stopped in the arduous exercise of getting out their books and hanging their pictures, and with mutual consent had betaken themselves to hanging all that they could spare of themselves outside the window. It was a fine thing to get that view, and drink it in.

"There never was such a place in the world," said Kirk, with conviction.

It was nearly noon, and the sunlight was hot and bright over every thing; but the glare was relieved by the deep, dark greens of the trees, and their cool, sharply outlined shadows, and by the dim, soft, hazy mountains in the distance. The drip of the fountain could be heard, just the same as ever. The college was quiet, very different from what it would be in a couple of days, or even by that afternoon, perhaps.

"Tommy," the janitor, could be heard admonishing one or more of the little Tommies in the distance. There was the occasional bang of a door, and a laugh from somewhere in North College.

"Wonder who is back in North College?" said

Hastings. "We must investigate when we come back from dinner."

Then something down on the Green attracted Kirk's attention.

"Upon my honor! I'd know that yellow head in Texas; running as usual, and no hat on. Must have just come. Scotts, what luck!" Then leaning even farther out of the window, he yelled, —

"Freshman! Hello, down there, Jamie!"

There was something about the yellow head that would have forced recognition; but the owner of that yellow head was no longer a five-year-old in a kilt; far from it.

"We are seniors," he had said cheerfully to Mr. and Mrs. Carver only a few minutes before; and so Craig was, but Jamie, for some reason, could never get beyond the freshman year. "Little freshman" he had been, and "little freshman" he still was.

When he and Craig had returned for the sophomore year, Jamie was greeted unanimously by every body as the little freshman. His "own really, truly class," as he insisted on calling it, still continued to give him his place and his honors, and looked upon him to a man with the greatest pride, and regarded him as their especial property. But his first name stuck. The freshmen that year had taken very kindly to this nominal addition to their number, and so had the

next freshman class, and now Jamie had just been consigned to the incoming class by Jack Kirk's vigorous salute; but Jamie did not mind; he accepted all turns of fortune with a simplicity and a healthy cheerfulness that won him favor from every body.

"Hello yourself, Jack Kirk!" and the young man turned his sunny head in the direction of the college.

"Come in, Jamie. Come right up here. Where's Craig?"

"Over at the house," vouchsafed Jamie, darting in at the entrance, and making double-quick time up the wide stairs.

"Oh, I'm so glad you are back!" he cried, hurrying in at the door, "it didn't seem's if I could wait. I was afraid none of our class would be back so early. What you doing?"

"You get up on the table, my boy, out of the way; all our chairs are occupied, you see," pointing to the gloriously confused piles of things on the chairs.

"I know. Craig's just begun to fling his things out. I s'pose he will be right over after dinner."

Jamie had established himself on the table, and was swinging his legs, and looking at every thing with undisguised interest.

"Your racket is broken, isn't it? Craig got me a

racket this summer. I used it to bat a croquet ball with, though, and it broke," sadly. "Craig's going to have it mended."

Jack Kirk stood with his hands in his pockets, and his feet apart, looking at Jamie admiringly.

"What a jolly little beggar you are!" he broke out. "Hastings, just look how that little rascal has grown; strong, too,—just look at him,—and limber. Stand up, Jamie."

Jamie stood, by no means abashed, and ready to bend his arm, and show his muscle.

"He has grown, hasn't he?" said Hastings. "Look at the straight little legs on him. O Jamie, Jamie, wherefore art thou thusly!"

"There's me muscle," said Jamie, as though commenting on some external phenomenon, and regarding it with the same interest. "Craig says it's pretty good for me. It don't look real hummocky when my arm is bare, like Craig's, but it isn't real soft either."

He looked down from his vantage ground on the table, while the boys felt his muscle. His bright hair, not so very short yet, and with a mischievous little wave through it, shaded his face; the long, dark lashes as he looked down concealed his eyes; his face had a warm, healthy color, and his mouth had not yet lost all of its babyish softness and sweetness, in spite of his eight years. But there was more



"There's me muscle. Craig says it's pretty good for me." p. 258.

than that to Jamie: there was a steadfast, honest look about the little face; a determination about the square little chin; a friendly sincerity, and capacity for earnestness, and even sorrow, about the eyes and mouth, — that always made people stop and look at him, and if possible speak to him.

At the present minute Jamie had a great deal to tell and to ask about. When Kirk and Hastings had again turned to the work of what he called “flinging things out,” he opened fire.

“Carstairs and Mason are back, did you know it? Came in on our train; and oh — and ah — Miss Brooks is coming back this afternoon. I ran right over to Mrs. Masters’ and she said so. It really doesn’t seem ’s if I could wait.”

“How about Craig?”

“Well I don’t see how Craig could wait, if he knew; but I didn’t go back to tell him because — because you know he would be so much int’rusted to know about more things. Craig’s an awful waiting kind though — up to a certain point.”

“What ’s the point?”

“The point is usually — when I don’t be found on time,” and Jamie looked somewhat absently at a picture on the wall. “Say,” he went on, “the freshman class is going to be a monstrous big class, did you know that? I do wonder who will win the

rush and the football game! We won both of them, didn't we?" complacently. "It doesn't seem's if I could wait for Robie to come back."

Robie was a junior. Robie was a wit and a "queer stick." He was a great favorite and a great dig in his own kind of work. He read the most unlimited Latin and Greek; always had his table covered with Greek plays and old Latin that no one else in the college cared any thing about. He stood fairly well in his other studies, and was well up in the class, but the only things he really cared about were the Latin and Greek. He was intending after he left college to study for a professorship of the one or the other. Every body knew that, though Robie never said so.

Jamie and he had struck up a great friendship soon after Robie first entered college, and it was not long before it came to be an established custom that Jamie should spend part of the day with him, sometimes less or sometimes more than an hour, just as it happened. Robie was simply delighted with the boy's curious little acquaintance with Latin and Greek; and Craig said with a laugh that he should have no more to do with Jamie's Latin and Greek now that Robie had got hold of him; which was not quite true, however, as Jamie still used to come to Craig to have the class Latin and Greek read to him; and each summer Craig gave him the most careful attention.

Jamie and Robie got on famously together, and it was an amusement to every one to see the mutual devotion of the eccentric, humorous, thorough student and the ubiquitous Jamie, who was considered a miracle of restless activity.

"Come, Jamie," said Kirk with a groan, "you don't mean to say that, just because Robie does, you are going to waste another one of the precious years of your prime reading about some old fool Greek woman or Greek man who was, ten to one, simply indecently sinful!"

"Why, Kirk, didn't you like *Alcestis*?" There was a humorous twinkle in Jamie's eyes.

"Hastings, see the little beggar look at me! How the baby has grown, to be sure! Last spring he would have felt real badly if he had suspected that I didn't like *Alcestis* or any of the rest of 'em. Now, Jamie, mark my words, if I find that you are growing worldly and suspicious beyond your years, I shall have Craig put you back in dresses and let your hair grow."

"Second the motion," said Hastings. "I don't want any young 'un around my room smarter than I am."

But they both looked at Jamie so encouragingly that he did not find it in him to feel deeply grieved at their remarks.

"When is Colfax coming back?" he asked.

"Wednesday night, I suppose; he always does. Have you seen Prex yet, Jamie, or Miss Graham?"

Kirk and Hastings both were ardent worshippers at the shrine of Miss Graham.

"No," said Jamie, slipping down from the table. "I was just going over there when you called me. I was so glad I didn't know what to do when you called me. Good-by. I'll tell Craig, and if you don't mind, maybe he'll let me come over with him after dinner." Jamie held out his hand in the friendly, cheerful little way that was all his own. But Kirk picked him up in his arms, and kissed him, and said, —

"There, you little beggar, that's my last. You'll be too big and proud to be kissed before long, worse luck to you. I wish you'd stay little! And mark my words, as long as Ed Hastings and I are in this room, you are welcome in here, come when you will. You're a regular little gentleman, and I'm proud of your acquaintance, sir." And considerably more in earnest than in fun, Kirk bowed his little visitor out.

Jamie was in the best of spirits. There was something wonderfully intoxicating about coming back to college and seeing all the old places, and the Green, and the sunlight; and such a large class coming in, and Kirk and Hastings so awfully kind, and Miss

Brooks coming back that very afternoon. He would have to get his visiting done pretty quick, for at three o'clock he would be sitting on the Masters' gate-post waiting for Dick Derby to drive up that carriage — and wasn't it jolly that Dick had had his carriage all done over new? — and then there would be Miss Brooks, and he would go into the house with her, and up to her old room, where he himself only a little before had placed a modest bouquet beside the fine large bunch of flowers that kindly Mrs. Masters had put there "to make the room look homelike for her, dear child!" And then he would stay there until supper time, and hear every thing, and tell all the news he had picked up — he must be sure and pick up a good deal to make himself interesting — and then he would have so much to tell Craig when he went back to the Carver's. It was a great comfort that Miss Brooks would not have to "lie down" or "rest" or any thing when she came. He knew she wouldn't. She could travel day and night for a week, and feel as jolly as a lark after it.

Jamie had reached the President's house. Up the steps he went, and turned the knob as of yore. He could turn it rather more easily now than when he was five. He knew before he opened the door that he would find the same old, cool, dark hall, and that the door to the President's study would not

be quite closed. As he looked in, he saw Dr. Graham sitting there writing.

"Oh," said Jamie.

"Jamie Sternhold, my dear boy!" The President's smile was one of those rare things that belong to only one person perhaps that one meets in a lifetime, and Jamie smiled back perfectly contented when he saw it. It was a fine thing to come back a senior, and have the President smile at him like that.

Jamie was soon sitting on Dr. Graham's knee (he had learned to think that he belonged there rightfully a long, long time ago), and conversing on subjects of importance concerning the college.

"How big is the freshman class really?"

"Sixty have entered," looking at the interested little upturned face, and smoothing the bright hair.

"What are you this year?"

"We are seniors," gravely. "It seems like rather a slow year, doesn't it, without any Latin and Greek, and with only meta—physics, and p'litical what is it, and some more things; not even any German?"

"It is a very good year, I think. You know the seniors come to me, and also to Professor St. John."

"I come to you first of any, don't I?" said Jamie, contentedly ducking his head against the President's vest. "How is your daughter?"

"Are *you* beginning to ask about my daughter?"

There was something in the President's voice that indicated a forced submission to fate.

"Yes; Jack Kirk's back, and he said I'd better find out pretty quick. Same with Hastings. How is she?"

"She is well, and will be very glad to see you; so will Mrs. Graham. Craig is back, I suppose?"

"Yes, Craig is back, and is unpacking. He is hurrying like fury, I guess. He said he would unpack right off, and have more time to see the fellows. He will be glad there are sixty. You feel pretty bad that we won't be here next year, don't you?" smoothing the President's cheek compassionately.

"Yes, I think I do, though I am a little too busy to spend all my time thinking about it. How does your Latin and Greek go?"

"Pretty good, I guess. It was real interesting this summer. Craig went over all the junior Latin and Greek with me, but he did most of the work you know. Then I read a lot of the Iliad, and a lot of Virgil by myself. Since Craig has let me have a dictionary, it's more trouble; but it's more fun, and they read awful easy. I can read it right off. I mean sometimes, you know," fearful of giving an incorrect impression. "I'm through fractions too, at least I think I am. I had some fractions. Craig wouldn't tell me the name of 'em for a long while.

He says I'm to begin to know something about English reading now. I thought I'd read a lot of books, not a liberry full, you know, nor even a very big shelf full, but some. Craig tells me all about people, and then lets me read a little tiny thing some of them wrote. He told me all about that poor Charlie Lamb and his poor sister, and he let me read about some of poor Charlie Lamb's dream children. It was too bad, wasn't it? too bad!"

"I think Craig must be an uncommonly sensible fellow outside of his forcing theories."

"He is very," said Jamie calmly. "He says he isn't shucks, but he knows the greatest lot about horses and fishing, and you ought to see his muscle, and he can hold me at arms-length in one hand. A fellow took a picture of him doing it last summer. He don't look all bulgy and awful big, either; but he is tall, isn't he?"

"Undoubtedly. Craig Sternhold is the finest looking fellow I ever saw in my life, though I should not be much surprised if you outdo him. What else did you read about?"

"Craig told me all about Bacon. You know whom I mean, don't you? And he gave me some things to read; oh, about 'ambition' and 'honesty,' but really," confidentially, "they weren't half as good as what Craig says about such things, not half."

The President laughed. "What else did he tell you about?"

"Oh, all kinds of things, about ants and bees and flies and beetles. They do the funniest things. We have watched 'em and watched 'em, Craig and me."

"Oh, you are a scientist also."

"A buggist scientist. Not much on rocks or flowers, but more on bugs. Craig says it's more fun to watch a bug trying to do something; but, then, I suppose some people like the flowers best, don't they? Craig says this is a great world. You ought to see Dotty."

"Who is Dotty?"

"Well, a while ago in Brandon, — are you in'trusted? — there was a man near his house, quite a way off. Craig and I were driving, and the man was scolding and yelling at a little girl, and she was awful frightened; and Craig was that mad, you ought to have seen him. He just stopped the horse, and said, 'See here, Sykes,' — he knew the man, — 'you keep quiet. I should think you would be ashamed.' The man growled, and looked black at the little girl. She is awful little, only five years old, and Craig said he was afraid the man would hit her, and he picked her up, and put her in the carriage, and drove her home to Aunt Polly; only first he said to the man, 'You can come to Dr. Talbot's for her when you want her;' and the man said, 'Good riddance to bad lug-

gage.' Riddance is not really swearing, as I thought it was. Craig took Dotty home. She just sat and stared at him all the time; and if he was looking away, she would put out one finger, and touch him, to see what he felt like, I guess. Craig feels awful nice when you are close to him. My Aunt Polly took her, the little girl, — we called her Dotty since, — and fixed her up, and cried over her, and rocked her; and the little girl liked her a lot, and followed her everywhere, always eating a cookie. Aunt Polly said she should keep Dotty, and my uncle went to find the man, but the man had gone. So Aunt Polly's got her, and says she is going to keep her. What time is it, please? I must tell your daughter about Miss Brooks, though maybe she knows."

That afternoon at three o'clock Jamie was sitting on the Masters' gate post, kicking his heels against the post and looking longingly for Dick Derby's carriage to turn the corner of College Street and trot around the lower edge of the Green and up to the Masters' gate. He had to wait a long time, he thought; but there it came at a rattling pace, for Dick was glad to do his best for Miss Brooks, and Jamie gave a wild hurrah that announced the arrival to the Masters family, and jumped down from his post. There was Miss Brooks, and out she came from the carriage. She had seen Jamie's sunny head since

she turned the corner of College Street. And how well she looked! Taller and rather more dignified in appearance than the jolly, easily smiling Miss Brooks of three years before.

"Jamie, Jamie, I'm so glad to see you!" and Jamie danced up and down. Then recovering his equanimity sufficiently to offer his services, he took her umbrella and hand-bag and went into the house with her. Mrs. Masters met "Audrey, dear child," in the hall; while Jamie tore upstairs with the things. The trunk was brought up, and he was sitting on it when Miss Brooks finally reached her room.

"And oh, Miss Brooks, how jolly you do look, and what did you see, and when did you start, and I about split in two I was so afraid you wouldn't come, and Miss Graham is coming over here to tea with you, I told Mrs. Masters so before dinner! She, Miss Graham, is going a-riding this afternoon, or she would be over before; and I said you'd want to stay here to tea the first night on account of Mrs. Masters!"

"Why, what a little brick you are, Jamie, to think of it; that is just so — and how are you? How you have grown!"

"Yes, that is what they all say, and you are taller, aren't you? and how beautiful you are!" with the sincerest admiration.

"You are prejudiced."

"I hope that isn't any thing bad."

"Jamie, I am so glad to see you," sitting opposite him in a rocking-chair and pulling off her gloves finger by finger. "How cool it is up here, and the flowers — it does seem as though I had never been so hot in my life. Who is back, what has happened, and when did you get here, and where is Craig?"

"Kirk and Hastings are back; they are in Severn's old room, and they've got a big photograph of Severn put up over the door; and Carstairs and Mason are back, and some more I guess; they will be coming all the time now. We came this morning, and I came right over to see when you were coming; and do you know, the hole in the fence is mended! Whatever will we do next spring? I forgot to tell Craig that, and Craig's here. I expect he'll be over here to-night if you aren't at the Grahams, or anywhere. He said for you not to let me bother you, and I said for him to send you a message, but he said he would do his own talking if nothing happened. Well," as Jamie saw that the gloves had finally come off, "now I'll go off for awhile, while you're getting ready to unpack, and will you please to hang something white out of your window, so I'll know without bothering when you are ready?"

"If that isn't Jamie Sternhold all over," patting the smiling, happy little face. "Yes, I'll hang some-

thing out, and it won't be long either, I shall want to see you so much."

Jamie wandered up and down the sidewalk for a few minutes, then he had an idea. He ran across the Green to the college. Seeing Craig sitting in Kirk's window-seat he called up softly, —

"Craig!"

Craig looked down.

"Hello, what do you want?"

"I want to speak to you out in the hall," and Jamie ran upstairs.

"What's up, boy?"

"Say, Craig, please, she's come, and it's so hot!" Jamie was speaking almost in a whisper, "and she's hot too; and, Craig, *please* may I go down town and get her some ice-cream? She's *awful* fond of ice-cream — you've no idea! and I'll just about have time — please, Craig!"

Craig was thinking "What a head the boy has, and not to blurt it out before a roomful, either!"

"Yes, bless your heart. I like to have you think of such things," and Craig jingled something in his pocket, and in another minute Jamie was running down town as fast as his legs would carry him. It was a long way down town, and the afternoon was intensely hot. There was a ring as the door of a certain down-town ice-cream saloon opened, and

Jamie was taking breath in the cool quiet of the room, nodding his head, and saying, —

“How do you do, Miss Smith? I’m back. Please give me that much worth of bricks. I want little bricks, and I want ’em vanilla and strawberry and pineapple and chocolate, and give me two pieces of sponge cake too, please. If there isn’t enough money, I’ll bring some more down to-morrow.”

Miss Smith laughed, and said there would be plenty of money; and after he had waited just as long as he could, he thought, she brought him his “bricks” in a pasteboard box, and his sponge cake in another little pasteboard box, and he started up the hill again.

He was very much afraid that his bricks would melt, so he tried to carry the box on the shady side of him; but the shady side of Jamie was not such a spacious spot as it might have been, at that time in the afternoon. He took off his broad-brimmed straw hat, and carried that over the box, and the sun beat down on his curly head until he won the shade of the trees. When he reached the Masters’ he was a very hot and a very tired, but a very happy small boy. He went around to the designated window, and saw the signal

“Please, Mrs. Masters, will you give me two saucers and two spoons? I’ve got the loveliest surprise for Miss Brooks!” and loaded with ice-cream

and sponge cake, two saucers and two spoons, Jamie again made his appearance at Audrey's door.

"It's a surprise!" he cried, as she opened the door, "and won't you be *de*-lighted when you find it is ice-cream!"

"You poor, dear, hot little boy! We will have some this minute, and I hope it will cool you off," and Audrey was quite overcome by this evidence of good-will.

So she fixed Jamie in a cool place between the windows, where the curtain blew softly in and out, and heaped his saucer with pieces of all his "bricks." He would not begin, hot and thirsty and an ice-cream devotee though he was, until she was quite ready also.

"I got a lot of kinds, so that you could have your choice."

"Jamie, I couldn't choose between those," eying the remainders of the bricks lovingly. "I like every kind there better than all the other kinds. *And* the sponge cake! And when we are through with this, we will unpack, won't we?"

"I didn't see how I could wait until you unpacked, a little while ago. Did you remember about the little Indian moccasins? But never mind, you know, if you didn't."

"Yes, I have the moccasins, and I guess you will like them."

"And how is Kitto?"

"Kitto is as gay as ever. I did want to bring you a pony I have, ever so much. The dearest little pony! Are you going to ride with me this year?"

"Yes, of course. Craig is going to see Flint tomorrow. I want Polo again, the same pony I had last year, you know. Craig says I can. He says I'm getting to be a pretty good rider for me."

"Have you seen Prex? How is he?"

"He is just like always, and he was so glad you were to come this afternoon. There is a freshman girl going to have the room next to you; did you know it?"

"No; who?" interested at once.

"Her name is Miss Parker, Mrs. Masters said."

"Do you know where she comes from?"

"Chicago; and her father graduated from here, and knew Mrs. Masters, oh, a monstrous long time ago."

"Isn't that nice!"

Then they unpacked, and so successful were their efforts, that when Miss Graham rushed up to Audrey's room before tea, the room was in good enough order "to do" for a time.

CHAPTER XV.

VACATION NOTES.

QUITE a variety of things had happened to Jamie since he was "really a freshman," as he said. For one thing, he had been to Europe.

Toward the close of their sophomore year, Audrey said one evening to Sternhold, —

"Guess what has happened. I received a letter to-day."

"That is nothing unusual, is it?"

"From my uncle in New York."

"Even that has happened before, hasn't it?"

"Yes, such a thing has happened before," with a laugh, "but it is what is in the letter that is interesting. Guess what it is."

"I can't. You tell me."

"Well, he says he wants me to go to Europe with him again. My uncle and aunt are going. You know they took me before, the year before I entered college, only we came back in May so I could go home before beginning the college year; and now Uncle Matt says we will leave as soon as college is

over, and come back in time for the junior year. Won't it be fun? My father and my mother wish me to go, so Uncle Matt says. But, dear me, I shall have been from last fall until a year from this spring without being home if I do that. That will be the longest I ever was away, almost two years."

"Oh, well, it will go like lightning, and this is a jolly chance."

"Yes, only it is an awfully short time. We shall only be in Scotland and England and Switzerland, my uncle says, because he doesn't want to tear. I wish you were going."

Craig seemed stunned for a moment.

"Do you know," slowly and doubtfully, as though there must be something radically wrong with his statement, "I don't—believe—there is the—sign of a reason why I should not go."

He looked at her for a refutation of his remark.

"Oh, *do* go," was all she said.

"I believe I can. I am nineteen, just, you know; and Jamie will be seven in a couple of weeks, and I think it is a great mistake that we haven't been across,—a mistake that can not be too soon remedied," with much decision. "I believe I will write to my uncle to-night, and see if he has any objection. I know he won't, though. What a most uncommon jolly lark it will be! Will you have any objection to Jamie's and my going in your boat?"

"I shall write to Uncle Matt to-night, and find out when the steamer goes, and which one it is. Of course he will sail from New York to Liverpool. Oh, if you only will! And think how fine it will be for Jamie!" rather weakly.

"Yes, Jamie, of course; it will be a fine thing for Jamie, of course," thoughtfully. "I really believe my duty to Jamie requires that I should take him to Europe this summer, and that I should sail on your steamer, and, for the most part, rather follow on in the footsteps of your uncle and aunt. Will that be all right? Do you think your uncle and aunt will like me?" fixing his neck-tie.

"Oh, they like you already. I was down there — New York — Christmas, you know, and I talked about every body; and they think you and Jamie are the most wonderful couple on the face of the earth."

"And you were able to look me in the face when you came back?"

"Yes, and with unabated interest. And you really think you will go?"

"I seriously and really think I will go," with a smile. And Craig did go, and did take Jamie, and Mr. and Mrs. Copeland, Audrey's relations, thought that there never was a young man like Craig, nor a little boy like Jamie.

Jamie's adventures on the ship were legion.

There were a great many passengers, strangers to each other, but before they were out two days every one knew Jamie. When the deck steward came up to minister unto various unfortunate mortals who would rather starve than go down into the cabin for a meal, he always brought something in the line of extras for Jamie. It was wonderful how much Jamie could conveniently dispose of. As Sternhold and Miss Brooks would pace the deck in the seemingly endless succession of people going around and around the deck, up one side and down the other, unless one side was too windy, people would often call Jamie, if he happened to be available, and would begin, —

“And what is your name, my little man?”

“Jamie Sternhold,” with a smile, and with his legs braced well apart to steady himself.

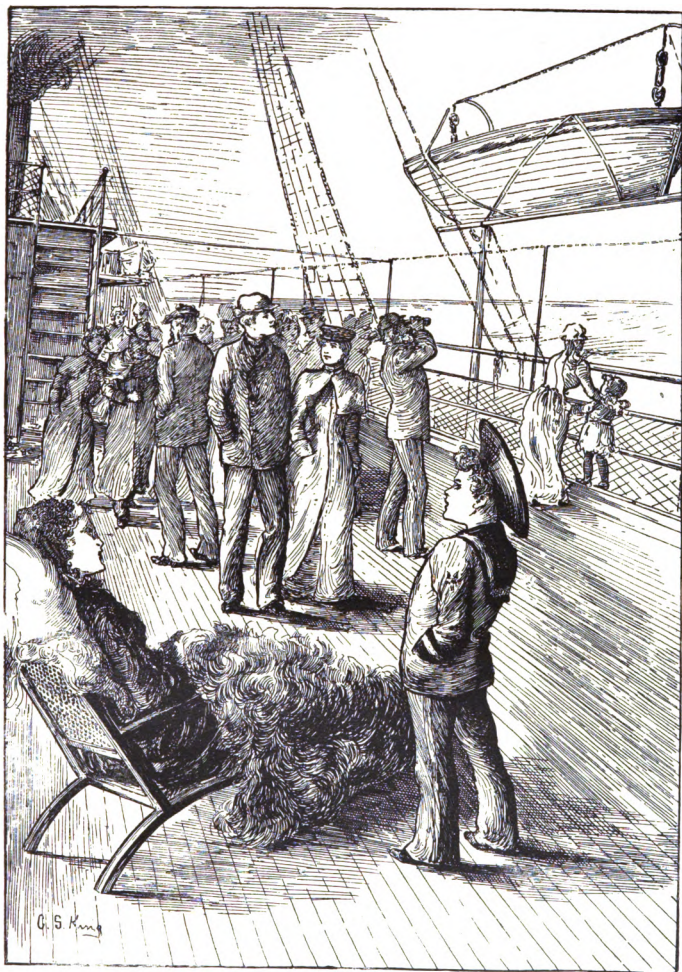
“So you are going to Europe?”

“Yes, sir, isn’t it fun?”

“Can you tell me who that young man is walking with a young lady, — they just passed us?”

“With a wide hat and a shawl? Yes, sir, he is a missionary going to India.”

“Oh, I didn’t refer to that couple; I meant the tall, handsome young man with the fair hair, and the young lady with the gray ulster. You were walking with them a few minutes ago.”



"Craig would know, perhaps. Had n't you better ask him?" p. 279.

"Oh! that is Craig Sternhold, my brother."

"And who is the young lady? Is she your sister?"

"Oh, no. She is a friend of mine. We are 'quaintances. She has elderly relations on board. Craig is the elderliest I've got."

One old lady who was curious about all her fellow-travelers and particularly interested in the appearance of Craig and Audrey, asked Jamie some questions about them both; and then, thinking to take advantage of his youth, asked, while several listened to her, —

"Well, Jamie, and is your brother going to marry her?"

Jamie was rather bewildered at first, and then he replied with a certain dignity, though without the slightest intention of being impolite, —

"Craig would know, perhaps. Hadn't you better ask him?"

And the people in the deck chairs near by did not try to conceal their amusement.

The Copelands did not intend to hurry around from place to place quite as fast as they could go. They spent what was left of June in Edinburgh, stayed in London through July, and went to Switzerland for August. Craig and Jamie followed their wanderings in the main, but Craig took flying looks at several extra places. He went to Paris and to

several of the German cities, where Audrey had already been. He also went to Glasgow. But most of the time they were all together. Craig could not think of a minute of their trip that had not been enjoyable; but, after all, as they had agreed many a time since, the pleasantest part of all was their stay in London; there was so much to see and do that they were particularly interested in seeing and doing. They knew a little more about English history than about other kinds of history, and London viewed historically was a liberal education. Audrey was quite familiar with London streets and sights, and that made it pleasant for both of them; for after all it was Craig and Audrey who kept up the continual going from one place to another from morning until night. Jamie was always on hand, but Jamie did not need any thing but an occasional look or word expressive of good fellowship, and plenty to eat, to make the days pass pleasantly enough for him. He made friends even in London, and memories of certain little conversations with a certain little wide-awake American by the name of Jamie Sternhold lingered long in the minds of more than one free-born Briton. All the party were in Westminster Abbey one afternoon. Mrs. Copeland, Audrey, and Craig were in the Poet's Corner, while Jamie was standing gazing up at the statue of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr.

Copeland was sitting in one of the stiff-backed seats, enjoying the coolness, and looking around. For his part, however, if he were going sight-seeing he much preferred to go to the India Docks, or anywhere along the Thames. A white-haired, fine-looking old gentleman, Sir Digby Digby of Shropshire, sat in front of him, and he seemed to be looking at Jamie. Jamie was standing quite near him, hat in hand, with his sunny head thrown back, as he looked up at the face of the statue. He gave a little sigh, and turned, as he thought, to Mr. Copeland.

"What do you think of it, my little man?" said Sir Digby Digby.

"He is whiter than some of the others," meditatively.

"The marble you mean?"

"Yes, the marble. Why, was he really whiter?" looking at him.

"I am not prepared to say. Where do you come from, my little man?"

"From the United States," with a friendly smile.

"Are you a little American?" Sir Digby Digby seemed surprised.

Jamie nodded.

"Are your parents Americans?"

"Craig is. My parents are dead, but I suppose they are Americans yet, don't you?"

Sir Digby Digby seemed interested. "But I have always understood that American children were sallow and puny and impudent and whiny and pert."

Jamie's eyes were stretched their widest.

"And you are as fresh and rosy as the best specimen of English boy that ever walked. How old are you?"

"Seven last May."

"Tall of your age, too," critically. "How do you like London?"

"I like it very much," politely. "Is it your city?"

"I—I feel an interest in it. You haven't any thing as fine as this in the United States, have you?" referring to the Abbey.

"Craig says not, though I do think the college chapel is lovely." That last was a little weak, for even Jamie's jealous desire to have his country's edifices stand well in the sight of a foreigner could not make the plain, neat, pretty little college chapel rival Westminster Abbey.

"No doubt, no doubt," encouragingly. "And your streets and buildings do not seem very fine when you compare them with ours, do they?"

"Oh, the streets in New York are much finer," said Jamie sincerely. "Though many of yours are

really very nice, too," he added, with an evident desire to let the old gentleman down easy.

"Oh ho, is that the case! Well, I have understood that American children do not mind well, and stay up till all hours, and go every-where with their parents, and do every thing that they should not do," continued the old gentleman, who had perhaps formed his ideas of American children from Miss Marryat's writings. "Have you a nurse?"

Jamie was naturally polite, and felt kindly toward every body, but there was an indignant little tremble in his voice as he answered, "No, sir."

"Why, when did you finish with your nurse?"

"I never had one," almost with tears in his eyes.

"Who took care of you?"

"Mamma, and then Craig."

"And who is Craig?"

"My brother, sir. There he is, over there, way over there, with a stout lady and a young lady,—an awfully pretty young lady."

"Is *he* an American? I picked him out for a typical young Englishman, without any of the fop about him; tall, broad shouldered, fair. But I have only seen him at a distance."

It was almost too much for Jamie.

"Oh, I don't think he looks *any* like an Englishman. He is just grand, Craig is. There's an

Englishman, and there, and there, and over there, and all around, and see what they look like; and look at Craig, he's as different, as different. There is no one here handsome like Craig, and he is an American."

Mr. Copeland, who was enjoying the conversation greatly, felt like clapping, but he managed to restrain himself.

"He is a very fine young man. Did you say he has taken care of you, personally?"

"Always since I was five."

The incredulity and wonder on Sir Digby Digby's face was funny.

"They don't teach the boys over in the United States much about Latin, do they?"

"A little sometimes. Do they teach more to girls over here?"

"Not—ex-actly. Though we are drifting that way. Do you know any Latin?"

"Not much;" and, then, with a readier wit than Sir Digby Digby was prepared to understand, as he had left his Latin school days far behind him, Jamie aptly quoted, with a good-humored little laugh, the opening sentence of one of Juvenal's satires, which Craig had often read to him, and the rhythm of which pleased him,—

"*'Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide'—*

"complacentis Englishmani," he improvised rather lamely.

Sir Digby Digby smiled at him approvingly, and wondered what it meant. "I shall have to change all my opinions about American children if I talk with you much longer. How long will you remain in London?"

"Not very much longer, I believe. You have a very nice Zoölogical Garden here, I think." Jamie wished to be conciliatory so far as he could make it consistent with patriotism.

"Now, we have, haven't we? I suppose you must have enjoyed that. Do you go to school in America?"

"Do you mean me? I don't go to school, sir."

"Not big enough for the public schools, of course."

"Oh yes, we can go to the public schools when we are five, I think Craig said."

"The public schools at five! Our boys don't get into the public schools much before they are ten. Why, I was twelve when I went to Eton."

Jamie knew a little about this subject.

"Our public schools are different from yours. In yours you pay, in ours you don't."

"Oh, I see," condescendingly. "Board schools."

"No; they are not board schools. Rich men's boys and girls go to our public schools, as well as poor people's, and the schools are beautiful. Your

board schools are just little ugly places, and only poor, poor children go."

"Fact. But how did you know so much about it?"

"I heard Craig and Miss Brooks talking about it, and Craig 'splained it to me by myself, too."

"Well, well, well!" and Sir Digby Digby looked down with great interest at his new acquaintance. "Do you know any thing about any of these?" pointing comprehensively to the many sculptures, new and old.

"A little about some."

"Who is that?" pointing to quite a new bust some distance off.

"The white one? Longfellow!" promptly and proudly.

"Quite right, sir. He was an American, and a fine one!"

Jamie felt much more friendly, and smiled cordially. .

"I would like to take you off with me down to Shropshire, and show you a little English life. I would teach you to ride, sir, and you could follow the hounds, and learn to take your hedges and ditches like a little man. I suspect there is good stuff in you."

Mr. Copeland from his back seat nodded vehemently at that, but nobody saw him.

"And now, sir, I am going. Will you shake hands with an old Englishman?"

Jamie shook hands, and looking up into Sir Digby Digby's face with the most sincere good will, said, —

"Good-by. You have really a very nice country, I think; and I think this is truly quite better — the Abbey — than our churches. But I wish you would come to our country, too; and, sir, if you come, my brother Craig and I will be very glad to entertain you, sir."

Sir Digby Digby squeezed Jamie's small hand almost too hard for comfort, coughed, and smiled benevolently.

"Yes, indeed; most certainly. You are very kind, my young friend, and I shall not soon forget you, my little American," and away he went.

Mr. Copeland was delighted. He had to tell the whole story to Mrs. Copeland and Craig and Audrey, and as he did not know the Latin Jamie had rattled off, Jamie had to tell that himself. Craig and Audrey laughed until they were tired, and vowed that that story never would do to tell, because nobody would believe it.

Several clerks in Topples, Hartrick, and Camp, Tailors, Clothiers, and Gentlemen's Outfitters, Strand, had a story to tell for a long time about a little American, who came into their "shop" one morning to make some purchases.

That morning Craig had eyed Jamie critically for a few minutes, meditating in the meanwhile.

"Jamie," he said abruptly, "did you ever go by yourself to buy yourself a suit of clothes?"

"No, I've only bought shoes by myself."

"Well, I think you ought to try it. Now, look sharp and keep your wits about you. You go down to the Strand, or to Holborn, whichever you please, and only go into a large store, and if they bully you, you go out again. Now, Jamie, don't get run over, will you? And have your suit made to order, or do just as you like."

So at about eleven o'clock that morning, a bright-haired, smiling little boy walked into Topples, Hart-rick, and Camp's. As he seemed to be on business, he was bowed to, and the usual "What will you have?" asked him.

"I would like to look at some suitings, please, for a tolably little boy," he began with much dignity, but as the floor walker smiled, Jamie took that as an evidence of unconditional friendliness, and added confidentially, "I'm going to buy me a suit of clothes, and will you please help get an awful nice one, so Craig will be surprised?" Then thinking that there might be something underhanded about having too much help, he added, "I mean, don't put me up to any thing homely or cottony, will you?"

"You shall see the very best bargains," said the floor walker.

"McCall, suitings for this young gentleman!" But he himself overlooked the sale.

"Wouldn't you like a ready made suit, sir?" asked the clerk.

"I think not. I think the pants come too long generally, and there is most too much trimming on the little suits. I don't want any trimming."

They were showing him different goods; fine black cloths, dark greens, and browns. "What kind of a suit do you want?" asked the clerk.

"I believe I'll have a traveling suit, and not like these. I think I'll have some rough mixed kind of goods, more like that, only prettier. Wouldn't you?" turning to the floor walker.

"I believe I would. And what kind of a pattern would you like?"

They showed him a pattern book, and after he had run his fingers through his curly hair enough times, and had made remarks that seemed to convulse all the clerks, he said, —

"I believe I'll have a Norfolk jacket, if it is a little old, and I want the pantaloons very short and very tight; pretty tight, you know, and sewed most awful uncommon strong. I think American boys must be pretty hard on sewing. And please to sew the

buttons, *all* the buttons, on with some kind of wire, if you have any, for Craig makes me sew my own buttons on now, and I don't hit the holes more'n once an hour; and please to have the pockets very strong, and a few more perhaps than usual. I'm obliged to carry a good deal in 'em while traveling, and your money over here is right heavy. There are some large-sized knives you sell here for a shilling, with corkscrews and things in them,—in the knives,—and they are very wearing. And the collar,—please to have a nice fitting collar, a real nice collar like this one. Yes, I think I will take this stuff. It is real pretty, isn't it? and all wool, isn't it?" turning to the floor walker, "and won't show dirt so very easy? And will you please to cut me a sample so I can see if it is the very same stuff when it is done?"

So Jamie bought his suit, and the clerks were very pleasant to him, and put him on the counter, and talked to him about America. They even sent out for some ginger beer, and Jamie was treated to it after he had been volubly assured that it was not intoxicating. Then he was urged on to express his sentiments on temperance, which he did with great clearness, enlarging his remarks by a friendly dissertation on tobacco and its prejudicial effects. He never once doubted that his listeners entirely

agreed with him, and appealed to them for corroboration at every point. When he left he was invited to come in often while he was in London, even after his suit should be finished. A time was set for his going to try it on, and Jamie shook hands all around, and went off happy.

Craig tried to make the trip of as much use to Jamie as possible. He told him stories to interest him in the various things they saw, and tried to connect one thing with another for him, so that he could remember more easily. And Craig declared that Jamie had never made such progress in his life as he did in that sophomore vacation. Audrey saw it, and every body noticed it when they returned to college. Jamie's ideas had suddenly enlarged; he was able to connect things for himself; he had a much better notion of time and space; of the years before his own little day, and of the cities outside his own little college town. His simplicity and confidence, trustfulness and fresh happiness in every thing, were quite the same, and so he retained the childish air with ideas that were larger than usually belonged to his age. His belief that every one knew more than he did, and his desire to do his little best in any or every way, to contribute to any one's happiness, gave such a charm to his amusing little tales about his "soph vacation trip,"

that he had to tell them a great many times, and he had gained the reputation of being quite a little conversationalist.

“Here comes the little freshman, and we will get him to tell us a story. What a friendly little beggar he is!” was a very common expression of opinion in the college after his return.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALLEN.

"ALLEN, wait a minute !"

Allen was the Allen of former days. He was now a junior. He had returned to college as a freshman when those of his own class were sophomores. He was not naturally a boy with a very good disposition, or a very good temper, or very good brains. And he was a boy to be easily led. When he first entered college he fell into the hands of the Bulstrode and Dame set, and was willing to stay there. He was not sufficiently prepossessing to attract the attention of the better set of fellows to himself for society purposes, and that was all anybody thought about.

After his suspension, his year had not been of the pleasantest kind. His father was broken down by the disappointment. His mother's eyes followed him in a mournful way that nearly distracted him. Every one in the little village knew of his suspension, and it was a disgrace. In that unsophisticated community, nobody recognized what a real joke and compliment it was to be expelled or suspended. He was given a

place in a store, and stayed there all winter, for there was not much to be done on the farm, and he was glad to be away from home as much as possible. His father, in a hopeless broken down way that was a hundred times worse than rebukes, begged him to go back to college the next year, and take the blot off his name. He and his wife would pinch and scrape again, but not with the same hopeful glad thoughts as before, when no sacrifice seemed too great if only their son, too, could go through college as well as richer men's sons, and — for who could tell? — might outshine them all. They would send him again.

Allen hated the thought of going. He realized what a strain it was on his parents to send him, and he cared very little about it, and dreaded to go back to the town again and to the college. It didn't seem as though he could do it. He thought he knew how every one would look at him, and it seemed worse now that he had been away so long. He dreaded it. But he could not help seeing how his father longed to have him go, and he thought he must do it. It seemed to him that perhaps he could go to college, and not know anybody or see anybody; that he would study as much as he could, and that perhaps he might be able to pass his examinations, and get through. He knew that he was not very bright, and

that it was hard for him to study faithfully. He knew that he had accustomed himself to shirking every thing, and that he was something of a sneak; that real honesty came hard for him, and that he could not bear to seem to have little money and shabby clothes and nothing to spend. For some reason, if he ever had felt a virtuous impulse when he was in college before,—if he thought that he would study more or wouldn't spend so much on cigars, and would not read so many shady novels, and would not go night-hawking with Dame and Bulstrode,—he had been ashamed of it, and had hoped that no one would find it out, and had tried to cover it up, and had immediately indulged more freely in all his little vices, to prove to himself that he was not to be affected by that kind of thinking. Not only was his foundation at fault, but his building had been of a very stubbly sort. He knew all that, and he was weak, and he dreaded to go back to college in more ways than he could analyze. But he knew that he would go.

So the day before the term opened, Allen left his mother crying in the door-way, and drove with his father to the station. His father said nothing, and he said nothing, but he could feel how his father was thinking, and thinking the many things he wanted to say, but could not, for he did not know

how, and was not a great talker, and he was afraid, and feared a repulse. The train came, and the men in the station all looked at him curiously, and did not say, as they had the year before, "Going in for education, eh? Well, good luck to you, Ned Allen!" He shook hands with the gray-haired old man, and felt a moment of relief as the train puffed away. Then the heavy cloud sank down over him again, and he wished the college had never existed.

That afternoon Craig went down to the station to see if any of the "old fellows" would come in, and to watch the new arrivals. Representatives of all the classes had been putting in an appearance since early morning. As he watched the people step off the train, he saw Middleton, and was just going to speak to him when he saw Allen — Allen with his old hang-dog expression, but without his old bravado and embryo swagger. Craig had not had any reason to be favorably impressed with him during their early acquaintance, but he was honestly glad to see him again, and he could see a certain gray-haired old farmer go up the steps to the President's house, and he thought of that as he went up to him.

"Well, Allen, old fellow, how are you? I am so glad to be the first one to meet you! Just give me that arrangement. I'll go on up with you. Going to room in the college?"

"No, at Blairs," shaking hands, and wondering what was the matter with Sternhold. He had seen him from the car window, and had watched the handsome head with some bitterness, and had expected him to pass on without a glance.

"Blairs? that's good. You don't want to ride up, do you? I expect Derby's old drag is full now any way. We'll just give him your check. I am so glad you are back. They say this class is going to be a fine one."

They walked up the hill. Allen felt a little more cheerful, and though for a second he had felt that he almost hated Sternhold, now it seemed to him as though he had never felt so grateful to any one in his life. He could not help calculating how much good it would do him to be seen walking up the hill with Sternhold, if Sternhold would even pretend to be his friend. Friend! That was not likely; and he knew through and through that Sternhold and pretence were strangers. It was simply an accident, due to Sternhold's friendly nature. An accident,—but it might be worth a little something. Craig talked about the college, and what he had heard of the new class, then he said rather abruptly, —

"What have you been doing all winter, Allen?"

"Been in a store; grain and feed store," doggedly.

"That's good. Now, see here, Allen, don't get

mad at me, and don't think I am being officious, but I am much afraid you have come back feeling as though every body was going to give you the cold shoulder. And it must be awful to feel that way. You have probably been brooding and brooding over it, up there in the country. Just shake off all that kind of feeling. Now, Allen, take my good-will for what it is worth. You're back here; take your stand like a man, and hold up your head, and don't let last year drag you down. That is all over and done with. You brace up, and take things as they come. Why, by Christmas, Allen,—and it won't be long until Christmas,—you can take such a stand here, that no one would even think of last year. I don't mean to lead the class, or any thing of that sort, but with decent work and downright meaning well, you could feel like a new man here by Christmas. You aren't provoked at me, are you, Allen?"

"No." Allen said it rather roughly. He had been living in a high state of excitement for a long time past, and the friendly words and their evident sincerity, and their real bearing on his position, were a little too much for him. He hoped what Craig said was so, but he hardly believed it. Craig felt what was the matter. Something in Allen's voice made him guess at it.

"Another thing. I've been talking, and I may

as well hang for the sheep as the lamb, and I might as well say my say now I have begun, and you try to be easy on me. I know just what it will be like. You will imagine that the rather better class of fellows won't have much to do with you because of all kinds of reasons that you will invent; and then, next, you will find that certain other men in the college, — and you know who, as well as I do, — will welcome you cordially enough, and you will feel sort of driven to them for society. But they will not be the kind of men to help you or give you a lift on making a good name and a good standing. I beg you, I beg you to think of all this beforehand, and think what it means. I beg you, I say, not to drift into something you will find it hard to get out of. I must say it. I would like to be your friend, if you will let me, and I am coming up to help you fix your room, if you will; and you must come over to the Carver's to tea with me. I won't take a No."

Sternhold was really very anxious to get over to the college, and see "the boys," and he had told Mrs. Carver that he should bring Jack Kirk to tea. But the boys could wait, and Kirk wouldn't starve, and if a Sternhold were going to do a thing, he ought to do it as well as he could.

So Craig took Allen over to tea instead of Jack Kirk, and Mrs. Carver was lovely to him, but she

was a little bit shocked, and hoped that Craig had not changed for the worse during the summer, and that he was not going to get into bad company.

That night, after Allen had gone home with something like hope in his heart, and a desire, as earnest as he was capable of, to work hard and to keep clear of two or three things he knew about, Craig hurried over to the college.

Kirk and Hastings and Colfax were all in Kirk's room. They had a most jubilant reunion, and there was nearly every thing to be talked about. When there was a slight lull in the conversation, Craig remembered Allen, and said, "Say, you fellows, Allen's back!"

Colfax shrugged his shoulders. Hastings looked indifferent, and Kirk said, —

"Worse luck to him. He had better have stayed away, and Bulstrode too, and some more I could name. They're a black lot."

Craig tipped his chair back, and said with an odd smile, "I had Allen over to tea to-night."

"The dickens you did!" exclaimed Kirk astounded.

"Yes. Just listen a minute, will you? He's back, and it can't be very comfortable, if he cares, considering just what the row was; and he is real depressed. Now, won't you fellows chip in, and go

out of your way to be civil to him, and try to make him feel a little more comfortable, and " —

Jack-Kirk's eyes flashed.

"See here, Sternhold, you're a — you're a — well, I won't say what, for I like you; but you needn't think that I am going out of *my* way to cultivate a low-minded sneak like that Allen. When I want a friend I know where to choose him. I wouldn't have that Allen in my room. Now, I don't set up for a goody goody sort, and I wouldn't faint over a few things that would make you think you were a dead man, and I guess I won't settle down for a saint, not yet; but I'm not the kind to pick up with any fellow like that Allen, so there. Craig Sternhold, I'm ashamed of you!"

Hastings was doubled over laughing.

"Nev — never expected to see you, Kirk, deal it out to Sternhold — *Sternhold* — on morals! Oh, dear!"

Colfax looked rather stiff, and shook his head slowly. "Of course, I should not expect to have any thing to do with him whatever. I would not have associated with him last fall when he first entered, and as his conduct was not of the prize fighting kind, and also fell short of being a hanging offence, I do not think he has advanced enough for me to take him up now."

"Well, old fellow," said the good-natured Hastings, "I'll hob and nob with him if it will do you any good, only I should think you would not think it was right for you to entice me into evil company. Who knows what a wreck I may become dating from this hour. Where does he live?"

"Blairs. Come, Kirk, don't be mad at me. Every fellow knows what he wants to do best himself, of course. Why, I never had you fire out at me like that before. Come on with me, and let's go around to see the fellows."

Kirk's wrath had vanished as quickly as it had come, and the two went off amicably together. They went the round of the rooms, and saw every body, and were in the best of spirits; but as they started back along the plank walk, Kirk said a little sheepishly, —

"It's early yet; suppose we go over to Blairs."

Craig felt his breath come quick, he was so pleased and surprised; then he laughed, the situation seemed so irresistibly funny.

"Kirk, you are an old brick! What a good old fellow you are after all!"

"Oh, you be quiet! I think it is all nonsense, but I suppose it is a little uncomfortable; and I know you — you have some idea about keeping him out of the Bulstrode ring, and, really, I would like to try a hand at that myself."

They were on the whole successful, though Allen himself was, of course, the principal actor.

Bulstrode was of a rather pleasant, easy-going disposition, and was well liked among his own set. He was very bright, and knew how to make himself agreeable if he chose. He knew Allen was back, and had always felt sorry for his "ill luck."

"Back, Allen? Shake!" he said cordially. "Bad run of luck you had, wasn't it? Always thought you would write to me. Come up in my room. I'll tell you all about Dame and Peters." And Allen went.

"Have a smoke? That's it, make yourself comfortable. Glad you're back. Dame's down in Texas having a great time,—lives pretty hard, I guess. Great boy, Dame was. We'll have a fine time. There is a nice set of us now—gentlemen every one. All come to my old room same as ever. Peters got into a lumber yard. Says life is slow. Never was much push in Peters. Splendid hand at poker though. Kind of down at the mouth, are you? Oh, throw it off! What was it? Regular lark! I should have been in it myself, if I had been here, and should have been bounced, too. I guess I can squeeze through this year. Only you can't do much in the way of cribs on Kant. No, you can't, that's a fact," sadly. "Just make yourself at home up here. Many's the pretty little game we'll have, and some-

thing to wet your whistle withal. What's the matter? going? Come down to Lush's to-night?"

Allen felt all his fine scorn for his lovely resolutions rising. And his resolutions, where were they? It was far freer up here, after all, and Bulstrode couldn't have any reserve feeling of moral superiority, as Sternhold and Kirk must, and that was a great thing. Oh, the relief to just let every thing go, and sit here and talk and smoke and lounge and take the recitations as they came, and trust to luck, and only be sharp enough not to be caught on a spree. But he would try once, just for the sake of Sternhold. He would be ashamed to see Sternhold in the next hour, when he was coming over to give him a lift on the Greek.

"Yes, I'm going. You are kind in your own way, Bulstrode, but I've been shipped once, and I'm not so smart as you are, and I can't stand all you can. What you can sail under would lay me flat, and I'm going to see how I can get along if I tend to my business, and lead a dog's life. I hate it. I'll be awfully easy to turn. I expect I won't hold out, but I don't know what else to do. I've had an awful winter up there in the country. And I'll work if I can, now. I hope you'll let me alone, Bulstrode," nervously.

"Let you alone! Fiddlesticks! You've been

moping. One night up here would fix you. But I can't waste any time over you. When you want to come up here, you are welcome, and no questions asked. There is enough of the sneak in you to do both things, if you wanted to. Curry favor with the prayer meeting, and enjoy yourself, too. If you were only a little brighter! I could myself, only it is too much trouble."

But Allen got out that time, and he told Sternhold about it, and though Craig could not help wondering at the boy for his weakness, he tried to brace him up, and give him a lift when he could.

Allen found that trying made things easier, that the college work wasn't so very hard, and that there was a great deal going on that was exciting and lively outside of Bulstrode's room. By Christmas he had greatly improved. Every body said so. He found that he could work easier, and even began to like it.

The President, who knew every thing, and watched all the boys in the college, though they little suspected it, had formed an opinion about Allen's efforts; and remembering the hopeless voice of a certain gray-haired old man, he wrote a little note that came like sunlight into a Vermont farm-house. And when the young man went home Christmas, feeling more depressed the faster the train went, he found a proud

old man at the station, and a happy-faced woman at home, and the cloud was gone.

Allen seemed to become possessed of more manliness and pluck after that. The boys began to speak of him as "a good sort of a fellow," as a "pretty square boy," etc. He could not become a remarkably good student, but he could keep about the middle of the class, and the marks he sent home were tied together, and were kept in one of the drawers of the farmer's rickety old writing-desk, while in the drawer below were kept "our boy's" letters.

And the old farmer, who had longed for an "education" himself, would sit by the writing-desk in the winter evenings, fingering over his son's reports, looking at them lovingly, and reading them to his wife, who sat nearer the stove, knitting.

"He 's a good boy, isn't he, Jennie?" fondly.

"He *is* a good boy, John. And the long letters he writes!"

"And speaks so kindly, and remembers little things."

"And studies so hard. Think of those marks now!"

"I don't believe many are ahead of him, for all he says they are so middling," — proudly.

"And he was such a pretty little boy, John, with his hair like corn silk."

"And he learned to walk so quick. And when he first said 'Mam, mam,' " —

"And when he first said 'Dad, dad,' John. You were so proud of that, John, and held him above your head, and said he should go to college, if you worked your hands to the bone. And you almost have, John — poor old John ! "

And though any one could have laughed at their reminiscences of Ned Allen, they were right. He was a good boy, as good as he knew how to be; and when he came back a junior he was received by students and Faculty as "not a bad sort of a fellow by any means." And this was the young man that Sternhold hurried after, calling, —

"Allen! Wait a minute."

Sternhold's business was not particularly important, but it seemed to please Allen, and they walked up to the President's recitation-room talking about it.

Sternhold, senior and Lambda; Sellen, junior and Nu; Miss Brooks and Miss Haversham, a junior, had constituted themselves a committee of freshman entertainment, though they did not give themselves out as such. Without much trouble, and with a little judicious management, they were able to invite the whole freshman class by sections to the two houses, the Carver's and the Masters'.

The committee's intention was to have the fresh-

men who were invited get acquainted with some of the "crack men" in the college, and also with the girls of their own class.

There had arisen in the college during the three past years a custom to look after the freshmen at their entrance, not quite so much on society grounds as formerly, though that exercised a strong influence, and strictly society work was carried on as enthusiastically as ever; but a desirable freshman, in a society light, and an undesirable freshman equally received attention from the self-constituted committee, and the same effort was made to give them both a pleasant start under good influences, and with the best students in the college for acquaintances. Allen was particularly interested in this work, and he always confined his attentions to boys that no one else would have given much heed to, because they were stupid or in some way rather inferior.

Allen would go around with such a boy and introduce him to a good set. He would get him to go to his own church; he would inveigle him into the President's Bible class Sunday afternoons. He was very strong on taking him to the college prayer-meeting; and if the boy was an ordinary average boy, as he was pretty sure to be, he appreciated the kindness and good-will of Allen's motives, and continued to be influenced by the things and persons that he had first put in his way.

There were more boys than one in the college thankful to Allen from the bottom of their hearts for his early ministrations.

The President had stopped him that very day, had shaken hands with him, and said, —

“Allen, I have noticed and have been intensely gratified by the straightforward, manly, Christian influence that you have exerted over some of our freshmen.” And Allen did not feel prouder when he at last reached the goal of his father’s ambition and received his Bachelor’s degree, than he did when the President spoke those few words.

Mrs. Carver had said that the few freshmen who had not been able to accept the committee’s other invitations, ought to be invited to her house that evening; so, on hasty consultation with Audrey, Craig said he would see about inviting them. He wanted Allen to come over, and Dawes and Berry, and Robie, if he would. Then there were about half a dozen freshmen; and they could probably get three or four of the freshman girls to come over. Miss Haversham and Audrey and Miss Parker would all be there, and Miss Graham; Audrey said she would see that Miss Graham came.

These little gatherings were of a most impromptu, strictly college kind. The principal object was to “get acquainted.” They talked, they had a little

music, they generally had a round of college songs, and they played games, frequently of the most infantile description. When the little companies met at the Carver's, Jamie was allowed to participate and was always a prominent figure. The freshmen were all glad to meet the "little freshman," though most of them felt well acquainted with him before they had been in college two days.

At seven o'clock that night, Audrey and Miss Haversham and Miss Parker were heard coming up the walk. Jamie ran to the door.

"Come right in; you're the very first! Where is Miss Graham?"

"Mr. Kirk is going to bring her over. Is Craig in?"

"Here I am, at your service. Good-evening, Miss Haversham and Miss Parker. I have just been having a secret consultation with Mrs. Carver, but as there are only three of you I shall let you into the secret. She is going to wind up this last of the Mohicans, and give us a spread. Not to excite you unduly, she is going to give us chocolate and cake. She made cake this afternoon. I have been helping — by my advice."

"Is Robie coming, Craig?" asked Jamie anxiously.

"He said so. And now it is merely a question of

memory. I told him that Miss Parker would surely be here."

"If you had only told him that *I* would be here," expostulated Jamie.

"Jamie, your ignorance of human nature is something shocking."

Next came Hastings and three freshmen, — Hack, Bailey, and Starr, and the conversation became lively. The other freshman girls came, and Allen and Robie; three more of the freshmen and Berry, and last of all came Miss Graham and Kirk.

Hastings leaned over to Audrey and whispered something that seemed to have a tinge of rebellion in it.

"There they are at last! And Kirk hardly took time to swallow his supper! Do you know, the shortest distance in this town is from our room to the Grahams, and the longest distance is from the Grahams to our room — if time is any standard!"

Craig and Jamie and Hastings handed around the chocolate and cake, for Mrs. Carver had decided that it was the latest style to have the refreshments first; and whatever of freshman ice there was, was broken.

Miss Graham played on the piano for the benefit of Kirk and Hastings, and then played college songs for the benefit of the company.

It was discovered that Hack had a very fine voice,

and he and Sternhold tried some other music together. That was considered a great success, and Jamie cried out, —

“My freshman can sing! Mrs. Carver, my freshman Cab can sing!”

“Freshman what?”

“Cab,” doubtfully. “Cab, — what is it? some kind of a carriage?” And after that, all through his college course, Mr. Hack received the euphonious nickname of Cab.

“The freshman class would be a treasure to a livery-stable,” said Robie, “with a cab and, as every body knows, a live pony,” looking at Jamie.

There was a general laugh, for every body did know that the freshmen were in the habit of enticing Jamie to their rooms to hear his views on their Latin and Greek. As Jamie had been over that Latin and Greek at least three times, he was tolerably familiar with it.

Then came a game of camp, which every one was accustomed to playing, except the freshmen. *They* had not played camp for “oh, ever so long,” and had forgotten how. While the game was going on, Audrey had a little private conversation with Jamie, and he disappeared. When his presence became again felt in the Carver parlors, he exclaimed breathlessly, —

"I've got it. Here it is, Miss Parker! Now you fellows will hear some playing. It's the prettiest one you ever saw!"

It was a violin; and Miss Parker played till they found Jamie hiding his head inside Craig's coat, and on the verge of tears.

"The boy often acts queer about a violin," explained Craig, rubbing the curly head, and taking the little fellow up on his lap. "And you play so well, Miss Parker!"

When the little gathering broke up, the freshmen went away with the impression they were meant to have — "Glad I came here to college!"

CHAPTER XVII.

A PARTY.

CRAIG was on his way down town one morning when he heard a familiar voice, —

“I say, Mr. Sternhold!”

There was Dick Derby on the driver’s seat of his carriage driving down College Street. He reined in his horses, and Craig stopped.

“Get in and ride, won’t you, if you’re going down town?” Dick Derby had several favorites among the college boys, and chief and foremost was Craig Sternhold.

Craig accepted the invitation with alacrity, and asked how trade was going and how Posy was.

Dick had a little girl of four: a little girl like a wax doll; a little fair, sweet thing, with little soft sunny curls bobbing all over her head — a little girl with such soft tiny hands that Dick always thought of them as flowers, and touched them reverently, and wondered how such a dainty, gracious baby ever came to him. Mrs. Derby was an industrious, pleasant, kindly-faced, thrifty woman, but it was hard to

account for that wonderfully pretty little girl by looking at her. She was a fine little housekeeper, this Mrs. Derby, and the little frame house next to the stables was the perfection of neatness. Her very flower-pots standing outside on the window-sills had a scrubbed appearance that left them without rivals. And since Posy came, the little house had changed, and changed inside. It lost none of its neatness; every thing must be at its best where Posy was, but all sorts of pretty things crept in. The curtains were tied back with prettier ribbons; brighter and nicer rugs were laid on the floor; ribbons were run through the wicker rocking-chairs; prettier pictures were hung on the walls; ivy was trained up around the windows; and all sorts of odds and ends found their way into the house, that Dick Derby the frugal and Martha Derby the economical would have thought quite out of place for an industrious hard-working couple before Posy came. In the old days, Dick had smoked his pipe in peace by the kitchen stove or by the shining stove in the little parlor, and had derived great comfort therefrom; but after Posy came and could "take notice," Dick smoked in the stables, and then smoked not at all. It wouldn't do for a little stranger in their house, a little angel gone astray she seemed to be, a little delicate fragile thing, to smell tobacco smoke. And when one day he came in from

his smoke in the stable, where he had been thinking about Posy when she would be a little larger, and about a piano and all sorts of extravagant things, and took the little maid in his arms, she turned her little face away from his kisses and held out her arms to her mother, though she had always seemed to love him more than any thing else in the world. When his wife said, consolingly, "It is only the smoke, Dick," he vowed that never more should a pipe go between his lips if that was the result; and he broke his pipe, and that was the end of that. And Dick Derby always put on a very fine new coat, that in former times he would only have worn on Sundays, and washed and combed himself very much indeed, and carried a very shining white handkerchief that had lain in lavender in his wife's bureau drawer, and put on slippers, when he came in from his work to Posy. And when he was going to drive people he knew would be nice, Mrs. Derby would put on Miss Posy's little out-door things, every stitch of which had been sewed in with the most loving fingers, and would kiss the little upturned face so gravely happy, and Dick would carry her in his arms as though she had been—what she was—the most wonderful thing in all the world to him, and would put her beside him on the box-seat. Perhaps she would hold the lines in her little hands, and the horses seemed to feel the honor and

stepped high and cautiously, and never forgot their manners.

And Craig knew Miss Posy well, and so did Jamie. Jamie had a knack of always being where good fortune was awaiting him, and so it had happened many a time that he was standing on just the corner that Posy would pass while taking her little drive, and he would immediately be invited to a seat on the box.

Posy admired Jamie intensely. He always smiled at her in such an excessively friendly way, and he always carried such curious things in his pockets, and always smelled so nice, and put his arm about her in such a protecting way when her father had to get out of the carriage. Then he could tell such beautiful stories, and knew the names of all the dogs in the street. So Posy was very much disappointed when she drove out and did not see Jamie.

"Posy is well," said Dick proudly, answering Craig's question, "and it was a little about her that I wanted to speak to you," somewhat hesitatingly. "Posy will be five years old to-morrow, and she is to have a party. There are seven children who live near us that she knows that are to come to it. She is delighted about her party. She is planning every thing herself, and her mother is working about it all the time. Perhaps you don't know how well

acquainted she is with Jamie, but she has been praying every night now in her prayer that Jamie Sternhold may come to her party."

"Jamie will just be wild to go," broke in Craig, feeling sort of choked by Dick's hesitating way of putting it.

Dick's face brightened at once, and he went on confidentially, —

"You see she's got ideas of her own. She is so wonderful smart. She made me drive around to give all the invitations, — none of those children live above a square away, — and I'll leave Jamie's invitation at the house this afternoon. It's in my pocket now, but it would break her heart if I didn't deliver it at the house. And I've got to hitch up a-purpose to-morrow afternoon, and drive the children to the house, and then drive 'em back. Had to refuse two orders for to-morrow afternoon. I said my daughter had engaged my team," with a happy laugh. "Her mother has made her a cake, and five candles are to burn on it, and each child is to have a little cake with a little candle on it to take home. It's wonderful how knowing she is! Think of my driving those little slips of young ones home, half a block away. She says it isn't every party that can drive to the house and drive back; but when her little soft arms go around your neck, there is no doing any thing.

Her mother, you know,—I tell her mother she is too yielding,” and Dick tried to look as though for his part he could be adamant.

Craig simply shouted at that. “Jamie will be ready,” he said, getting out. “At what time,—three? Three till five. All right.”

“Yes, she said till five, because that is her age,” said Dick. “She says next year her party shall last till six, and so on.”

Jamie was delighted with his invitation.

“O Craig, is he really coming to drive me down all by myself, in the carriage, and to a party? And may I wear my best clothes? And, Craig, please won’t you lend me one of your neckties?”

“One of my neckties?”

“Yes, you know, the kind with a little waist to it, and the ends hang down like skirts, and only the top part shows. If only you had a lovely cream-colored one with red spots in it like Bailey has!—Craig, I do get so tired of those little plaid sashes I have to tie around my neck,—and if you’d only lend me one of your collars! You could pin it over in case it was a little large. Don’t you think a—oh—ah—wide collar is a little—slow—for a party,—a party you drive to in a carriage, Craig?”

“Cæsar, this is too much! Jamie, if a stand-up collar will do you any good, you can buy one your

own size to-morrow, but I guess you'll have to give up a change of necktie. And, see here, mind now, if you get a collar, there isn't any way of fastening it on your shirts. They aren't made for that kind of a collar, and you'll have to pin it in, I suppose. And you needn't come to me with it. You can do it yourself, or get Mrs. Carver to pin it if she can. But I draw a very strong line at pinning a collar."

"What else had I better do?" asked Jamie, not displeased with this arrangement.

"Well, you order a little bouquet, — a pretty one, don't have a cabbage rose in it or a peony, — and buy Posy a present. I guess your arrangements will take you about all the morning."

"Yes, I think they will," consented Jamie readily.

Jamie started out bright and early the next morning. He decided to get his flowers from Mrs. Pollock.

Mrs. Pollock was an elderly gentlewoman, who had, years and years before, reigned as a belle in that very city. Now, with money long since gone, relatives dead, and friends driven back by her desire to seclude herself, she lived in the back portion of the fine old house where she had once ruled so splendidly. She hobbled around, with the help of a cane, all day long in her conservatory, ordering and scolding her elderly handmaiden, who had grumbled back at her, and had

served her for twenty years, though hardly receiving wages for ten.

Mrs. Pollock's flowers were usually very fine, and many people who could afford to deal with her by proxy kept themselves supplied with flowers from her conservatory.

Jamie had found his way in there, he hardly knew how, and was not an infrequent visitor. He would now go to Mrs. Pollock for his bouquet.

"Good morning! May I see Mrs. Pollock?" he asked, after he had rung at the side door three times, and the high-featured handmaiden had opened the door on a crack, and was about to say that Mrs. Pollock would not be seen, no matter what the business was.

"Well, yes, I believe she will see you. Come in," opening the door a little wider. "I'll see."

But Jamie did not wait for her to see. He ran through into Mrs. Pollock's morning room, where she sipped her cocoa and read the paper, and began, after he had shaken her hand and had seated himself on a hassock, —

"Just guess what! I've come on real business! I've come for a beautiful, beautiful bouquet for me to give away myself this very day, and I'm to be driven there in a carriage. I'm going to Posy's birthday party. Do you know Posy? She is five to-day."

"No, child; how you do run on! How should I know your Posy? The innocence of the child, *Jemima*," turning to the maid with her first smile in two days. "It's bad luck to the child if she's got to be as old as five."

"She is *Dick Derby's* little girl."

"Is it so?" said the old lady. "So *Dick Derby* has a child. I rode with *Dick Derby* the first time ever I went in a hired team after *Colonel Pollock's* death. And he was a decent spoken young man then. And I never paid him," with a complacent air, "and he never dunned for the money like some; but it was a long time ago,—a long time ago, I warrant. So you are going to take the young lady a bouquet? Well, we will see what we can do for you. A fine bouquet you shall have."

"A pretty one," said *Jamie*, mindful of *Craig's* remarks; "a little one without a cabbage rose or a peony in it."

"Is it cabbage rose and peony you are warning me about!" exclaimed the old lady wrathfully; but as *Jamie* did not quail and only gazed at her admiringly, she smiled again and added, "You're a lad of some spirit, I am thinking; but you'll lose it all among those young demons at the college, yelling and hooting past my grounds at all hours. When do you want your bouquet?"

"I'm to drive past here to the party. Dick is coming for me at ten minutes of three, I think; and I will get it then, if I may."

"Yes, it will be ready — a little bouquet without a cabbage rose or a peony in it," chuckling.

"And now," said Jamie, rising, "I am going to buy her present. I wish I had your advice; what would you get her?"

"Go along with your nonsense!" cried Mrs. Pollock, much pleased. "It's long since I seesawed over a doll baby, and broke my heart when it broke its head. I know nothing of such trash. I'll tend to your flowers, and you will find plenty to get your money away for a trashy present; but you might step in to-morrow and tell me how the party was and what you bought, if you are so minded," graciously.

"Yes, I will. Thank you about the flowers! You are the kindest woman!" sincerely; and Jamie bowed himself out. And Jemima's difficult features wrinkled themselves into a grin all that day as she thought about his last remark.

Jamie then went to a store and bought his collar, and wondered why the clerk laughed at him. Then for a toy store. He looked at every thing. He was very much pleased with a set of dishes ornamented with a rosebud, also with a doll's rock-

ing-chair, but finally he hit on just the thing he wanted. What could be more fitting or appropriate or lovelier than a doll's trunk? — a doll's trunk with a tray and a hat box, and little straps with buckles, and a lock and key. Undoubtedly it was intended that he should take that trunk. One thing that urged him to the purchase of the trunk was his collar. His collar was a great trouble to carry; he had already squeezed it and bent it. He wondered that single collars did not come in collar boxes. But if he should buy the trunk he would at once have something to hold the collar safely. So he bought the trunk and put his collar in it, and turned the key, and refused to have the trunk wrapped up, and started up the hill with it. Inasmuch as it was a trunk, he thought it ought to be carried trunk style, and he put it up on his shoulder.

He met crowds of the college boys coming down the hill from their morning recitations.

"A trunk! The little freshman and a trunk! Hello!"

"What's up? Moving? Going to leave college?"

"Where the dickens *are* you going with that trunk?"

"How much does it hold? Is it going to do for you both, you and Craig?"

"What's in it any way?"

"My collar," was the unexpected answer.

They all laughed.

"Give us a look at it, Jamie."

Jamie, ever ready to oblige, put down his trunk on the low stone wall of the Griffith Place, and proceeded to unlock it; as he was turning the key he said trustingly, —

"You won't hurt it, will you? I've got to wear it to a party this afternoon."

"Oh, my! this is too good!" said Sellen, doubling over laughing. "The little beggar has got him a trunk to go to a party."

"What are you going to do with the *trunk*?"

"It's for Posy," said Jamie cheerfully. "You know she's giving the party, and I'm going to take her the trunk."

"If that isn't the cheekiest, most open-faced preparation for an elopement I ever saw. Is that the collar?"

"Yes; it's linen, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes; it's linen enough! oh, my! oh, dear! It will lift the head right off your shoulders."

After some more comments, they returned Jamie's collar to him, and he continued his way up the hill, his trunk on his shoulder, thinking what "nice in-trusted boys they all were."

His collar proved to be a source of much misery.

He tried to pin the stiff little thing in his jacket and found he couldn't, though the pin points had a wonderful affinity for his finger ends. An idea seized him; he took an old jacket, as he was to make an experiment, smeared the bottom of his linen collar and the inside of his coat collar plentifully with Craig's stiff glue; then he put the two together and weighed them down with a couple of dictionaries. He endeavored to calm his mind and keep himself from lifting up the dictionaries to see how his "'speriment" was getting on, by running up and down the front sidewalk.

Just before dinner he went upstairs, his heart beating high with excitement, and lifted off the dictionaries. There the collar was. It had slipped a little, but what of that? He pulled it. It was sticking finely. He hurried off the coat he had on and put on the coat with the collar. He could hardly believe his impressions. He was absorbed for a moment by wonder at the "other boys," that they could ever endure an engine of torture like unto the thing he had on. It cut him bottom and top. He never could stand it. But trying was second nature, so he valiantly buttoned up the small jacket and went down to dinner.

Craig came in a little late. He saw Jamie's most noticeable collar the first thing.

"Well, young man, so you got your collar, didn't you? How does it feel? A little high, isn't it?"

"Craig, I am very much surprised at you, abusing that poor child in that way!" said Mrs. Carver stiffly.

"Oh — ah — it wasn't Craig, Mrs. Carver!" and Jamie strained his little neck up again to get it off that collar. There was a bright red mark on the fair skin.

"How does it feel, Jamie?"

"Awful cutty."

"What is that queer stuff smeared over it, yellow and shiny?"

Jamie hastily put his hand to his neck.

"What have you got your old jacket on for?"

"It's a 'speriment, Craig, please."

Jamie's eyes looked as though they might fill with tears in a minute.

"There, old man, don't you bother. You come with me. Excuse me, won't you, Mrs. Carver, for a minute.

"There, you poor little soul, come here to your old brother. Let's get that thing off. *Glued on!* You don't want to wear it this afternoon, do you? Now, do you feel better? So you do. Brace up. That was too bad. Of course you wanted a standing collar. Now you're fixed, come on." And Craig led a much more comfortable boy back into the dining-room.

Jamie sat that afternoon, after he was dressed for the party, out on the gate post. When he saw the well known pair of horses turn the corner of College Street, he jumped down from the post, tore upstairs, gave Craig, who was racking his brains over a certain "Theory of Thought," a rapturous embrace, seized his trunk, and hurried down. He called out an excited good-by to Mrs. Carver, who went to the door to see him off, and was standing at the front gate when Dick Derby drove up.

"Here I am," cried Jamie, as though any one could have doubted it. "And here is the trunk for Posy. May I sit on the box?"

"Yes, indeed, if you will climb back into the carriage before we turn our corner. Posy is waiting at the front window for you this minute, and she would be disappointed enough if you weren't sitting in back. There you are. My, what a fine trunk! Is that for Posy?"

"Yes, sir; do you think she will like it? And will you please to be so kind as to stop at Mrs. Pollock's. I ordered some flowers for Posy this morning."

"Bless my soul, what a little gentleman you are! Posy will be too happy to speak." And Dick looked down at the fresh, smiling little face beside him, and felt well pleased with all the world.

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At Mrs. Pollock's, Jamie found his flowers waiting for him, and the bouquet was adorned with neither a cabbage rose nor a peony, but was made of the dearest little rosebuds.

When they were to turn the corner where the Derbys lived, Jamie scrambled back into the carriage, and waved his handkerchief vigorously to the nodding curly-headed little maiden in the window.

Jamie dashed out of the carriage, waving his bouquet, as the front door opened, and Posy appeared clapping her hands; behind her was her mother.

"Here is a birthday bouquet, Posy, for you. They are rosebuds, but they are not half so sweet as you are. I am so glad you invited me to your party. How do you do, Mrs. Derby? I never saw you before, did I? You make most awful good ginger-snaps," remembering the quantity of those thin, crisp, delicious little brown affairs he and Posy had munched together on the box-seat. Then he remembered the trunk. "O Mr. Derby, Mr. Derby, the trunk!" and he climbed into the carriage and climbed out again with the trunk. When Posy saw the trunk coming, she ran and hid her curly little head between her mother's knees, and would hardly be persuaded to look up.

"It is because she is so happy, isn't it?" asked Jamie anxiously.

Mrs. Derby smiled, and tried to coax her small daughter to look around.

Dick Derby had gone off for the rest of the party. He was much gratified by Jamie's calling him Mr. Derby. He understood why Jamie had done so, and thought it was wonderful. Dick Derby had been either Dick or Dick Derby ever since he first began to run a carriage in the town. He had been "Dick" to classes that had graduated years before, and the name had been handed down. From other people in the town, his added years and increasing prosperity had won him a "Mr. Derby;" but to the college boys he was always Dick, and Jamie had naturally always called him what the boys called him; but to-day, something of the incongruity of his addressing the father of his little hostess as Dick had struck him, and he had quickly changed it to Mr. Derby.

Posy was beguiled away from her mother's knees, and stood hand in hand with Jamie awaiting the arrival of the rest of the party. At regular intervals she smiled up at Jamie, without a word, while he unceasingly smiled down at her.

The other children came, in most instances, like the Greeks, bearing gifts. They played the most amazingly fine games, Jamie thought. They played puss in the corner, and poor Posy was always the happy, rather bewildered, little puss. Jamie tried to

keep her safe in a corner, but she was out always in less than a second, joining as happily as could be in the laugh that announced her to be the puss again. Then they played blind man's buff, and some of the children would look when they were blinded, but Jamie tried to keep his temper down when he saw that, and succeeded very bravely.

Then came at four o'clock the very best part of all, and that was the "party part," as a certain little boy called it. There was a table laid with such a shining white cloth and such pretty dishes; and there was the great cake covered with frosting and colored candies, and five tall candles.

Jamie's bouquet stood on the table also, and at each child's plate was a little cake like the large one, with one little candle on it. The children all decided to burn their candles then, and they were all lit.

Posy sat at the head of the table very happy for a minute, then her face lost its smiles, and she looked as though she was going to cry.

"What is it, Posy? Don't you like to ask the blessing? Never mind; I'll do it for you, Posy." And Jamie straightway asked the blessing.

"Just as though he was fifty, for all the world," Mr. Derby would say when he told the story.

But it was not the blessing that worried Posy. She wanted her mamma and her papa. They had

intended to have the children have the table to themselves, but poor Posy had never in her life sat down to a table without her mother and her father, one at one end and one at the other, and she felt very lonesome eating in this terrible way. So the cause of her grief was explained, and her mother and father each took a seat at the table; and Mr. Derby was obliged to smile furtively at his wife every two minutes, while she as furtively smiled back. Only they alone could understand what a wonderful baby this was of theirs. And Jamie saw them smiling, as any one else could have done, and his sympathetic little heart led him to join in this game of smiles; and he smiled first at one and then at the other, and they did the same to him.

It was a "beautiful party," as Jamie assured every one afterwards. There were little custards with a little island of red jelly in the middle of each one; there was the most delicious pink and white ice-cream, entirely different from any Jamie had ever tasted before, and of a very much finer quality; then there were little cakes cut in different shapes. Jamie had a cake cut in the shape of a heart, and he gave that to a little boy next to him, because it wasn't so very, very pretty; but he had a little cake cut in the shape of a bird, and that was lovely beyond description, so he gave it to Posy; and she gave him a cake cut like a dog or something, with pink icing on it.

Then for drink they had little glasses of colored lemonade, far more delicious than any thing he had ever tasted before. And there was one monstrous greedy little boy there who drank fifteen glasses of red lemonade. How many had *he* had? Oh, well! he had had sixteen glasses; but then he was the oldest, and some of his glasses were of yellow lemonade.

After the "party part," they played more games, and before any one thought it was five o'clock Mr. Derby was at the door with the carriage to drive the children home. Jamie was to go last.

Mrs. Derby filled his pockets with ginger-snaps, and he took his frosted cake with the little candle-end still sticking in it, and also the little cake in the shape of a dog, with pink icing on it, home in a paper bag.

"I have had the most beautiful time, Mrs. Derby," he said in his straightforward way. "You're a regular good hand at a party. I never had quite such a good time; and if I were ever going to have a party I should want you and Mr. Derby to come to it, but I don't think I am likely to have one. And I hope Posy will get used to her trunk." Then, remembering Sellen's remark, "And really the trunk isn't so's I can elopement with her. I didn't think of that until after I bought it."

He did not know what "elopement" meant, but he

remembered the word and was sure it was something obnoxious from the way the boys laughed.

Mr. Derby drove him home. He sat in the carriage waving his handkerchief to Posy until they turned the corner ; then he climbed upon the box beside Mr. Derby, and talked as fast as he could all the way home.

"O Craig !" he said with a sigh before he went to sleep, "I wish I had been born and brought up at a party. It seems 's though it would give such a splend did fit for life."

CHAPTER XVIII.

TESTED.

COGSWELL and Daly, two of the freshmen, had fallen heir to Bulstrode's old room. One afternoon Martin, one of the sophomores, and Taylor and Haskins, two more of the freshmen, were in there making a call.

Taylor had come in to make some inquiries about the Latin, and had his books with him. No one seemed to be in the mood to converse about Latin. They were playing poker in a not particularly excited way, and were smoking and talking.

"Oh, come off, Taylor! I don't know any thing about it!" said Cogswell, tipping back his chair. As he did so, he saw Jamie near by on the Green. "There's the little freshman; call him up; the fellows say he knows all about it."

Taylor leaned from the window.

"Hi, down there, Jamie!"

"Hello!" said Jamie, looking up.

"Come up here, won't you? I want to see you. Hurry up, there's a good boy."

And Jamie, ever willing to oblige, came up.

"I don't believe he 'll stay if we're smoking," said Martin carelessly. "Never knew him to. I don't know much about the little fellow, though."

"What stuff! If he was well smoked once, he'd get over it; must be a great baby!" said Cogswell impatiently.

"Well, you can see; I don't know any thing about it," with a laugh.

Craig had told Jamie that if he went into any of the boys' rooms and they were smoking, he must go out. He expressed himself in an extremely inelegant but very forcible manner: "I'm not going to have you rotted out with tobacco smoke."

As Jamie never went into the boys' rooms unless he was invited, and as they knew Craig's theories about Jamie and about smoking, the boy was not often invited when they were smoking, and if he was he soon made some excuse to go out.

Kirk and Hastings did not smoke; Kirk said ruefully that he had no peace of his life till he gave it up; and some of the other boys to whose rooms Jamie went most often did not smoke. Robie was a great smoker, but he always had his room pretty well aired out and his cigars put away when Jamie came at the appointed time.

Jamie came to the door where Taylor was waiting

for him, but when he saw that the boys were all smoking, he hesitated. Taylor drew him inside the room.

"Come on over here to the window. You needn't mind those fellows. I want to see if you can tell me about this Latin. The boys say you know all about it. Don't seem natural, though."

"I don't know much," said Jamie, going over to the window.

He did not know any one in the room except by sight. Martin he had seen more than the others, as a matter of course. Cogswell and Daly he did not know by name.

He jumped up on the window-seat, took the book Taylor gave him, and looked at the passage. He recognized it immediately, and read it.

"Jove, fellows, just hear the little villain do this! If it don't beat the Dutch! Where did you learn?"

"From Craig, I guess. I've got a nengagement. I'd better go now."

"What did I tell you?" said Martin to Cogswell.

"He shan't go. Here, Jamie, come talk to me a minute."

"I've got to go, I think," said Jamie, moving toward the door.

"Oh, don't be afraid. I'm not going to hurt you. Just come here a minute. How old are you?"

Jamie stopped within arm's reach. "Eight years old."

"Oh, is that so? Quite a big boy," catching hold of him by the arm. "Don't you like the smell of tobacco smoke?"

"No, I don't like it."

"Now, you are too big for any such nonsense. That is babyish and cowardly. Lots of little fellows your age can smoke like men. They aren't afraid. And here you are afraid of the smell of the smoke even."

Jamie said nothing for a minute, then he looked up at Taylor, "I think I had better go."

"Why don't you let him go if he wants to, Cogswell?" said Taylor.

"Because I want him to stay," and he kept a tight grip of Jamie's arm, smoked so that the smoke went well into Jamie's face, and went on talking.

Jamie stood there doing nothing, and the boys talked about any thing and every thing, half forgetting him. Except Cogswell,—he remembered to keep tight hold of the little arm.

Jamie felt distressed and troubled. This was his first experience of uncourteous treatment from the college boys. He did not know what to do. He thought Cogswell would forget him, and let go, or else get tired of holding him. He felt that no one in

the room would take much trouble for him against Cogswell.

Daly told a story—a very shady story—a black story, that even Jamie knew for what it was. He had never heard any thing of the kind before to realize it. His honest little heart rebelled utterly.

“Let me go, I say!” His eyes flashed, and he tried to wrench himself away.

“What is the matter, you little imp? Take things cool and easy, and you won’t get hurt. Be a man! What is the matter?”

“You had no business to tell that story. That was a bad story, and you know it.” There was not a tremble in the clear, childish voice. “*You* know it was, Dan Martin, and so do you, Taylor, and so do you other fellows. You had no business to think it, and if you thought it, you should stamp it out, and should not tell it. And you are all sneaks and cowards to laugh at a thing like that. I tell you you are to your faces.”

“Now you’ve got it, Cogswell,” said Martin. “That is the kind I supposed he was. There isn’t much of the coward about him, is there?”

“Let me go, I say.”

“Come, not so fast. You’re a sneak, that’s what I think, setting yourself up like that.” Cogswell was losing his temper. “How do you like tobacco smoke now?”

"I don't like it."

"Then learn to like it," puffing in his face. "Here," taking the cigar out of his mouth, and thrusting it to Jamie's lips.

The color died out of Jamie's face. He shrank back. He seemed to have received a shock all over. Every one in the room had something of the same feeling as they looked at him. He wiped his mouth with the handkerchief in his free hand.

"You had better not do *that*," he said quietly, looking at Cogswell.

"You little fool," in an irritated tone, "what is the matter with you?"

Jamie's blood was boiling. He had not learned to talk for nothing.

"I'll tell you the matter. I won't be made to smoke by you or anybody else. That is for me to say. You have no business to touch me. I know about smoking. I know more about it than you do. I don't choose to do it. You shall not make me. I know about tobacco smoke. I do not choose to smell it. You shall not blow it in my face. You are a coward. You would not dare do it to Craig. You only do it to me because I am small. When I see what *you* are, with sneak on your face,—and you aren't strong enough to do any thing; I saw you in the cane rush,—nor brave enough to dare any thing.

When you are small in your mind to tell a story like that, and small in your heart to laugh at it, and unclean in your heart, — you all are, — do you think I would try to do what you do and be like you? And Craig is grand. Craig is strong. He could throw all of you. He is clean outside and in, and his heart is clean; and he would not even listen to a story like that. And he remembers he is to be a man, a real man, a great man, a good man, and he doesn't do things every day to make him a mean man, and a little sneak of a man. And with Craig to tell me, do you think I would listen to *you*? You said I was a coward. What did I care? *You* don't know what makes a coward nor what makes a hero. You said, 'Be a man,' and I shall be a man, but if I should put the kind of building into me that you have put into you since I have been in this room, I shouldn't grow to be much of a man. Craig says it all to me every day nearly. He talks it from the beginning. My mamma did that way for him, and he does all for me. He tells me it all: a clean, pure heart in a clean, pure body. And the heart is the temple of God, and the body the temple of the soul. And to be the best you can, the very highest always, remembering always, honorable always, helping, and true, and just, and honest, you must follow, always follow Jesus Christ; and Jesus Christ will help you always, — will

help always. Craig knows, I say, and you don't. Craig has tried it, and you haven't. Craig is ahead of you by his way, I say, and anybody can see it that wants to. Now, let me go!"

They had heard him, and they were dumfounded. He was a little fellow, only eight; and his reading Latin or Greek or Sanskrit, for the matter of that, would not have struck them so strangely as his talking like that. They did not know him very well. They had only seen him running over the Green or through the college halls, and had seen that he was a friendly, obliging, bright-faced little fellow. And they had heard of him, had heard of bright sayings of his, and knew that every body liked him; but they were not prepared for this. And Jack Kirk or Hastings would have been almost as surprised, though they knew him so much better. And Craig, who knew Jamie so much the best, even Craig, would have hardly believed his ears, if he had heard Jamie, though he could have recognized so much of it.

But it was part of Jamie. Since before he could remember he had heard these very things. He had not been talked to as other children are talked to. Over and over and over he had heard it all, much more than he had said, and it was in his mind, and ready for utterance. He had learned something

of the use of words in his Latin and Greek and in his thoroughly classic English reading and from Craig; and now when he needed to express the thoughts that had become a part of him, the words were there.

Martin took a cool delight in saying, "Swallow that, Cogswell," though he recognized quite clearly the application to himself of the sturdy little speech that pleased him so.

"The little preacher," growled Cogswell, giving Jamie a slight push. "I'd like to make him smoke now, and do two or three more things."

"I don't know but the college will be too hot to hold you as it is, Cogswell," said Martin dryly. "It certainly will be if the boy blats, — and he has every reason to. There are men in the college, a good half of them I should say, who, for any insult or indignity offered to Jamie Sternhold, would wreak a not easily forgotten vengeance on the perpetrator. See?"

"Shut up."

Jamie, released, had reached the door.

"Good-by," he said faintly, but no one answered him. All the excitement of his speaking had died away. It was nearly supper time and growing dark. It was chilly. He ran across the Green. The events of the last half hour all came before him. The thought of the story, the half understood evil he had

recognized in it, the touch of that wet, filthy cigar end on his lips, — the lips that his mother had kissed and told him to keep pure, the lips that Craig had kissed and told him to keep pure, — it all came before him, and there was a load of misery on the little heart, that he had never dreamed of before, — a sense of degradation, a feeling as though he had fallen, had become outcast, could never more look at other people without knowing that they saw something strange and wrong about him.

He ran, but he felt weak. He longed for something, he didn't know what. Craig! He wanted Craig! If only Craig would be home! Craig would understand! And the faithful little heart, half fearful that Craig might not understand, cried out in a prayer without words that he might understand. He went up the stairs. He was half trembling. He dreaded to open the door for fear his brother would not be there. He went in. The lamp had not been lighted. The curtains had not been drawn. He could see the fading glow in the western sky. Craig was standing with his hands behind his back.

“Craig!”

There was something in the voice that startled Craig. What was the matter with the boy? It seemed as though the little fellow's face looked white.

"Craig!"

Craig gave one step forward, picked the little fellow up in his arms, gave a quick look at his face, and then sat down in the low old-fashioned rocking-chair, and rocked him. He had a vague suspicion of what the matter was, he did not know why.

He held the little fellow tight in his arms, he smoothed the fair hair, he whispered all sorts of soothing words. Then the little body began to shake with great dry sobs, though no tears came.

"Jamie, you are so safe, so safe with me. Safe, safe, Jamie, don't you understand? Now it is all right. *My* Jamie! All I have in the world! Just my Jamie! My Jamie that I've held ever since you were knee-high to a grasshopper. Haven't I, Jamie? My good Jamie! Don't do that, Jamie, I can't stand it. There, there!"

And he rocked the little fellow, and quieted him.

"Don't tell me about it now, old fellow, unless it would make you feel better. Tell me who has been abusing you, and I'll go thrash 'em for you."

"Don't, Craig. You won't do that, will you?" holding on tighter than ever, and almost smothering himself inside Craig's coat. "You won't say any thing if I tell you, will you? for I've got to tell you; I'll die if I don't."

"I won't say a word. I'll do just as you say,

Jamie, exactly. There, old boy, now tell me! You'll feel better for it. Oh, Jamie, Jamie, I know just exactly how you feel!" And he thought of a night ever so long before, when he had held Jamie for his own satisfaction, — so long ago it seemed.

He didn't know what an odd similarity there was about the two cases, or that Jamie had just come over from Bulstrode's old room.

Then Jamie told his poor little story in a frightened, incoherent way, not making it so very plain; but when Craig realized that the boy had been kept in the room by force, and that some one had tried to stick a half-smoked cigar in the little fellow's mouth, his fists clenched and his teeth ground down on each other, and he felt strong enough to go over and horse-whip a round dozen of the bullies; only he understood from Jamie that only one man had touched him. He guessed it was Cogswell before Jamie told him. The little boy had heard him called Cogswell while he was in the room.

"And, Craig, please don't say any thing! Martin said the boys would be awful down on Cogswell if they knew, and if I told. And I never did do any telling yet, Craig; only I had to tell you or I should have died. O Craig! I do feel better while you have right tight hold of me, but I feel 's though there was an awful weight in my stomach."

"I'll keep quiet, Jamie, old boy ! I know just how you feel, Jamie. I would do any thing in the world to take the weight out, and you are a brave, brave boy, Jamie. I'm proud of you, my boy !"

It seemed hard to Craig that the little fellow should have to have that horrible feeling so soon. It wasn't that he was so anxious that Jamie should know nothing of the degeneracy of certain sides of college life, or that he never wanted him to hear any thing unfit for him to know. He knew that would have to be, and he expected it. He knew that there would be a hundred forces ready and willing to seize the boy and contaminate him, however great the pains he might take to prevent it and to keep him innocent. That was not what he wanted. He wanted the little fellow's heart to be so pure and true, and his sense of right so strong and unerring, that he would be his own protection, whatever he might see or hear. The shock had come, and Jamie had felt it. It had turned out quite as Craig expected, and he would not have liked his little brother's sense of revolt and outrage and abhorrence to have been less ; but it seemed hard, Jamie was so little and trusted everybody so thoroughly — it seemed hard.

"I know how you feel, Jamie. I am sorry it hurts, Jamie, boy, but I wouldn't have you feel it less. Do you understand ? I wouldn't have you feel it less.

It was wrong, it was all wrong, and you should hate the wrong. There is so much that is wrong, Jamie, so much that you will see and hear ; and more all the time now, I suppose ; and you must be true and pure and honorable in yourself, by God's help, Jamie, and you must never let it sully your honor. You must keep that better than life, and grow more loving and kindly and helpful, and try to make things better ; learn to stoop down and lift up, and try to overcome some of the evil you will always find ; and never forget for whom you are working and whom you are following, and so you will keep your little heart pure and true and learn what real life means ; not a dying life, but a living life. Then you will become a man — the kind of a man that it is grand to be. O Jamie ! Jamie ! it is hard !” for the poor little tired face had such a faint weary smile on it that it made Craig's heart ache. “And you can think to pray about it in your own little heart, no matter what else you are doing, can't you ?”

“Yes. I don't know what I would do when I feel bad but for that, Craig, and you. O Craig ! what would I do without you ?”

Then Craig tried to amuse the little fellow, and pretended to make a great fuss about getting him ready for supper, till Jamie again saw something in life to smile at. Mrs. Carver happened to have for

supper what Mr. Carver called "flap-jacks," and they were always something for Jamie to think about beforehand, if he knew about them, and to remember afterwards most affectionately, so he was quite like his own little self at supper-time; though Jack Kirk and Hastings did eye him rather sharply, and Hastings said, —

"Sternhold, if you've been thrashing that child, I'll call you out."

"Thrash, indeed! If I ever get so low down that I would be willing to hit a child in any kind of a way, and call it an honorable proceeding, you may run me through without a word of objection from me. I believe Jamie, even at eight, hardly knows what it means —"

"Whew! I was thrashed often enough, I can tell you! I don't believe my folks knew any other way to punish me. If I ran away from school, or spilled the milk, or told a lie, or hit my sister, I was thrashed. It used to make me awfully mad. I should hate to make a boy of mine so angry at me as I used to get at my father; but I always supposed it was fair enough as long as he was stronger."

"I think it is shameful. If I thrashed a boy, I should expect to have to bail him out for assault and battery every day in the week, to say the least."

"Well, I didn't suppose you had thrashed Jamie,

really," said Hastings in a conciliatory manner; "but you seem to have had the most remarkable progenitors. It must be of some use to study up these things, if you are going into the family business — not but what my old gentleman and lady are plenty good enough for me, and a heap better than I deserve."

Craig had intended to go down town with Kirk that evening, but he begged off and stayed around with Jamie. He did not want to leave the little fellow alone to worry over his late experience. He told him funny stories and read to him, and had the satisfaction, when Jamie went to bed and went to sleep, of seeing his little face as cheerful and peaceful as ever.

The next day, Cogswell kept bracing himself up for an interview, as he certainly expected one, but nothing of the kind happened. Martin asked him if any one had spoken to him about it, and he said No.

"Queer," thought Martin. "If the youngster did not tell any one else, he must have told Sternhold. And I should suppose he would do something lively about such a thing as that, considering the stamp he is." Then he thought of Jamie's remarks as he had constantly since he heard them, and laughed to himself. "Never heard a solider deal-out in my life. What a little stunner he is any way; honest as the sunlight."

Martin was a lazy, indifferent kind of a fellow, bright at his books and a shrewd observer. But his only object seemed to be to slip along easily, to laugh at other people by himself, to discover their weak places and shams, but to consider them as "natural enough," and not to aim at any thing higher for himself. His indifference was his worst point. He had not many friends in the college, because he did not care to have them.

He wondered whether nothing was to be said about Jamie's adventure, and as he found that there seemed to be no rumor of it, he decided that it was too good to keep. He strolled into Kirk's room the next afternoon, though he was not in the habit of going there. Kirk and Hastings, Craig, Sellen, and Stiver were all in there, talking.

Martin came in ostensibly to ask a question, but took the proffered chair and entered into the conversation.

"Who of you fellows knows any thing about Jamie's adventure in Cogswell and Daly's room?" he asked.

"What?" "When?" "How?" were the immediate questions; but Craig held his peace.

"Sternhold here knows all about it," said Martin in his slow way, "or thinks he does; but I suppose he is on his honor not to say any thing. Cogswell wouldn't dare to, and the other fellows don't feel

any too proud of their share in it — the keeping-still share. You think you know all about it, don't you, Sternhold ? ”

Craig's eyes were beginning to flash in a dangerous way. Martin was a pretty fellow to tell about it before him, when he knew the part Martin had played in the performance.

“Well, you don't know all about it, unless I'm much mistaken” — he rather liked the look in Sternhold's eyes — “but I know, and it is just worth telling, and I am going to tell it. In my opinion, there isn't a braver-hearted human in the mill than a certain little freshman, Jamie Sternhold by name.”

“Hear! hear!” said Hastings, who always felt personally gratified when any one said a good word for Jamie.

Then Martin told about Jamie's going up to the room, and about his reading Taylor's Latin. There was nothing surprising to his listeners about that; they all knew stories of that kind about Jamie. But when Martin told how Cogswell had held Jamie by the arm, and had smoked in his face, and detailed the cigar incident, Hastings jumped up in a rage.

“I'm going over there and brain the brute this minute!”

“No, you don't,” said Craig, pushing him back in his chair. “When there is any braining to be done

on Jamie's behalf, I'll do it myself. I knew this and kept quiet, and so can you."

Martin went on and told about Jamie's remarks.

"Fellows, I will tell you what," and Martin leaned forward in his chair, losing sight of his usual indifference. "I never heard any thing like it in my life. It may have been the surprise of it. It may have been because he was so little. I don't know what it may have been, but I do know that that confoundedly clear, manly little voice has been ringing out those same words in my ears ever since. I've heard lectures, plenty of 'em. Have had private lectures and curtain lectures. I was brought up by an aunt, and her forte was a certain style of lecture,—good sense, too,—but I never had any thing take hold of me before like the words that little rascal got off. Right to the point; never flinched. Told it all. I don't believe any one of you ever heard him talk the way he did then; if you had, you never could have kept it to yourself. I was a coward and I was a sneak. The little rascal said I was, and I was glad to have him. There hadn't any body told me that for some time. I was willing to sit there and see him imposed on up to a certain point, just for the fun of seeing what he would do. It makes you fellows mad, doesn't it? Well, that was the way it was. I called it watching human nature. He called it cow-

ardly and mean to let it go so far. I knew he was right. Daly told a red-mouse story. We hear lots of 'em here in the mill. Even you fellows can think of plenty you've heard, though I think in the main you're an honorable lot, and I *know* Sternhold is. I didn't doubt it before, for I know good stuff when I see it, even if I don't care to imitate; but after what that boy got off I'd be meaner than I am by nature to doubt Sternhold."

"Gammon!" said Sternhold.

"Well, Daly told the story, and we all laughed. We weren't any above the level of that story; and it fired the boy. He gave us some words on it that I won't forget. He gave a lesson in morals and Christian ethics that beat all I ever heard. I've told you what he said before—but it was fine! He stood there with his head back, straight as an arrow, looking at every one of us square in the eyes, and giving a reason for the faith that was in him. I haven't much faith in myself, haven't much faith in any resolutions I may make, but I haven't any particular aim in throwing myself away, even though I may not be a very high flyer; and I know one thing, that as long as I remember that little brick of a Jamie Sternhold, I shall think more than once before I just give up and lie down and wallow in my own miserable shiftlessness and loose way of thinking and looking at things.

I wanted to tell about Jamie, and I knew you fellows would like to hear, and now I'm done. It isn't a story much to my advantage, but nothing I could tell would be."

"Jamie," said Craig that evening, "I believe Martin would like to know you, and I don't think I would fight shy of him if I were you."

And it was not long before Jamie and Martin were the best of friends.

CHAPTER XIX.

A LITTLE DELEGATE.

“WELL, Dick, how does it go now?”

Craig was not speaking to Mr. Derby, but to Dick Tallard of Water Street fame.

Dick was now sixteen and was trying his very best to earn his bread and clothes and to get a fit for college. He was willing to half starve himself to attain the coveted end, though starving was not an easy matter for a boy of his build and appetite. Craig had taken an especial interest in him; had interested men in the town in him, and Dick had been given a place in a lumber yard that fixed him very well pecuniarily. He studied as hard as he could, and was on the whole quite bright. He was making his acquaintance with the classics in a very peculiar way. One night in the week he came up to Craig's room, and received all the assistance that young man could give him; another night he went to Kirk and Hastings; another night to Allen. His instruction was exceedingly varied, but still he managed to make considerable progress. The two Ranney boys, juniors,

who lived in town, had helped him in the summer, and it was confidently expected by his numerous supporters that he would be able to enter the college with flying colors in a year or so.

"Oh, it is going all right," seating himself with a jovial grin in a chair by Craig's stove. "It is going all right, but I'm blest if it doesn't seem as though I was most mortal slow. Why, I could learn that easy when I was little! — all kinds of swearing, and all kinds of tumbling tricks, and all kinds of wizard tricks, and I could remember every bad thing ever a person could tell me; and now, after I've read it over and over, and spelled the thing backward to impress it on me, I can't tell whether a thing's in the aorist or in the optative, except by accident; and I forget whether a word means a cow or a horse, and so on. Were you ever that way, or did you just grow from your cradle to being a senior as naturally as a flower goes to seed?"

Craig laughed. "I guess I was your way, though probably it was easier for me, because I had so much better chance. But you are getting along splendidly. Hastings said you stuck him finely the other night. You had better not try that trick on me."

"Did he, now? Did he say that?" Dick was greatly gratified.

"Yes, he did so; and the Ranneys are ever so

proud of you. Now I believe, if you just made up your mind to it, that you could get into college next fall, if you study hard all winter and all next summer. You see, you are such a strong fellow, that nothing seems to hurt you, and you made fine progress this last summer. You will have saved up money enough from the yard to do you for quite awhile, and you are sure of a scholarship. Then you can earn money summers, and you can get things to do, plenty of them, during the winter here. Look how Cullis and Doughty and Wetherill and lots more of them do."

"Oh, yes; I ain't afraid of the money part, what with a scholarship and all — I'll be sure of the scholarship, won't I? It's this fitting part that makes me grovel. But, do you know, I want to go through college so bad, it seems's if I'd do *any thing* to get there. I wanted to the very first time ever you came down into the coffee-house that afternoon. Oh, my! how funny that was! You've been the best fellow to me. I ain't no hand to talk yet. You just wait till I get to college, then I'll learn how to do the swell talking. But you have. If I could ever do any thing for you, to a little bit pay back, I'd be perfectly happy, I would."

"I haven't done a thing, Dick, and you know it. Wish I had. How is the reading-room? Haven't been in there this last week."

"Oh, the reading-room is all right, and the gymnasium is righter, and that new bathing establishment in there is the best of all to my thinking. Why, Water Street is a pretty nice street now. There isn't but just one place down there where you can get any liquor, and along three years ago I've gone into several of them running. And in that place they sell it most uncommon sly. And old Mother Comfort! When she dies, there will be a-wailing and a-weeping on Water Street! Molly McHaffey, now, has a tongue that you could hear at twelve o'clock midnight just raving it from one end of Water Street to the other, and almost the same at noon, and yet that same Molly McHaffey will come to her door and say good-morning, and act like an angel for the time being; and you know it was months that she just shut the door in Mother Comfort's face. And the kids! I don't believe there's a boy in Water Street now as bad as I was," with a jolly laugh; "and it is a blessed thing. I was fitting for the penitentiary most certain sure—and then you, with your talking, and your praying, and your Sunday-school, and your church, and meetings, and temperance, and anti-tobacco, and social purity,—upon my word, I'm so much of a saint I simply ain't fit to live! Water Street is no place for me! I'm way ahead of 'em down there," tipping back his

chair, and evidently enjoying his own remarks heartily. "It's cheap now, but when I go to college do you suppose I'm going to recognize Water Street? I shan't know it is in the town!"

Craig laughed. "You had better come on now with this Greek, or you may live in Water Street a year longer than you like. All right. Ready!"

It was a fact. Water Street and its inhabitants had changed greatly. And nobody denied that old Mother Comfort, by her steady, patient, cheerful, sympathizing daily visits, carrying rest to the weary, urging kindly feeling instead of bitterness, nursing the sick, always giving an example of cheerful, helpful activity, had worked the miracle. She had taught the women how to keep neater homes; and after a thousand failures and discouragements had managed to induce them to try first one thing and then another, until Water Street, though a very poor sort of a place yet, was much better than it used to be. The improvement in the children, boys, young men, and young girls was the most marked. The fathers and mothers, though they often regarded themselves as wonderfully improved, clung with a fine tenacity to their old ways.

There was now in Water Street an evening cooking school for girls, and an evening sewing school; also a house such as the boys had, where there was a pleas-

ant reading-room, another room fitted up for a gymnasium, and a good set of baths. For some reason, though no one objected to the gymnasium, reading-room, and baths for the boys, no one seemed able to see the propriety of having such a place for the girls, though the cooking and sewing classes were much admired. But Miss Brooks said it must be done. The other college girls agreed with her, and it was done; and more than one Water Street girl wondered what she would have done if it had not been for that house.

The House, that was all it was called, was well established now, and no one thought of objecting to it. Several girls who worked in the factory were particularly benefited by the room, and took great pride in it. They sometimes tried to get up little entertainments among themselves, and if they thought they were going to have something nice they always invited some of the college girls with much ceremony, and were greatly gratified if their invitation was accepted, as it usually was.

One evening the door-bell at the Masters' rang, and a Water Street boy left a note for Miss Brooks. The girl carried it up to her room. Audrey and Miss Parker were sitting by the stove, with the red light shining through its little mica doors, and talking about a variety of interesting topics: what con-

stituted a good novel, what would be a pleasant way to spend the next summer, and above all about the convention. The note read, in quite good handwriting, —

Will Miss Brooks and Miss Parker and Miss Haversham come to the Girls' Reading Room, Water Street, if convenient, to a reading and singing entertainment to be given a week from to-night? Please to come, if you can. Respectfully,

NELLIE HURIE.

"Well, now, aren't they enterprising?" said Audrey. "I really can't go, you know, because I must try to study up a little ahead, so that I won't lose so much at the convention. But you will go, won't you, Kate? And Gertrude will go; let's go over to her room and talk it up." And to Miss Haversham's room they went.

The Omegas, the girls' Greek letter society in the college, were to hold their biennial convention that month in Greencastle, Indiana. Audrey had been chosen as their delegate by her chapter, and a great deal of excitement prevailed among the girls relative to her going. It all reminded Audrey so much of the delicious feelings she had two years before, when Miss Cameron was a senior and was sent as delegate to the convention then held. She remembered the preparations for Miss Cameron's departure, the good-by meetings, the crowd of girls that attended her to the train;

then the week of waiting and the return. She and Miss Cameron were the only girls at the house then, and it was delightful beyond belief to be the first one to see the returned delegate, and to hear the stream of stories and bright remarks about the delegates from the other chapters, and about this one and that one, and the new college and professors, and the grounds and the college town. Oh, it had been fine !

And now she was going. It had been such fun to go to the President and say that she had been elected to go out to Greencastle to their convention, and would he please give her leave of absence ? The President had never become quite used to the girls having to go away to conventions, but he smiled in his odd way, made some pleasant remarks, and as a matter of course granted the leave. No one else knew yet that she was going.

The next afternoon, as she was walking home across the Green with Craig, Audrey said, —

“I am going to leave college in a little over a week.”

“Going to leave college !” echoed Craig, horrified.

“Yes.”

“Oh, see here ! explain yourself ; don’t keep me in suspense like this. It is cruelty to children, animals, — every thing.”

“I am coming back, though. Our chapter has

elected me as the delegate to our biennial convention. It is to be held this year in Greencastle, Indiana. We have a large chapter there, and they are going to entertain."

"What fun! how long will it take?"

"I shall only be gone a week—a little over, I guess, as the convention ends Saturday, and of course I shall not start back until Monday; and it will take two days to come back. The convention will last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday; no, it isn't either, it is Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. I am going to start Monday night, and I will get in Wednesday morning."

"That will be fine. I wish I were going. I don't suppose your chapter would have any use for me, would it?"

"Hardly, I think."

Jamie came running to meet them.

"You had better let me take Jamie, Craig. He would enjoy it immensely, and you could send him just as easy as any thing. He gets along very well by himself now, doesn't he?"

"Oh, yes; the boy can look after himself with tolerable accuracy. He would be in your way out there."

"I don't believe he would be at all. Oh, if you only would let him, Craig!"

"Would what, Miss Brooks? You ought to, you know, Craig, if she wants it!" remarked Jamie, joining them.

"Pleading your own case, young man?" said Craig.

"Now, Craig, I shall write just as soon as I get in the house to Miss Raymond; she is the one I have had my correspondence with, and who has spoken about my entertainment. She has been the kindest you can imagine; and she said that I would be at the house of one of the professors, and quite alone there. The professor's wife was an Omega when she was in college, and has a little boy two years old. I shall ask Miss Raymond if I can bring a boy with me. And I am morally convinced that there will be plenty of room at that professor's—Professor Sheldon, I think the name is. Now, Craig, if she writes that that part will be all right, can't I take him?"

"Me?" said Jamie. "Me? Craig, you know—society of ladies and Miss Brooks—so improving, Craig. What was it you were saying to Mrs. Carver last night? And the country—to see one's own country, Craig!"

Craig and Audrey both laughed, rather to Jamie's discomfiture.

"Why, I'm sure, Audrey, it is very good of you to speak of it. I suppose the boy would be about

wild over it. But it seems like a good deal of an imposition."

"You know you don't believe one word of that, Craig Sternhold. You know he would be lots of company, and it is so tiresome to travel alone; and you know that I should be so proud of him; I shall certainly say that he is my little brother."

"Oh, will you?" and Craig looked down at her, smiling in a rather embarrassing way.

"Say you will let him go," said Audrey, extremely unconscious.

"If you really want him, he shall go. As for Jamie and myself, we would both be very much pleased, I am sure."

Miss Raymond wrote back most cordially that the little boy would be very welcome, and that Mrs. Sheldon would be very happy to entertain him. So it was settled that Jamie should go.

Soon after he heard that he could go he seemed to have something on his mind, and then ran over to the President's.

"President Graham," he said, as decorously as was consistent with a small amount of breath and no little excitement, "what do you think? I have been elected to be a delicate to a convention. I don't know a delicate what; that is all the word I have heard so far, and I have forgotten to ask. I am

going with Miss Brooks, and will you please to give me leave of absence ? ”

The President laughed ; looked at Jamie, and then laughed again.

“ You will, won’t you ? ” said Jamie trustfully. “ It is really very important, and I ’m important — I think. I think I ’m important, President Graham. ”

“ Yes, sir ; I shall be most happy to grant you leave of absence, ” said the President gravely. “ But what made you think you had to have one ? ”

“ Why, Miss Brooks had to have one. I heard her speak about it, and so of course I have to, don’t I ? You don’t like to have too many absences from college, do you ? ”

“ No ; but I don’t think it will hurt you. ”

It rapidly spread through the college that Jamie was going to the Omega convention, and if there had been more time he would probably have been advised to do a great many shocking and disreputable things ; but as there was only part of Saturday, and Sunday when Jamie was all day with Craig, and Monday when he was too busy with his little preparations to pay very much attention to anybody, he escaped.

Jamie had a great many things to attend to. His valise had to be packed and unpacked many times. Early Monday morning he packed it. It seemed

very bulgy in the middle and would not shut. Craig looked at it critically, then he looked around the room ; he smiled, and said, in a friendly way, —

“Suppose you unpack a little of that, and see what is the matter.” Craig sat down on a chair near by, to watch at his ease.

Jamie threw out the jacket of his best suit. Under that there was a medley of things. There was the photograph of their mother, in its heavy silver frame ; there was the frame that usually held a photograph of Jamie, and in it was a photograph of Craig put in crookedly ; next there was a Cæsar that Jamie was much attached to, a good-sized Bible, and an immense humming top. He also had taken a large silver cup that he had when he was a baby, and a silver knife, fork, spoon, and napkin ring.

“Pull the things out on the other side,” said Craig.

The trousers of his best suit came first ; then there was a pair of rubber boots, a rubber coat, and two broken pocket knives.

Jamie looked up in a worried way. “I don’t see how I am going to take ’em !”

“No ; nor I,” said Craig, trying not to laugh. “Where are your stockings ?”

“Oh !”

“Where are your collars ?”

“Oh !”

"Where are your shirt waists, and neckties, and cuffs, and all the other clothes you ought to take?"

"Oh!" said Jamie for the third time, and still more blankly; "do you think I had better get a trunk?"

"No; not to go away for a week." And then he gave way to the desire to laugh that was growing too much for him. "You don't need that silver stuff. They will give you something to eat with, and you won't need a napkin ring. You can take the travelling drinking cup, if you want one, and not that big thing. You had better leave those photographs here for fear something might happen to them, you know—and you are only to be gone a week. You won't need that Cæsar; they will have plenty of things for you to read out there, if you want to read, and you can take a little Testament instead of the big Bible, can't you, Jamie? And as for the rubber boots and rubber coat, you had much better take it for granted that it won't rain. The suit you can take of course. That was very nicely packed."

So Jamie tried it again, and in the course of time he succeeded very fairly. The top Jamie was very anxious to take to the youthful Roger, and he managed to squeeze it in.

It was a fine thing that night to wait for the jingle of Dick Derby's sleigh bells. Jamie had said good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Carver several times, and he and

Craig had gone over to the Masters'. Miss Brooks was all ready, and feeling as fresh as a lark. Miss Haversham and Miss Parker were with her in the parlor, waiting for the sleigh. They were all excited.

"You don't suppose he has forgotten, do you, Craig?" said Jamie anxiously; and just at that minute they heard the faint jingling of sleigh bells in the distance, growing sharper and clearer every minute.

They all ran to the window. The moon was just coming out from under a cloud. The snow on the Green was a smooth, shining sheet, darkened in places by the paths, and by the clear black shadows of the trees with their intricate tracery of branches. The white snow of the road was lined with shadows where were the depressions made by the sleigh runners. Coming around the college street corner was Dick Derby's sleigh and pair, all dark against the snow.

Then there were some hurried good-bys, and a great deal of laughing, and Craig, Audrey, and Jamie hurried out to the sleigh. A warm flood of light poured out from the open house door, and there stood Mrs. Masters and Gertrude and Kate, calling out good-by, and giving all sorts of advice. Jamie wanted to sit with Dick and climbed up on the seat. Craig tucked Audrey in and sat down beside her. Another good-by, then the start of the horses, the jingle of the

bells, a shout from Jamie, and the swift rush of the cold night air on their faces as they bowled along. Oh, it was a great thing to go to a convention in Greencastle, Indiana!

Then came the train steaming into the station, the hurry of the people, the opening and shutting of the doors of the waiting rooms, the uniformed men hurrying up and down, always up and down, swinging lanterns, the hoarse shouts, the bustle and scramble down by the baggage room, the sharp clang cling when the men sounded the wheels, and then they were all three in the pleasant, softly lighted car. They found their number, just in the middle of the car. There was not much time to lose.

"Be sure and take good care of Audrey, Jamie;" then the warm, friendly hand clasp for Audrey, and the yet friendlier message, though unspoken, as their eyes met; a good hug for Jamie, and the train had already begun to move before Craig jumped off on the platform. Oh, it was a fine thing to go to a convention.

"I am going to a convention, you know, Mr. Derby," Jamie had said on the way down. "It is quite a distance, I believe. You wouldn't like to have Posy go so far, would you? How is Posy?"

"She is very well indeed, and if she hadn't been fast asleep I suppose she would have sent you a lot of messages."

"Oh, I wish she hadn't been asleep. Will you please to tell her from me that I shall soon be back, and that I think I will bring her something from Greencastle. You know I say 'I think,' because I haven't heard about any thing there but a college, and you know they don't usually sell things in colleges. But if they should happen to have a little corner store or even a stand out under an umbrella—only they wouldn't need an umbrella in winter, unless it was raining, would they?—I will bring her something. Do you think they will have stores there?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"The convention is quite a curious thing, I should think. I have forgotten to ask Miss Brooks what they do at one. I suppose she really knows; but Sellen and Bailey told me this morning that, though they couldn't say surely, they had heard that at a convention you ride a goat and climb a pole; they said a greased pole, but that hardly seems natural. I should think a goat ride might be quite pleasant, and I am sure Miss Brooks could ride a goat if anybody could; but Miss Graham, for instance, I am quite sure, would fall off—and my Aunt Polly—if she were sent to a convention now, I can hardly imagine her—on a—oh—ah—on a goat. Mrs. Carter lately attended a temperance convention, and she mentioned very nice cake and different kinds of

movements — motions, I think, she said — but no goat. I really hope the cake is a fact.”

“Yes, the cake would be very nice.”

“If it is a keeping cake, I think I shall ask for a piece to carry back to Posy — after she saved me that orange such a long time.”

“I hope you will be back soon.”

“Yes, we will be back a week from Wednesday, I think she said, Miss Brooks said. I hope I took enough clothes to keep me clean until then. Craig said he thought I did.”

And now they were in the train, Jamie and Miss Brooks, just knowing each other and no one else. Jamie had a dreadful choking feeling in his throat because Craig had disappeared through the door, and would not come in again, and because it was night. It had seemed lovely to come down the hill, but it did seem as though it would be so lonesome for Craig to go up again by himself, and he — didn’t like being away from Craig just at this time of night — but he tried to be brave about it and do as Craig would like to have him, and he looked up at Audrey with a friendly little smile, —

“It is kind of awful to have your friends leave you, isn’t it? But I’ll try to entertain you, and you think it will feel different in the morning, don’t you?”

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Audrey, knowing well enough what the matter was. "Yes, indeed. I suppose Craig is going up the hill like a prize walker, and whistling for all he is worth, and won't you have a lot to tell him when you get back?"

"Say *we*, so I don't feel so lonesome — so you don't feel so lonesome."

"Yes, we. And I wonder who these people are in this car, and there's a porter fixing that berth up there. How will you like sleeping in a top berth? It will be lots of fun, won't it?"

• And Jamie's lonesomeness departed, and he felt convinced once more that it was a very fine thing indeed to go to a convention in Greencastle, Indiana.

CHAPTER XX.

CONVENTION FRIENDS.

JAMIE had never before taken such a long railway journey. Every thing was interesting to him. At first there was enough amusement to be gained from watching the fields, houses, and villages that they passed to keep him looking out of the window, but Jamie was in his own small way a lover of human nature. He directed his attention to his travelling companions. The porters had put the car into proper condition for the day, and it was great fun to see what every one was doing.

"What do you suppose that old gentleman is doing?" asked Jamie, directing Audrey's attention to a gentleman a few seats ahead of them.

"He is getting something to read out of his strap."

"Well, what do you suppose that young lady is eating? She eats every minute, and she did last night too. I thought of her after I climbed up into my berth, and I stuck my head out through the curtains, and she was sitting up then reading and eating, and it must have been awful late, wasn't it?"

"Not so very, very late," with a laugh. "I believe that is candy that she has."

"And what do you suppose that more elderly lady up there has in that basket? I know it is alive, for the cover moves; do you suppose it is a cat, or a dog, or a hen — or a turkey, or an alligator — or a lion? You've heard of such things, haven't you, of carrying around pet snakes and tigers? I think I shall have to walk up the car in about a minute. I wonder who is behind us," getting on his knees and taking a full view of the rear of the car with great complacency.

"Say," excitedly, "there's a woman back there, a lady, and she looks languider and languider." Jamie was speaking in as low a voice as possible, but his last "guider" was heard by a gentleman near him and roused a smile, "and there is a nurse sitting there with a baby — I wonder what character of a baby it is, girl or boy. Which do you bet?"

"Oh, — a girl," said Miss Brooks.

"Then there's nothing left for me to bet but a boy. I wish there were more kinds. I'll go down and see if she calls it any thing but tootsie wootsie, in a minute. There's a man belongs to them, I know; he just came in and asked the lady a question. If you'd get up on your knees you could see too. You'll have to sit over on the other side in a minute. Wonder how many more cars there are on this train?"

"You might ask the conductor."

"And I would like to go through. If the porter or somebody was going over the platform, I could, couldn't I? You wouldn't have any objections, would you?"

"If it was the brakeman, or conductor, or porter, but I think I wouldn't go with any one else."

"All right. I wonder what would be the best way to get 'em to invite me."

The gentleman in the next section beckoned Jamie to come to him. He was a pleasant-faced old gentleman, and Jamie went to him most promptly.

Jamie smiled, held out his hand and said, "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, sir. How are you enjoying yourself this morning?"

"Very much indeed. It is a pretty good deal of fun to travel, isn't it?"

"I used to think so."

"Don't you like it *now*?" with wide open eyes.

"I think it is very tiresome often. Where are you going, if I may ask?"

"I'm going to Greencastle, Indiana, to a convention."

"To a convention!" with evident surprise.

"Yes, did you ever go to a convention?"

"Occasionally," with a smile. "Yes, I may say I have been to — several conventions."

"And now I'm going. I am going with that young lady there, where I was sitting. She is the real delegate. I thought the word was delicate when I first heard it. I am — I am just going with her."

"Is she a delegate to a convention? She looks very young."

"I suppose she is," said Jamie apologetically, "but then you know she does grow older, and she isn't so young as if she was seven — I'm older than seven — and she is monstrous bright, you know."

"What kind of a convention is it, if I may ask?"

"Why, a very nice one, I am sure. Cake, I think," with a knowing nod. "It is the Omegas, and we are from a college and going to a college."

"Oh, a college affair, I see. But what have you to do with a college? Is the young lady your sister?"

"Not really, but I forget whether she is going to own me or not. I'll just ask, if you'll excuse me."

"Are you going to say I'm your little brother, or not?" he whispered to Audrey, his sunny head close to her face.

"I guess not — I think not," said Audrey.

"No, she says not," and Jamie returned smiling to his new friend. "Have you any little boys or girls?"

"I have a little grandson; would you like to see his picture?" and the old gentleman took out a

leather case and showed a photograph of a pretty little boy of three.

Then Jamie had to ask permission to show it to Audrey, and he had to find out the grandson's name, and where he lived, and what kind of things he did.

"I think I will have to go now," said Jamie; "I have a bet on the baby back here, and must see to it."

He walked down the car, his handsome little head held high, and his step as easy and steady as though he were walking on firm ground. The "languider and languider lady" smiled at him and asked him his name.

"Jamie Sternhold. Can I get you any thing to make you feel less languider? Does it ache — your head?" sympathetically.

"Travelling always makes it ache," said the lady kindly, and apparently much gratified.

"Does it make your baby's head ache?"

"I couldn't say, poor little thing! Adolph," speaking to the gentleman ahead of her, "the little boy wants to know if travelling makes baby's head ache. He is evidently a strong believer in heredity."

The gentleman laughed, and said, "I don't believe the baby's head aches yet."

"Why can't they say he or she," thought Jamie. "I'll listen to the nurse?"

"There, baby — dovey, wovey, sweetie; there, ducky

daddles!" mumbled the nurse, rubbing the baby's gums with her finger.

"How old is it?" asked Jamie. .

"It is ten months old, dear little thing!"

"What is its name?" said Jamie, thinking that now he would know whether it was a boy or girl.

"Olga Ferrol Travers."

"Oh!" said Jamie blankly. "I'll be back in a minute."

"Its name," said Jamie to Miss Brooks, "is Olga Fral Travers. Which would you say it was?"

"Are you sure you heard aright? I don't know — I should think that was a boy."

"So should I," brightly; "but I'll go back and ask."

"Is your baby a boy or a girl?"

"A girl."

Jamie remarked that it seemed to be a very fine baby, and that he would be back to call on her later. His mind was intent on the animal in the elderly little lady's basket. On his way down to inquire about it, the young lady who had so attracted his attention before, stopped him and talked to him; she gave him some caramels, and he parted with her promising to call soon again.

"Would you like some water for your animal?" said Jamie at a venture to the elderly lady. He

smiled in such a disinterestedly friendly way, that the lady smiled back, and asked him to sit down.

“Would you like to see my animal?”

It was evident that Jamie would very much like to see it. The lady lifted the lid of the basket, and a King-Charles spaniel put out its head. Jamie was in raptures. Such lovely eyes! and it scratched inside its basket in the most beautiful way.

“I am going to take that to a little granddaughter of mine. Do you think she will like it?”

Jamie was convinced that she would be charmed with it, and hurried back to tell the old gentleman that had the grandson, that the lady at the other end of the car had a granddaughter, and that she was taking her a “beautiful little dog for a present.”

Indeed, it was a very short time before Jamie was acquainted with every one in the car; and when some of them got off at different stations, he was quite melancholy for a moment; and when new people got on he speedily made their acquaintance; and when he and Audrey changed cars, he said good-by to every body first, and left the car a much emptier place than it was before, and every one who remained behind had a slightly lonesome feeling because the cheerful little fellow had gone.

The next morning they reached Indianapolis, and without having to wait very long they went over to

Greencastle. It was an exciting minute when the train stopped at the Greencastle station. Jamie gallantly carried the two little hand-bags, Miss Brooks took her umbrella, and they stepped off the train.

"There they are up there!" said Jamie ecstatically; and he was right.

Two young ladies were earnestly watching the next car above; and Audrey too felt sure that they were the ones. She and Jamie walked toward them. Yes, there were the Omega pins in plain sight. Then came the meeting and the greeting and the "grip." And Jamie stood there, cap in hand, ready to shake hands cordially; and when the young ladies turned to him he smiled in the way that always won his friends, and said pleasantly, —

"I'm the other one, you know."

"So this is our delegate's little escort, is it?" said Miss Bryce, smiling down at him. "You are very, very welcome, sir, and I am sure you will have a fine time while you are here."

"I never saw such a handsome little fellow in my life!" she said half an hour later to some members of the committee who had not yet seen Miss Brooks or Jamie. "The straightest little fellow, and just as graceful as he could be, and his face and his hair! — I never saw such bewitching hair in my life!"

Miss Bryce and Miss Johnson had very much to

tell about the other delegates, and about preparations for the convention, and about society matters in general.

“And Mrs. Sheldon is too lovely for words,” said Miss Johnson. “You know she is one of our old Omegas—and her house is lovely, and you and the little boy will be the only ones there, so you may possibly have a chance to get rested. Mrs. Sheldon said this morning that no one should be allowed to see you until after dinner. Then, at two o’clock, you know, the affair begins. And the Rhos—that is the largest boys’ society here—have been too kind for words. Our hall is small, and their hall is simply elegant and large, and they offered it to us for the convention; and we are going to use it this afternoon and to-morrow morning; and—and we use the Pi Hall—that is lovely too—to-morrow afternoon and Friday morning; and that ends it. There is a banquet to-night, and a banquet to-morrow night, and a banquet Friday night. And I really do believe you have had the very nicest boys in the college appointed for your escorts. I think they are. It was too funny! You know, of course, they are all awfully anxious that you shall be nice, and anxious to see you, and Mr. Bryant and Mr. Vaughn—Mr. Bryant is for to-night, and Mr. Vaughn for to-morrow night—were both down there at the station to see you

come in. We told them flatly that they couldn't even speak to you now, because we wished to talk to you ourselves, and because you are to go straight to the Sheldon's!"

"Dear me, I hope they'll like me," said Audrey nervously.

"There is no danger about that," said the young women decisively.

"I feel as though I had known you forever!" and Miss Johnson bowed her pretty head, and Audrey felt like making the same remark.

"Now, this is Mrs. Sheldon's; we will only leave you at the door, for we have lots and lots to do. Oh, you will like Mrs. Sheldon!"

And Audrey did like Mrs. Sheldon, and Jamie became immediately her devoted slave. She gave Audrey the old familiar grip, and with the kindest smile in her eyes said, —

"You poor dear little girl! You ought to be ever so tired, but you certainly do not look so. You shall go right to your room, and have a certain amount of quiet before dinner. It will be the last you will have for some time, I can assure you," with a laugh. "And this is my little man. I am so glad you have come, dear. My little Roger keeps asking for you every day, though perhaps you are too big a boy to care about a little two-year-old."

"Oh, I *love* Roger! I really, truly do!" said Jamie earnestly. "And when do you think the valises will come? I really have a very important thing to take out."

"They will be up soon."

Mrs. Sheldon showed Audrey into a room that seemed to her to be the cosiest and most comfortable room she ever saw. There were flowers on the table, and there was an open stove with the soft coal blazing away so merrily, and the most comfortable chairs. Audrey had not thought of being tired before she saw that room, but now she would have said nearly any thing to be allowed to enjoy the quiet of it and that open fire.

"And won't I be glad to get a bath?" said Jamie, with a deep sigh. "I never was so long without a bath in my life—all day yesterday! I expect I'm pretty dirty to see Roger," modestly, "but I can when I'm washed and fixed better, can't I?"

"You shall see him now, if you like; he is taking a morning nap." And Jamie was made happy by a bird's-eye view of the rosy, dimpled, sleeping Roger.

At dinner they met Professor Sheldon, the young professor. Audrey had been so much pleased with Mrs. Sheldon, and had felt such a strong partisan society feeling rise up within her on her new friend's behalf, that she had half dreaded seeing the professor,

for fear that she might be disappointed in him ; but one glance re-assured her. She liked him immensely, as she told Miss Parker within half an hour after she reached home. He was very quiet, but with such a keen sense of humor that nothing escaped him. He was evidently devoted to his young wife, and Audrey felt justified in commending therefore both his heart and his understanding. She had to tell about the adventures on their trip, which, detailed by her ready tongue, took a very amusing dress. Jamie sat next to Roger, and they were becoming intimate.

"Jamie, Jamie," Roger would say, smiling sweetly at Jamie, and whacking his spoon down hard on the table.

"How soon will you be three, Roger?" Jamie's tone could not have been more interested.

"He will be three in a month," said his mother, "though we are very apt to forget it."

"Jamie will spin Roger's top," announced Roger. "Papa, papa! It hath a bird in it—a bird. It sticks its head out when it goes wound!"

"Why does he say 'hath'?" asked Jamie. "Is he religious?"

"He can pronounce his s's in nearly every word but 'has,' and in some words he pronounces his r's and in others he doesn't. He does not talk consistently at all."

"Never mind," said Jamie consolingly; "he will

learn, you know. He is your very first, isn't he? Why, Craig says that I used to say funny words too."

The professor and Audrey had begun to talk about her college and about the course. They were talking about the classics, and as to what proportion of the students took the Latin and Greek. Then Audrey told something about their required Latin and Greek, and Mrs. Sheldon joined in, and they spoke about the Odes of Horace. Audrey saw that Jamie was becoming much interested, and knew that he would say something soon. She wondered what the effect would be.

"I think some of those Horatian Odes were harder for me than any Latin I ever read," said Mrs. Sheldon frankly.

"The *Ars Poetica* is easier; don't you think so?" said Jamie.

Mrs. Sheldon's face became slightly pale, Audrey thought, as she saw her look at Jamie's innocent, inquiring little face. The professor seemed more shocked, but he recovered himself first.

"The what did you say, Jamie?"

"The *Ars Poetica*," said Jamie deferentially; he felt that something was the matter. "It seems so much sensibler to me, than about '*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa.*' But, then, I don't know about it really."

"You have been looking into a translation? That does not speak very well for somebody, Miss Brooks," with a laugh.

"A translation?" said Jamie inquiringly. "Yes — that is what I mean, I think; we make a translation."

"Does the boy read Latin, Miss Brooks?" asked Mrs. Sheldon, in a perplexed tone.

"Ask him," smiling.

"Do you read Latin, Jamie?"

"Why, a little; not much, I suppose. I'm a sort of a senior, you know — a real senior, only they all do call me 'little freshman' — and so I've had the college Latin and Greek, with Craig doing most of the work; but Robie and I really do outside work, you know."

"What does he mean?" asked the professor. "I never heard any thing like that in my life."

So, while Jamie was excused from the table to play with Roger, who was in such a state of excitement over his top that he could not eat, Audrey endeavored to explain some of the curious points about Jamie's education.

She had to tell about Craig, and about his taking care of Jamie since he was five years old, and about Jamie's position in the college, and how he had been handed down from class to class as a "little freshman." The Latin and Greek part her listeners

did not seem disposed to accept without many grains of allowance ; but Audrey urged them confidently to try him when they had a good chance. They said something about the cramming process and forcing, but Audrey would only look through the open door to the sitting-room, where Jamie and Roger were playing on the floor ; they followed her glance, and smiled at each other. Jamie was as fine a specimen as they had ever seen ; strong, ruddy, supple, graceful.

“He must be naturally remarkable, that is certain,” remarked Professor Sheldon.

“I can’t help thinking that he is beyond the average, myself,” said Audrey, “but what he knows is undoubtedly simply due to the way he has been brought up. He is well read in English, for a little fellow ; and he is quite a little scientist, for a small boy. He isn’t at all one-sided. He had a remarkable mother, I am sure ; remarkable for her ways of thinking ; and her husband was like her. Jamie’s brother Craig is as different from other young men as you can well imagine ; not so much in what he does or says, it seems to me, but in the way he thinks. His motives are different, his standards are different. All his early impressions and early thinking, and all first things, seem to have been so different for him than they are for other children, even for those ‘very well

brought up,' as it is called. I am sure Jamie is as different as can be from other little boys, inside, though it might not show at first sight, and he might only seem unusually bright or unusually good-tempered, or unusually healthy. But it is his education. I don't know how to say what I mean, and in the short time that he will be here I don't suppose you will be able to see for yourselves. But he is really a very curious study. The thing that one notices first about Jamie, is the way he talks, and that he seems to know more than other children of his age, and that he can read Latin and Greek. Those were the things that I first noticed about him, and I thought of nothing else until I came to know him better. Those are not the really surprising things about Jamie. His sense of honor and right, his clean-heartedness, his quick justice: those are the surprising things about him. I know that it may not sound very much. I don't suppose there are many mothers of reasonably nice boys of Jamie's age, but would believe that was not too much to say of their boys. And I know plenty of little boys who are truthful, honorable little fellows. But I know that Jamie is different; nearly all his good traits, his truthfulness, and frankness, and strict adherence to what he thinks is right, one might at first lay to his being a little boy. It would be called innocence and freshness; and there

would be the immediate thought that it would be too bad that he should grow older; that the bloom would go, that he would learn only too easily some of the evil around him; that at twelve years he would know a great deal, and talk of a great many things when with his small friends, and laugh at much that he wouldn't like his mother or his father to know about; and that when older yet he would know more than his mother and more than his sisters, and would feel a sort of superiority and a sense of being hand in glove with things that are not quite right, and that once when he was 'a little greenie' he knew nothing of; and so it would go on. And all this, even though he might still be a nice boy as boys go. And that would be quite true of the average honorable, manly, little fellow of eight — quite true. But it will be impossible for Jamie. His foundation is different. His innocence is not mere ignorance. His steadfast uprightness is not due to his knowing nothing else, or to his not having been sufficiently tempted. He is a better boy now, a truer, manlier, purer, honester little fellow than he was three years ago, though he is by no means so innocent, if that means simply ignorance of evil. Other children are instructed in morals and religion, and in proportion as they are they will be nice children, I suppose; but I know quite well that this instruction has been a very

different matter with Jamie. The care that was taken with him in teaching him so that he is what would be called as 'far advanced' as he is now, did not begin, I am sure, to be so unique, so unusual, as the care given to the boy's heart. I know I can't say all this so as to make it sound unusual, or to do Jamie justice; but if you are interested in any thing of the kind I wish you would watch him. There is a kind of character building going on in him well worth watching."

And they were interested, Professor and Mrs. Sheldon, in "any thing of the kind," and they did watch Jamie with the greatest interest.

Dinner was hardly over before there was a lively ringing at the door-bell, and Miss Bryce and Miss Johnson had come to escort Miss Brooks to the Hall. They wanted Jamie to go too.

"Do let him come. Every body wants to see him, and he can come up to the Hall for a few minutes. It will be a good half hour after we get up there before we begin; he really must come!"

So Jamie whisked on his overcoat and cap, and walked down to the Hall as happy and as important as any one. It was so odd to see the snow all gone. The weather seemed almost spring-like in Greencastle.

"And this is Jamie Sternhold," cried Miss Bryce, introducing the young man to ever so many young

ladies. Jamie's cap was off in a second, and he was answering questions about his trip, and his college, and as to how he liked Greencastle.

"What do you think of so many young ladies, Jamie?" was asked him by the very loveliest and most dignified of all, after Miss Brooks, Jamie thought; for his loyal little heart held out stoutly for the fair fame of his co-delegate.

"I think that if they are all as lovely as those I see, that I wish there were a great many more," was the sincere reply, which raised a laugh.

"And how do you like the convention, Jamie?"

"I like it ever and ever so much, especially Roger."

"Roger is quite an item, to be sure."

"And I heard there might be cake," insinuatingly.

"You certainly must have cake."

After nearly every one had spoken to their truly novel delegate, Jamie was excused from further service, and started for home.

"Hello, young man! Aren't you an Omega delegate?" he heard some one say as he turned a corner.

"Yes, a kind of a one, according as it is cake time," answered Jamie, looking up.

The speaker was Mr. Vaughn. He recognized Jamie, having seen him get off the train in the morning.

"Well, sir, I'm in college here. I'm a senior, and I should like to do the honors of the town, and show you around; and show you the college, as I suppose you hail from college too?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. I'll be much obliged. Are you going to take me now?"

"Yes, I think I will," gravely. "Will you come to my room with me? That will give you a chance to see East Hall and a lot of the college boys. Then, as I have a recitation, you might like to accompany me there."

Mr. Vaughn, who seemed to see something vastly amusing about Jamie, took him up to his room, and introduced him to about half a dozen more who hastened there when they heard that he had an Omega delegate on view.

"What kind of a room do you have in the college, Jamie?"

"It's got a gun, and a fishing-rod, and boxing gloves, and some dictionaries in it."

"And what do you run for, classics or sciences? And how many girls are there in your college?"

"There are eighteen now; didn't use to be so many. Miss Brooks is the only one in her class. I'm in for classics now."

That seemed to be the most amusing remark of the season. Then Vaughn took him over East Hall and

over West Hall ; took him into a recitation on Political Economy, to the Gymnasium and into the Museum. Several other boys joined them, and there were constant shouts of laughter going up from the group. Jamie told all about Miss Brooks.

"She's the jolliest and the bravest! She is that fond of ice-cream and horses, you wouldn't believe. And all the boys in our class, we 're seniors, you know, why they just think every thing of her, and so does Miss Parker and Miss Haversham and all of them, that are of different classes. And Craig—I know Craig thinks she's just wonderful! And so does Prex and all the professors. I know her awful well, because I am with her a very great deal. We went to Europe summer before last, and you get monstrous well acquainted on ship board. I think I heard Craig say that. Her aunt and uncle were along, and they weren't a bit of bother. Her uncle's an awful pleasant man. He understands the most about how boys like candy, of any one I ever saw, except my Aunt Polly; though she does run the most to cookies. Have you got a college prayer-meeting here, and a nine and an eleven? We have. The Dartmouth eleven comes up to play ours most every year, and beat us fearful gen'ly. But we are pretty strong on the prayer-meeting, I've heard the boys say."

Bryant leaned himself up against one of the cases

in the museum, and said that he had never been to such a circus in his life.

"That is too bad," said Jamie, with real sympathy. "For it is pretty slow in here; really, only a museum, you know. I care more for such places rainy days." They took him down to the Rho Hall, thinking that the afternoon session would be about over. The delegates were flocking out, laughing, and still talking business. Bryant and Vaughn were introduced to Miss Brooks, and were of the party that accompanied her home.

Jamie was very anxious that evening to see that Miss Brooks looked "beautifuller than anybody else." He sat on the arm of a chair, having been admitted to her room while she put on the finishing touches. He was delighted.

"Now you'll do. Oh, my! Won't that Bryant be pleased! He is a real good fellow. Doesn't even smoke; for I asked him. I told him and Vaughn too, for he's your next one, you know, that you couldn't bear a fellow that smoked, except Robie, and they both told me to be sure and tell you in an indirect manner, that I had heard them say that they despised smoking and kindeared vices—I think it was kindeared. I wondered what it meant. Don't forget about that cake, will you? I spoke to Bryant about it, as he would have more pocket-room perhaps,

but I suppose he will need reminding, if he is with you."

The bell rang; there was the carriage and Mr. Bryant, and in a very short time Miss Brooks had departed. Jamie had staid up till she went. He was not used to staying up so late. It seemed very strange, some way, to be alone, without Craig or Audrey or anybody, at that time of night; and though the little room that had been given him had looked lovely to him in the morning, now it seemed to him as though it would be pleasanter to wait awhile before going to it. Roger was in bed and asleep. Mrs. Sheldon was sitting there by the sitting-room fire, reading. Professor Sheldon was in his study, at work. Jamie had heard him say that he would be busy for some time.

Jamie dragged a hassock across the floor and placed it beside Mrs. Sheldon. He sat down on it. He slipped his little hand inside Mrs. Sheldon's and sat there silently. She looked down at him, wondering what he would do. He rubbed his little soft cheek against her hand and then looked up.

"You feel real lonesome, don't you, when your husband is so busy evenings?" he said.

She laughed and patted the little face. "I am afraid it is some one else who feels lonesome. What do you do without Craig?"

"I think I shall just have to pretend to myself that he is talking to me," said Jamie, with a desperate attempt at cheerfulness. "You see, he always made me go to bed by myself,—most always. But he always talked to me and held me before I went to bed, unless something happened, and then he would afterwards if I was awake, and I guess he misses me dreadful, don't you?"

"Yes, I should think he might."

"I think he would like me to go to bed now, as long as I haven't any thing more of the convention to sit up for; you know my first business now is the convention."

"What does Craig talk to you about, if you don't mind telling me?"

"He tells me about my mamma; my mamma used to hold me and kiss me, and the cat sat in the window seat—and about my papa; my papa died before I was born. He was hurt on a railroad, and he lived two days after it. And my papa gave me to Craig then. He said when I would be born that Craig must love me next to mamma, and take care of mamma, and always take care of me, just like papa had of him. And Craig said when the nurse put me in his arms that he loved me and loved me. He was twelve years old then. That is pretty old, isn't it? And then mamma would say to Craig for him to keep me, and

never to let me go away from him, and for him to do for me what she had done for him. I can remember that my very own self. And Craig talks to me about being honorable now, every day, and building in my heart every day, with God's help, not the wood, hay, and stubble, you know, but the gold; to be ready, always ready — oh, I can't tell, only Craig can tell. And Craig knows, for he has heard them be bad like I have, and he knows how it feels." Jamie heaved quite a sigh. "Do you know, Mrs. Sheldon, as long as Miss Brooks isn't here to do it, I don't see how I can go to bed, feeling so awful in my stomach, unless you talk to me a little about Christ and about what an awful lot he loves me, and hear me say my prayers. You don't hear me say any thing, you know, but you just better keep hold of my hands, or rub my head, or something. You know, don't you?"

Mrs. Sheldon assured him that she knew, and she talked to him in a low, soft voice until he felt "all comfortable again," and she heard him say his prayers, and went into his little room and kissed him good-night after he was in bed, and then went into her husband's study and they talked together a long, long time.

CHAPTER XXI.

ODDS AND ENDS.

JAMIE's fame spread through the college and through the town. Every body wanted to see Jamie. He always accompanied Miss Brooks to and from the convention sessions,—that was his part of the convention duties,—and in that way he became acquainted with all the delegates. Any one of the college boys that could get him for an hour or more was very happy to do so, and Jamie's face was soon familiar to the president and all the faculty.

The Thursday night banquet given by the Rhos passed off successfully, and then came the grand wind-up for Friday night. The Omegas were to give a banquet that was simply to leave nothing to be desired in the way of banquets. A great country house, about two miles out, was put at the disposal of the entertaining chapter by its mistress, one of the old Omegas, and "every body" was to go.

"Jamie must go, Miss Brooks. I can't think of a person whose absence would be so much felt; and

every body expects it! Oh, to be sure, no other child will be there; but this is a very different thing. That poor little fellow has had a simply horrid time—he hasn't been anywhere! And we can't do without him!"

"Jamie!" called Miss Brooks; and, as he came running in from the other room, where he had been playing with Roger, she asked him, "Would you like to go to the Omega banquet to-night?"

"Me? Really me? To the cake part? Just wouldn't I like to! Oh, can I go—may I go, I mean?"

And Jamie went to the banquet. He drove out in the carriage with Miss Brooks and Mr. Camp, Miss Brooks' "third one," as Jamie called him. It was a fine drive; and when they reached the house it was most brilliantly lighted, and there were servants bowing at every turn, and saying, "Ladies, first door to the right at the head of the stairs," and there was a rustle and swish of dress skirts going down and going up; and queer-looking, bundled-up people would go upstairs, to come down like new beings, all gorgeous in beautiful colors. There was the smell of flowers in the air, a smell that was inevitably associated in Jamie's mind with various commencements. There was the buzz of talking and laughter and music. And as Jamie tripped upstairs beside Miss Brooks,

his little patent-leather low shoes making no noise on the soft carpet, he could not help hearing people around him saying, "There goes little Jamie Sternhold," and he was very glad in his heart.

"I think perhaps I won't be in the way," he whispered to Miss Brooks, and she squeezed his hand, and made him feel happier than ever.

When Miss Brooks was ready to go down she found herself in a very distressing situation.

"Jamie!" she said tragically, "do you know what Mr. Camp looks like?"

"He is kind of long, I know," said Jamie doubtfully; "his legs were terribly in my way in the carriage. I only saw him just a minute in the sitting-room; and you know he has been out of town till this afternoon. And it was dark in the carriage."

Miss Brooks asked several of the young ladies if they knew what Mr. Camp looked like. They were strangers also, but they enjoyed her dilemma immensely.

"Go to the door, and probably he will know you. I can see my escort out there. There are a lot of them waiting right there by the door," said one.

Mr. Camp, in the meanwhile, was very much perplexed.

"Jove!" he said to the man next to him; "what

a fool I was ! I never took a good look at that Miss What's-her-name that I came with ! Couldn't pick her out to save me ! Maybe she'll know me." And he stood there waiting for some one to give him a look of recognition, but no one did. The attendants seemed to have miraculously disappeared just at that moment ; and as nearly every body knew every body else, no one seemed to be troubled but this one Mr. Camp.

Audrey stood in the door in vain. A bright idea struck her. There was probably only one boy in the house, and she owned him.

"Jamie, come here !" And Jamie came and stood in front of her. That cleared matters up wonderfully. Mr. Camp, with a most relieved expression on his face, threaded his way across the crowded hall, smiling more broadly at each step.

"That was a lucky thought of yours," he said, with a laugh. "I have been standing there in perfect misery. I knew I didn't know you ; and as your attendant has disappeared so entirely, I thought perhaps I might have to go to that awful door myself and shout, 'I'm Camp!'"

The rooms down-stairs were full, and there were so many people to meet and talk with. The majority of the delegates were going home the next day, and there were a great many good-bys to be said. Jamie

was a prominent figure all the evening. Audrey would hear a burst of laughter from several people at once, and if she would look in that direction, she was almost certain to see Jamie's bright hair. Every once in a while he would come to Audrey.

"I am having the most beautiful time! I hope you are enjoying yourself. You are, aren't you?"

"Very much, thank you, and don't forget that you are to come out to supper with me — when I go; and don't let any one else entice you away, will you?"

"No, indeed!" with much determination. "They've promised me quarts of ice-cream already, if I would. They say Camp is going to have too soft a snap altogether, considering every thing."

Jamie remained true to his college and his word, and accompanied Miss Brooks and Mr. Camp to the table with the greatest pride in the world. There was not much doubt that every body had a good time, but there was a general suspicion that those lucky mortals who sat at the "Brooks-Sternhold" table had the best time of all. It certainly was not the most quiet table in the room, and more than one of the solemn-faced Indianapolis waiters who officiated at that table was seen to be on the verge of smiling, and the one who actually did smile had some very good stories to tell for a long time afterwards.

Jamie was sleepy after the supper; he had never

sat up so late in his life before. Audrey saw how flushed and tired the little face looked, and how the long eyelashes seemed disposed to reach his cheeks as fast as possible.

"Come with me, Jamie," she whispered; and she took him up to the dressing-room and wrapped him in her cloak, laid him on a lounge, gave him a kiss, and he was asleep before she left the room.

"Where is Jamie Sternhold?" was a frequent question for some little time afterwards, always followed by a quick, sympathetic smile at the answer, —

"Upstairs, asleep."

Saturday was passed in looking at the college. Sunday slipped by quietly and pleasantly. Jamie was with Professor and Mrs. Sheldon nearly all day, and Roger kept saying in a valiant baby way, "Jamie shall not go away from Roger, mamma! No, Jamie. No, mamma! I will give you this, and this, Jamie, and this," fairly staggering to Jamie under his accumulated treasures. "Jamie shall not go," and his eyes would flash, and then almost surely fill with tears, for he had a heart-rending suspicion that in the end Jamie would go.

Again Jamie had to pack his valise, and if it had been hard for him to pack it before, it was next to impossible now. He had received presents on every

side, and every one of them seemed to be just the thing he wanted most.

Audrey stowed away two or three knives, some promiscuous photographs, two books, and a collection of pencils in her own valise. But Jamie had beside these an old base-ball, some paper dolls, a mouth organ, some fossils, a box of butterflies, a bottle of ether, a butterfly net, a whipping-top, a bag of marbles, and a few more things. He took what he could, and left his other treasures with Roger.

"You are to use what you want, Roger, and the other things you are to keep for me until I come out here again when I am a man."

Jamie, after much consideration, and after having asked the advice of Bryant and Vaughn and others, had decided to buy a doll for Posy. He could not pack the doll, so he carried it, and it was the source of many troubles. Audrey and Jamie both left Greencastle, feeling that they had made many friends, and quite sure that they would never forget the time spent there.

Early the next Wednesday morning, between five and six o'clock, for the train was late, Miss Brooks and Master Jamie Sternhold stepped off again on the station platform of their own college town.

"Here we are, Mr. Derby! Oh, I am so glad to see you. There, I've left it," and Jamie dashed back

into the car for Posy's doll. "Now that it is here, I guess Posy will have it, but I am going to bring it down to her myself, Mr. Derby. Oh, how cold it is!"

And when they reached their respective homes, Audrey, at the Masters', never stopped talking once until breakfast time; and as for Jamie and Craig — Craig said he never had been so glad to see anybody in his life, and that the past week was the loneliest week he ever spent.

"And oh, Craig, I had the most beautiful time that ever was in the world, and I have the greatest lot of things for you, and this thing, you know, is Posy's doll, and I have been afraid to death its head would break. And do you think it is pretty, Craig? And oh, Craig, I am so glad to be back, I don't know what to do! I came very near dying every single night, I would get so lonesome for you, except, you know, that I would go to sleep awful quick."

So Jamie came back from the convention, and he had to tell tales of his adventures over and over for several weeks to come.

The college year was drawing near a close. It seemed a very strange thing to some members of the senior class that now, after they had been in the college so long, they should be drawing very surely, and, it seemed, very swiftly, toward the day that should send them away for ever. Some of them could

not help thinking about it. Some of them would look around the familiar class-rooms, and at the familiar faces, and wonder and wonder what would become of them all, what they would do in the world, who would succeed and who would not; whether they would all ever meet again, and where.

"I don't know how it is with you fellows," said Jack Kirk, one night when Sternhold and Carstairs and Stiver and Mason were all sitting around his room in various more or less comfortable positions. "We all speak about getting through, and say we are glad, and I am sure I am glad. I ought to be going to work, and I have fooled away enough of my time here; but then I get awfully weak feelings about it too. It just seems miserable to me to think of not seeing all you fellows every day."

"Pshaw, Kirk," said Carstairs, "you are a soft-hearted old cub any way, and we all know it; but none of the rest of us feel that way, you know."

"You do yourself, Carstairs," laughed Mason; "you know you were grumbling about it last night. I feel that way. Colleges may have bad influences in some directions; I can pick out fellows right here in the mill, and so can all of you, who have just made ducks and drakes of themselves in college, and were led into it in a kind of a way, too, perhaps; but I can say, and I've got a right to say it here, though

I never have before, that college has just made me. I know it through and through; and that I can feel that things are as well as they are with me, though as you all know that isn't saying much, is due to you fellows in this room."

"Put him out!"

"None of that!"

"Well, it is so," said Hastings, "that is just the way I feel; you fellows have done more for me than any thing I can think of. When I came to college I was just as ready to swing one way as the other. All I wanted to do was to follow the crowd and have a good time. But I can say with some sort of regard for truth, now, that I believe I have some ideas of what is right, my own self, and that I do want to stick to them, and, God helping me, I will."

The boys were all silent for a minute. Kant's *Kritik of the Pure Reason* was entirely out of their minds, and the books had been half closed.

"I can say for my part," said Craig, breaking the silence, "that I would not have missed these four years here, nor the knowing you fellows as I have, for any thing I can think of hardly. Every once in a while now, I forget all about what is going on in the class room, and wonder about you fellows and myself, and the other boys —"

"May I come in?" It was Colfax. "What are you up to? Kant?"

"Why, we were getting real moony, Colfax, about the end of the year, and all that. You are just the one to get us out of it, and to say that the end of the year won't have so much poetry about it if we all get stuck on Kant, except you."

"Can't brace you up to-night," said Colfax, rather to the surprise of them all. "I don't like to see some of you fellows leave at all. Don't get that kind of a fit very often. And I like the mill. I don't know half the men in college, and half I do know I don't like. But I have just lived with you fellows. Why, I sat next to Sternhold there the first day I was 'in Keeler's room."

"Fact, you did;" laughing, "and do you remember you said there were only forty in the class? I mean thirty-two in the room instead of thirty-three, because you didn't count Miss Brooks? 'Her' you called her."

There was a roar of laughter from the boys; they had never heard that story before.

"Sternhold, can't you let a fellow alone?" said Colfax reprovingly. "You were always willing to let any other person's sins and youthful follies lie quiet, when properly repented of. And haven't I showed every disposition to slave around after her as much as I have had any opportunity of doing? I should count her for a round dozen of any of the rest of us,

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now. And she has forgiven me by this time, I know, if she ever heard of it. For she likes me; she told me so last night," placidly.

"I have heard her say she liked you too," admitted Craig.

"She said she liked *me*; she told me so," said Kirk, with an injured air.

"She told me she liked me like every thing," said Hastings.

"Me too."

"Said the same thing to me."

"I'm blest if I don't believe she likes the whole class," said Stiver. "There isn't a man in the class that wouldn't have been sorry enough to see her go any time during the course. I know of more than one downright good thing she has done for some of our men."

"So do I," said Mason, "and so does most every one else, only I guess it is a different thing every time."

"Well, the year is going—and time—and the Kant examination is coming, so I suppose we might as well bone in again," said Carstairs. "Professor St. John looks more angelic every day. You would never guess what a mere mask his face is, would you? The way he makes us flax around on this hot griddle of Pure Reason! Professor St. John's face ought to

look like a Cæsar Borgia if he was a villain. By the way, whose turn is it next over there? Didn't you and Hastings go last week, Kirk?"

"Yes, and we had a jolly time. His wife is the pleasantest, and that is a nice boy of his too. He will be in college in a year or so, and he wasn't much more than ten or eleven when we entered, was he? I can remember his playing ball down there in front of the house. His father wouldn't have him near the college, though. He said he would get enough of that later. Who is going next week?"

Nobody seemed to know. "I don't believe he has asked any one yet. He intimated to Miss Brooks that he was going to ask her," said Sternhold. "I expect he will invite her alone. I wish he would ask me at the same time."

"Modest! That is Sternhold all over," said Colfax.

The next afternoon Miss Brooks was the first one in Professor's St. John's recitation room.

He smiled and spoke in his usual pleasant way, then said, —

"My wife and I, Miss Audrey, would like to have you take tea with us to-morrow evening, if you have no other engagement." Audrey promptly assured him that she would come.

"I was thinking, Miss Audrey, of also asking Mr.

Sternhold to come at the same time, if it would not be unpleasant for you?"

"Oh, I should like that ever so much," was the frank reply.

Others of the students came in, and no more was said. After the recitation was over, and the others had gone out, the professor stopped Craig and said to him, —

"I have just invited Miss Brooks to take tea with us to-morrow evening, and I would like you to come at the same time if it would be convenient for you."

It would be particularly convenient for Craig.

"And I should be delighted if you would bring your little brother; he still belongs in your class, does he not?" with a smile. "I am sure my wife and I should not feel that we had met all the members of the class if we had not entertained Jamie."

Craig was evidently much pleased and accepted for Jamie. Then he hurried over to the Carver's. The others were already at the tea-table.

"Guess what!" said Craig. "There has been an innovation! I have been invited to tea by Professor St. John, and I am to be invited out with a freshman!"

There was a blank look on the faces of Kirk and Hastings, and even Mr. and Mrs. Carver looked disconcerted.

"St. John invited Jamie," said Craig, unable to keep it in any longer.

"Me, Craig! did he invite me?" and Jamie sank back in his chair in a state of beatific contemplation that even cake time hardly disturbed.

"Now that is what I call square!" said Kirk approvingly. "The boy ought to be invited. It was like St. John to recognize that fact, wasn't it? Well, you didn't get invited with Miss Brooks, did you, Craig?" jocularly.

"Yes, he did, too!" cried Jamie, recovering for a moment from his absorption. "I asked Professor St. John this morning who was coming next, and he said Miss Brooks, and I said—quit kicking me, Craig—of course that meant it was Craig's turn, too, because it would be so much more pleasanter for both of 'em. I didn't think he would invite me, though."

Kirk and Hastings were so overcome at this revelation that they were not able to continue their former vigorous attack on Mrs. Carver's supper; and Craig could not help laughing, himself.

"There is nothing in this world like a young brother," said Kirk; and after all Craig agreed with him.

Audrey was no stranger at Professor St. John's; neither was Craig or Jamie. But it was a different

thing to be invited there because they were members of the senior class. Jamie was especially on his dignity.

"Good-evening, Mrs. St. John," he said. "I think it was very truly kind of you to remember about my being really a senior. And it is very improving to be invited to your house ; I heard a lady say so."

"And how are you, Jamie ? I haven't seen you before to-day."

"It was very hard keeping away ; but I thought, as long as I was invited here this evening, I would save myself up, you know, and be more of a surprise to you."

The professor had a great many fine photographs of famous paintings, and they all spent some time looking them over. Jamie recognized quite a number of the pictures, the originals of which he had seen in the National Gallery or in the Louvre ; and he was much interested in all the others said about them, but he seemed a little uneasy. When there was a slight lull in the conversation, Professor St. John felt a small hand slipped inside his own, and heard Jamie's exceedingly insinuating voice saying, —

"And how are your little chickens to-day, and your radishes ? I thought you went out every night after supper to look at your chickens."

"Would you like to go out in the garden?" asked the professor. And they all went out to his favorite resort.

Things were coming on finely in the garden. The sun was casting its longest shadows, and there seemed to be a very red and yellow light over every thing. Two fussy old hens were clucking and stretching their necks through the slats of their little hen-coops. The new chicks, downy and yellow or nearly black, were running around as best suited them, picking up what they could find, running into the mother hen's coop and out again, lifting their queer little wings and fluttering along over the ground with frightened little squeaks if they happened to be disturbed, or hustling against one another in their haste to get the same nice little bit of supper.

"What makes them do that?" said the professor in his low, musing voice, that always seemed to suggest that he was thinking all sorts of things, though only saying a few simple words. "How do they know how to run around and get their food? They have only been out of the shell a few hours."

"Instinct," said Audrey rashly.

The professor seemed a little surprised at the answer.

"Yes; instinct. That is a very fine word, but what is it?"

They stood there in silence, and Audrey wished desperately that she had never heard such an inefficient word as instinct, and Craig smiled, and the professor seemed to see all sorts of mysteries in those little, hurrying, staggering, lively yellow balls. Jamie, who had remained as near as possible to his host since he came, seemed to appreciate the situation. He sighed sympathetically and said, —

“Makes you feel pretty good that you have a head larger than a peanut, doesn’t it?”

Then Rob St. John came up from the other end of the garden with a fine new whistle.

“There, Jamie, try that!” he said. “I wouldn’t bother my head over those chickens if I were you. Father stands there and worries about ’em every night until they don’t have half a chance to grow. Try your whistle!”

It whistled in a marvelously fine way. Jamie relinquished his grasp of the professor’s hand and went off with Rob. There was a rabbit hutch to see, and two tame pigeons, and a variety of other things that kept them out quite a while.

When they returned to the sitting-room, the professor had out on the table a leather-covered blank book and pens and ink.

“I have made a practice of asking a few out of each senior class to write their names in this little

book of mine. I have quite a number of people in here that you have known. And I should like to have you both put your names in here."

All the names were written two lines apart, and a word or so had often been jotted down on the blank lines in the professor's handwriting. They found Severn's name, and Clifford's and Miss Cameron's.

"I invited Clifford and Severn to tea the next week after I had invited three of the ladies, and I also invited Miss Cameron, although she was a junior, so that I could have Clifford's name next below Miss Cameron's. I had a suspicion then," with a pleasant smile, "that I might some day have an opportunity to bracket them."

"To bracket them?" asked Audrey unwarily.

"Yes," turning back several pages. "Do you see these two names of the class of '80? Charles Marshall, and, below, Mary K. Gower?"

They were bracketed, and a note was added, "Married Dec. 10, 1883."

"Oh!" said Audrey.

After they had written their names as requested, the professor said, —

"Now, Jamie, I want your name."

Jamie, with great pride and greater care, executed his name, "Fitz-James Jamison Sternhold."



"Now, Jamie, I want your name." p. 418.

"Well, I never knew that was your name!" said the professor. "Where did he fall heir to a name like that, Sternhold?"

"It is a rather stiff name, isn't it?" said Craig. "It was my father's name. My grandfather was Fitz-James Sternhold, and his wife was a Jamison; so they combined the names on their unfortunate eldest. But he was always called Fritz; for no especial reason, except that Fitz did not seem to sound just right to my grandmother, so she called my father Fritz. My mother was inclined to think that the name should be handed down to me, but my father wouldn't have it. So I escaped. My father died before Jamie was born, and my mother naturally named Jamie after father. But she would not call him Fritz, so we called him Jamie. Jamie shall be called Fritz, though, in a year or so. He will soon be too big for that babyish 'ie,' and will not like it; and he shall be called Fritz."

"All the same, Jamie, I should like you to write Jamie Sternhold under your name," said the professor.

When the second name was written, the professor put his hand on the little fellow's bright head and said, —

"I suppose, Jamie, if you and I both live, that I shall have your name three times in my book."

Jamie's face was unusually serious and seraphic in expression, and they all supposed that he would get off some soulful remark, but he said very thoughtfully, —

“And I wonder the third time whom I will be bracketed with.”

CHAPTER XXII.

NEAR THE END.

FOR the fourth time since Jamie had been a "Little Freshman," the college was being touched up and made ready for Commencement. The grass on the Green was cut, the fountain was cleaned, the paths were trimmed, the bushes were pruned, the boys' rooms in North and South College were put into the most irreproachable order for the inspection of Commencement friends. It was generally understood that the town would be very full for that Commencement. Things could hardly have seemed to be in a more satisfactory condition. It was rumored that the Commencement Boat Ride would be a great financial success. The Commencement music was to be all that could be desired. And the speakers had been chosen, but it was not known yet who would have the last place. Which would it be? Miss Brooks, Colfax, or Sternhold? Miss Brooks had taken the last place at the Junior Exhibition, and it hardly seemed likely that it would be given to her again. And Colfax — it seemed almost certain that Colfax would

lead the class, so perhaps he would take the last place.

Mr. and Mrs. Copeland were to come to town, and also Dr. and Mrs. Talbot, and Jamie assured every body that they were to bring Dotty with them. Dotty had improved very much in appearance and manners during the winter, and had developed an almost startling affinity for cookies. Her father had not been heard from, and no one had taken any pains to discover his whereabouts. Dotty talked very largely to her small friends about her going soon to Commencement.

"I 'm a-going to a Commencement, Billy," she said to Alexander's youngest brother. "I 'm a-going and you ain't; no, nor Susie ain't, nor Alexander; only me am a-going; and my Aunt Polly and my Uncle Tom, and *you 'll* be here all alone, and no one will give you cookies any more, any more."

"Ho, I don't believe it," said Billy stoutly. He had something of Alexander's spirit.

"I am so a-going, Billy, and it 's my people are to do the gradyating. Craig is to do it and Jamie is to do it. Jamie writed to me, and said, 'Dotty, come and see me,' and my Aunt Polly read it to me, and I 'm a-going, Billy."

"Ho, I don't believe it." Billy was nearly overcome with envy, but he was not going to show his discomfiture to the enemy.

"It is so, and I don't care whether you don't b'lieve it. You haven't got a gradyating Craig or Jamie; your Alexander ain't nothing."

Alexander was the terror of Dotty's life. He could make the most extraordinary noises, and was always where she did not expect him to be.

Dotty crowed over Billy for several days in a way that gnawed into him and utterly destroyed his peace of mind, until it was restored by a visit from the doctor. Dr. Talbot had received a short note from his nephew, —

"DEAR UNCLE,— This is only a line to see if you can not bring Alexander down to Commencement. I remember I promised him a couple of years ago that he could come, and I think he would like it. Please bring him. Love to Aunt Polly. Jamie speaks of seeing you both every day."

Alexander was delighted. He admired Sternhold above all persons. When Craig was a sophomore he had sent for Alexander to come and see the football game, and Alexander had remembered the two days of his visit as the brightest spot of his life. Now, he had been invited to attend Commencement, the Commencement which was to behold the graduation of Craig Sternhold, and he was happy.

His happiness radiated, descended; it permeated the younger members of his family, and Billy's self-respect returned.

"I 'm a-going to Commencement, Billy, and you" — began Dotty in her old bragging way, to be quickly cut short by Billy.

"Ho, what of it! Our Alexander 's going, and I guess he 'll show you, young lady. Our Alexander 's going, and he was invited by Sternhold, and you — you are only being took," with ineffable scorn. "I guess our Alexander wouldn't think much of that kind of going. Sho, Missy!"

Dotty was not in the least dismayed by these remarks. It seemed to her that on the whole Billy had the best of her; but, personally, inasmuch as she was going, it made little difference to her how she was going.

"Well, Billy," she said placidly, "you come and get a cookie; you 're not going, you know, and you 'd better eat cookies, now you can."

The necessity of leaving college so soon gave Jamie a great deal of work to do in the line of making calls. All the members of the faculty were to be called on. Jamie had made many friends in the town; friends of all kinds, sizes, characters, and descriptions. From Water Street to Prospect Street he had friends.

"I am going away, Mrs. Pollock, and I don't know whether I shall have time to come in again or not. To-morrow will be Sunday, and then comes Monday, and then Tuesday, and then Commencement Day, and

then Thursday and the boat ride, and then we go away. And I'm so sorry, Mrs. Pollock, that I shall not be able to come in and see how your rheumatism is. I know I shall think about it awfully when I am away; I shall read all the things I see about rheumatism and write to you about them. And about that orange tree of mine; dear me, Mrs. Pollock," with a sigh, "this is a terrible parting kind of a world, isn't it?"

Jamie's orange tree was a comical little specimen about an inch and a half high, growing in a rose-bed in Mrs. Pollock's hot-house. He had planted an orange seed and had watched the growth of his tree with unflagging interest.

"And I shall miss Jemima so; she is one of the pleasantest girls to let you in, I know, when you get acquainted with her."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Pollock dryly.

"And will my flowers for Miss Brooks be ready for Commencement? You know, I want them just be-yu'-tiful. Why, it will be the last time I can ever give her any, I suppose. I may never see her again, perhaps. I often ask Craig if he thinks I will ever, ever see her again, and he only says that I will if he can do any thing for me; and so I asked Miss Brooks if she thought I would ever see her again, and she said, why, of course, that I must make her a visit in Oregon.

But I want her flowers from me to be the loveliest of any. And Bailey and Merton are going to be the what-do-you-call-ems, the fellows to run out on the platform with the flowers, and I have just begged 'em to notice my flowers, and take them on surely, so that I could see her hold them. They both said they would; but you never saw any thing like Bailey. He is that absent-minded, he forgets which is his own room in the college, and just goes on up and up the stair-way, until he can't go any further."

Mrs. Pollock assured Jamie that his flowers should be unrivaled.

"I said perhaps I wouldn't be in again, but the more I think of it the more I am sure I shall be."

Jamie had to call on old Mother Comfort. He was very fond of her, as all children were. He carried a basket when he went to see her.

"Oh, Mother Comfort, and how do you do?" was Jamie's salute. "I've come to stay to tea with you, because I knew you would be in now; and you know it will soon be Commencement Day, and we are all going to leave for good—all our class. Not the freshman class, but my really, truly class. Are you going to have pie for supper to-night?"

"Bless your little heart! Pie, to be sure! My Harry never could get enough pie. He always said I made the best pies. And I made a dear little pie

in my to-day's baking for my Sunday dinner ; but we will have it to-night instead."

Mother Comfort hurried around, spreading her tiny tea-table and listening to Jamie's remarks. She was as fond of Jamie as he was of her, and was greatly gratified that he should want to stay to tea.

"Craig said to tell you not to let me bother, and not to notice if I asked about pie ; I forgot that before," meditatively. "It 's lucky for me I forgot, as long as you were planning to have it to-morrow. Did you see my basket ? I brought down some of my things that I can't take away. I have the awful-est times. I am always having to leave things that I love and love, because we can't take them along with us. When I am a man I intend to have houses in all the places I go to keep the things that people give me. Why, Mother Comfort, I think every boy in college has given me a present during the last few days, and I know every girl has ; and at nearly every place I have called I have received the most beautiful things. And I have brought down all I could carry of pictures and marbles and things for some of your children."

All the Water-Street children were called Mother Comfort's children.

"How is Jackie Miggs ? I guess it hurt him awful to have his arm broken. If ever I break my

arm, I hope you'll take care of me, next after Craig. And, do you know, lots of the reading-room boys gave me things—the most beautiful things of all too—cut and carved things, with knives, just wonderful. Craig said I might keep those. Jim is the smartest boy. He drew me the loveliest picture. Even Craig said it was pretty good; and he is frightful particular about pictures. I like Jim's pictures much better than the ones Craig likes—Raphaels and that kind—mostly—well, mostly queer. Are you going to the baccalaureate to-morrow? You are, aren't you?"

"Of course. I've heard it for years," benignantly. "I wouldn't miss Dr. Graham's baccalaureate for any thing."

When Jamie started out with his basket to see Mother Comfort, Craig had started for the Masters'. He was going to see an old friend. Miss Cameron had come that morning. She had come back for Commencement, and great was the rejoicing of Miss Brooks. She had not seen Miss Cameron since her graduation. Craig knew that he should find them at home. There was something exciting about this return of old graduates for this last Commencement that belonged to the present senior class. And Miss Cameron had changed so little. It seemed as though he had seen her but yesterday. She was so glad to

be back ; and, though it was evident that the young women in the Masters' house had talked unceasingly, they were only fairly started. Others of the boys came in to see Miss Cameron, and stories of the old days went around the circle faster and faster.

Craig looked at his watch.

"I shall have to hurry. It seemed to me as though this last hour before Clifford's train was due would drag wretchedly, I am so anxious to see him. But the lucky thought of coming over here has helped me out wonderfully. Clifford and I will be over right after supper. Good-by."

"How he has changed !" said Miss Cameron, watching Craig from the window as he went at a rapid pace toward College Street ; "and yet he seems so like himself. But he seems more than two years more of a man."

Craig and the train reached the station at the same time. There was the quick look at the people hurrying from the train, then the swift, glad glance of recognition, then the warm, firm hand-grasp, and Craig had seen Clifford for the first time since a long-ago Thursday night—the night of his first and very memorable boat ride—since the last night, so he counted it, of his freshman year. They gazed at each other very curiously. They had each looked forward to and wondered about this meeting.

"Clifford—is it really you?" said Craig with a happy laugh.

"My dear fellow, I am the one to ask that question. I know I am just the same—I am convinced of it—but you—Craig, I left you a boy—and now you are a man, I verily believe."

"A man of twenty-one wouldn't sound very imposing, I am afraid. Where are your traps? I will just hand them over to Derby, and then we can walk up the old hill and have a good talk. How are you, old fellow? How goes the law? And so you are an LL.B. How some people do grow!"

"That degree isn't old enough to walk alone yet, Craig; you ought to be real easy with it. Now I am ready for work, I suppose. The trouble will be to get the work. Do you know, these last three years in the law school have gone so fast they have hardly seemed like a year in comparison with the four years here. How glad I am to see you!"

"Guess who is here!"

"Lots of people, I suppose," coloring slightly.

"Miss Cameron. Of course you knew she would be, I suppose. She is at the Masters'. I stopped in to see her on my way down. Looks just the same as ever; awfully pretty, and she kept the whole roomful laughing—same old story, you know. I told her I would bring you over right after tea."

"Oh!"

"You have not seen her for three years, have you?"

"No."

"I should think you would rather dread seeing her, then. She is immense, Clifford."

Clifford was about to say that in that case she must have grown, but he did not feel like joking on that subject.

"Clifford, do you know, I haven't seen you since that boat-ride night. How long ago it does seem! You said some things to me that night, old fellow, that I will never forget. That was a good night for me. Between you and Miss Brooks I got a regular send-off for the next year. You were always such an out-and-out, up-and-down, manly sort of a Christian, Clifford, that you just took the heart out of me. You can never know how I admired you."

"Come off, Craig; I won't listen to it. But I never was able to forgive myself for not saying something to you about Lush's and Dame and Bulstrode, that first afternoon ever I spoke to you. I shall never forget how handsome you looked that time. What a boy you were! But you did not begin to be what you are now, Craig, my boy," frankly. "And I didn't say any thing; and how I blamed myself that night when I heard Dame and Bulstrode come back to the college!"

"Honestly? I didn't know you knew any thing about them even. I shall have to tell you that story. You know all about Allen, of course, one of the most thoroughly good, reliable fellows we have in college. I want you to be sure and see Allen. He is turning into a better kind of a man every day; and you never saw a happier, more contented old gentleman and lady in your life than his father and mother. I went home with Allen for a couple of days last spring vacation, and I never was so near laughing and the other thing at one and the same time in my life. Do you know, his mother showed me his first pair of shoes when he was a baby, and a ring he cut his teeth on, and the first printed letters he ever made, and all sorts of things. I believe they look those things over every winter night when their son is away, and then they get down on their knees together over the trash, and pray for the boy and thank God that he is such a good one. I can tell you, Allen ought to have something in him, and he has, though it did take so mortal long for him to show it. And Water Street. But you will be interested in Water Street, won't you? As sure as I live, Sam Rand is turning into something very like an architect, and Welsh and Lane are doing well, and Dick Tallard, as you know, has studied like every thing to get into college, and we all think he will get in next fall. Such a queer boy as he is, and

a square, honest one too. And the college girls have done lots of work down there in Water Street. Oh, you wouldn't know the street. And old Mother Comfort is as cheerful and busy and good as ever. Do you remember that night we went over to the Masters' and talked every thing up with Miss Cameron and Miss Brooks ? ”

“It seems only yesterday. How I did enjoy that year! And where is Jamie ? ”

“He will turn up quick enough ; he went down to take tea with Mother Comfort, and will be up at the house in time for our supper, you may depend upon it. I believe he could eat a square meal every hour in the day.”

There was a shout behind them. They turned. There was a small boy, cap off, bright hair tossed about in the warm, light breeze, running toward them.

“It can't be that that is Jamie ! ” said Clifford in amazement.

“Oh, Clifford, it is you, I know it is you ! I am so awful, awful glad,” and Jamie's old smile and old familiar friendliness of manner, and confident, happy eyes convinced Clifford that after all it was the same old Jamie.

“How the boy has grown, Craig ! ” said Clifford. “What a stunning young one he is, any way ! How old is he ? ”

"Just nine, you know."

"I shall run on ahead," said Jamie, "so that Mrs. Carver will have the supper all on for you. Won't she be happy, and won't Miss Cameron be happy, and Miss Brooks! I told Miss Cameron this afternoon that you would surely be here this afternoon, Clifford, and you wouldn't think how red she got. That meant she was pleased, you know; I get that way sometimes. And she said she knew it — that you were coming. Now you'll hurry, won't you?" and Jamie ran on up the hill.

"He always has something to say," said Craig, as they both watched the little fellow until he turned the corner. "Jamie has changed a great deal since you saw him last."

"He was such an uncommon youngster then that I don't see how he could have changed for the better," was Clifford's rather doubtful answer.

"He has, just the same. He is only nine, to be sure, but he is a little rock. It may seem like a rash thing to say, but I would trust him anywhere now — trust him to see and hear what all boys see and hear, and still remain honorable, unhurt, pure-hearted. He carries his own shield, and has his armor 'on the right hand and on the left;' what is that? Well, there is no use in my running on about that. If I didn't believe it about him, if I only thought that he was a

nice little boy now and might perhaps slip through the temptations he will surely meet later, without much harm, if I could look after him, I couldn't rest easy a minute. But he has a good foundation, and as true a courage and as keen a sense of the right and as sure a faith as any one older could have; that I am sure of; and I know that he is safe because he is his own friend and knows his Helper."

"That is a lot to say about a boy," said Clifford; "but you know what I thought of Jamie before. I never could understand where you got your ideas. I had the best mother, it seems to me, that ever was; but I never heard of anybody's talking to a child as I know you used to talk to Jamie. I suppose you got it from your mother."

"Yes, and from my father. I knew nothing about it then, that it was different or odd; I did not realize it until I had been up here nearly a year. Fact."

After supper, Clifford and Craig walked over to the Masters'. Clifford did not seem disposed to say very much.

"Going to the boat ride, Clifford?"

"Yes."

"Going alone?"

"I never was obliged to go that way, Craig, as you were; a fine young man you were to get so left!"

"Well, I learned a good lesson. I don't get left any more. Whom are you going to take?"

"Same lady I did last time," quietly.

"There she is—around the corner of the veranda—I am going in to see Miss Brooks." And Craig hurried into the house, while Clifford went around the corner of the veranda.

"Audrey,"—Craig was all smiles,— "we four certainly must take a little stroll in the Linden's garden to-night. It is lucky that they have not come back for the summer yet this year, isn't it!"

And so the four, in the pleasant evening air, with the lake in its quiet beauty to be seen through the trees far below, and with the blue mountains in the distance on either side, went again into the Linden garden, and picked the flowers carelessly, and walked down in the orchard where the apple-trees were scraggier than ever, and were quite through blooming; and they wandered through the little overgrown paths, and sat and talked on the wide low steps. There was very much to talk about: about what Clifford had been doing, and about members of his class; about what Miss Cameron had been doing, and about members of her class; about Craig and Audrey, and about members of their class; and about what they four most wished to do and be. And then, while Craig and Audrey still sat there on the steps

twisting grass into little mats and things that meant nothing, Clifford and Miss Cameron took another turn around the garden, and could only occasionally be seen among the trees and bushes. Craig looked at Audrey, and Audrey looked at Craig. Then Audrey laughed outright.

“Bracketed?”

And Craig joined in the laugh; but Clifford and Miss Cameron, though they were only as far off as the gate, and, for all anybody knew to the contrary, were only discussing the pomp and splendor of the western skies, never even heard that irrepressible laugh.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COMMENCEMENT.

"It is Craig! It is Craig! How jolly!"

Craig was not anywhere to be seen, but Jamie was in an ecstatic frame of mind.

"What is it that Craig is?" asked Mrs. Carver, as he came in.

"He has the last place! Isn't it jolly? — our Craig! And Miss Brooks comes next, and Colfax next. Only Craig says Miss Brooks' oration is a hundred times better than his is, only she had the last place last year. I don't believe hers is better than Craig's, though; I asked her and she said it wasn't half as good. They can both make an awful lot of noise over their things, though, for I've heard 'em. I guess one is just as good as the other, especially when they stood just exactly the same for the whole four years. Why, I read the marks bulletin ever and ever so many times, and it always read the same. Colfax leads the class, and Craig and Miss Brooks come next and just the same. Well, I'm glad Craig is to be last as long as Dotty and Alexander are coming up."

Wednesday came. The opera house was crowded. Jamie was with Dr. and Mrs. Talbot in the audience, and near by were Dotty and Alexander. But he did not intend to remain with them; oh, no! Jamie could not have stayed still long enough for that. He explained the program to the doctor. He had a little story about seven of the speakers. Then came the break on the program, and then three names, "Garrison Lloyd Colfax, Audrey Brooks, Craig Sternhold." Jamie had no story for those names. It seemed to him as though he could hardly wait, and the orchestra had not even begun to play yet. It was ten minutes of eleven, and the house seemed to be full. Then Jamie saw Mrs. Brooks.

"Oh, there she is! There is Mrs. Brooks! She is Miss Brooks' mother. Do you see her? She has gray hair and such a beautiful face, and looks like somebody's portrait; and she has a black fan. I must go down and see her. I wonder where Mr. Brooks is! They came day before yesterday, in the afternoon."

Jamie stepped out of the seat and went down the easy incline to the place where Mrs. Brooks was sitting. She suddenly became aware of the musical, friendly voice of Master Jamie Sternhold, and saw the little fellow standing beside her, holding out his hand, and saying with a boyish dignity of his own, —

"I was so glad when I saw you; do you find it very hot? And do you wonder where your daughter is? Where is Mr. Brooks?"

"He is to be on the platform, dear. And what have you been doing with yourself?" and she smiled at the flushed little face; it was evidently so very hard for Jamie to wait.

"I have been with my uncle, Dr. Talbot. He is sitting higher up. There, now they are scraping on their violins and now it will begin; it will begin!"

He was standing in the aisle by Mrs. Brooks' seat, his hand on the back of the chair, his head back, and his eyes flashing; yes, it would begin, and the president and all the faculty would sit on the platform, and some of the trustees also perhaps, and all sorts of honorable gentlemen. There would be Mr. Brooks; and the music would stop, and the president in a low, clear voice would read a certain high-sounding title, then there would be a slight pause, followed by the words, "Charles Edward Hastings;" and Hastings would come out. Jamie's heart beat high, and he hoped and hoped that Hastings would do well; he was sure he would; it couldn't be that any one of their class would do otherwise than well. And Hastings did come out, and he did do well, and was applauded by that exceedingly appreciative audience.

Before the next name was read off, Jamie had said to Mrs. Brooks, —

“I really can not stand it. That is my class. I can’t stay here. I know, I know, Mrs. Brooks, that your daughter’s dress will need pulling down. That velvet has the awfulest way of needing to be pulled; I heard her say so. And perhaps Craig won’t think to get down and pull it. I must go around there. Good-by, Mrs. Brooks.”

And Jamie hurried up the incline to the entrance aisle, while the President was reading off the next name, out the door, down the long flight of turning stairs as fast as his light feet would carry him, out into the broad sunlight, around the corner into Church Street to the insignificant stage entrance, up the rather narrow stairs till he heard a welcoming laugh and a cry, —

“Well, upon my honor, if here isn’t the Little Freshman!” and Jamie was surrounded. They were all glad to see him, that was certain, and Jamie felt as though he was now where he belonged.

“I knew Miss Brooks’ dress would have to be pulled down around the bottom, and I came to do it,” and Audrey very much appreciated the kindness.

“And I must see my flowers, and see that Bailey takes my bouquet for you, you know, Miss Brooks. I hope you ’ll take mine, won’t you?”

"I will if I know enough," said Audrey. "I don't expect to have very much sense left just about that time."

There was another round of clapping heard. Two speakers were through. The prompter stood at one side of the platform back where Jamie and Craig and all the rest were. From where he stood they could see the speaker and the honorable group of gentlemen on the platform. The prompter's services had not been needed, nor were they likely to be, but he stood there rather anxiously following the speakers' every word.

"I dread following you, Miss Brooks," he said with a smile; "the others I have no trouble with whatever. If they should happen to falter I would have the exact word to give before me. But you! You haven't stuck to your written work once in rehearsing, and you have never given your variations twice alike. I shouldn't have the slightest idea what to tell you."

"Don't bother. I will be all right," laughed Audrey. She was excited, as was every one else back there, except Garrison Colfax. He seemed imperturbable and was making his calm, humorous remarks about every thing.

The seventh speaker was hard at work giving the audience some hints about the worthy Plato. Then would come the intermission and the music, and then Colfax. Jamie had done his duty in regard to Au-

drey's dress, and had instructed Bailey for the fourteenth time in regard to his flowers. He stood beside the prompter. The gentlemen on the platform were talking. He could see the President; was the President looking at him? He did not know; there was Mr. Brooks. There was Professor St. John. An idea seized him; before any one knew just what he was going to do he had started; it was too late to bring him back; he was in full view of the audience. And all over the opera house there were voices saying, —

“Look at that child!”

“What a beautiful boy! Who is he?”

“There is Jamie Sternhold!”

Jamie did not look toward the audience. He never thought how well his commencement suit of black velvet made him look — for he too must have a commencement suit, if Craig did — he never thought that he had on his best black silk stockings and his shiny low shoes, and that his tight little black velvet breeches were well above his knees, and that more than one admiring voice was saying, “I never saw such a well-shaped pair of little legs in my life.” He did not know that his fair, curly head was like a bit of sunlight moving across the platform. He did not know that he held himself so well, and walked so easily and so gracefully that the learned gentlemen on the platform, most of whom were strangers,

stopped talking to wonder who he was — a child like that.

“President Graham,” said Jamie, in a low, musical, distinct tone, “were you looking at me? Did you mean I could come here?” There was such a mingling of confidence and anxiety in the boy’s tone that those that heard him smiled. “It doesn’t seem as if I could stay back there, when Miss Brooks and Craig are going to speak so soon. May I stand back there by Professor St. John? He smiled like every thing at me a minute ago.”

“Stand by me;” “Come here to me,” said several gentlemen.

“I should be thankful to have as fine a boy as that stand by my chair,” said one gentleman with a laugh.

And Jamie stayed; and all who could speak to him and ask his name and occupation before the music ceased, did so. He found a very convenient place to stand beside Mr. Brooks, who sat next to Professor St. John; and Mr. Brooks clasped one of the little hands on his knee, and looked down at the smiling, happy face, and thought some queer things to himself that made him smile.

Colfax was through. Then the President rose and clearly and distinctly read the title of the next oration and the name, “Audrey Brooks.”

And Audrey Brooks came on, and the people clapped and clapped, and Jamie's heart beat faster, and Mr. Brooks was slightly pale, and down in the audience a certain black fan moved rather nervously, and Craig stood by the prompter, waiting and waiting for the sound of her voice to quiet the queer rush at his heart. But Audrey was cool now, and she had things her own way, and it seemed so easy to speak when so many people wanted to know what she had to say. The certain black fan forgot its nervousness, Mr. Brooks could feel the pride in his face, Craig felt a sudden calm and confidence descend upon him; but Jamie — Jamie's heart refused to be quiet until he saw Miss Brooks take his flowers, his own flowers, and walk off with them.

"Jove, Graham!" exclaimed Mr. Brooks, leaning forward and forgetting that his old classmate was any thing more than Graham, "she is a good speaker, a good speaker! Never heard her before in my life!"

And every one agreed with him.

And then came Craig — "the handsome student," as he was usually called in the town — and the honest manliness of the young man, and his strong individuality, would show even in a Commencement oration, and the people felt it. They clapped with a will. The degrees were conferred, the invitation to the corporation dinner was given, and it was over — all over.

When Jamie left the platform after Craig was through, Mr. Brooks whispered to him, "You had better make up your mind to go to the corporation dinner, and just go." And Jamie went behind the scenes with that little sentence ringing in his ears.

"Craig, are we graduated?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes, sir, graduated; do you understand?" And Craig put Jamie up on his shoulder, just for the sake of the lift.

"Craig, don't you suppose I could go to the corporation dinner, if I just went and made myself sort of small?"

Kirk heard him.

"See here, Sternhold; that boy is going to the corporation dinner. I'll say he is mine, if you like."

"Yes; he shall go," said Hastings with decision, "and I'll shoulder the responsibility. The class owe it to him. Our table at the dinner wouldn't be anywhere without Jamie. We will just squeeze him in. We have two figure-heads in our class, and Jamie Sternhold is one of them. Aren't you, 'Little Freshman'? And you shall go." And go Jamie did.

The dinner would have made him happy in itself; but to sit there in that great dining-room, with graduates of ever so many years ago sitting all around at

the different tables ; to hear the talk and laughter, the chink of the dishes and of the glasses ; to see this one and that one of the three last classes who had come back for Commencement sitting not far away at different tables, and to see them nodding and smiling at him ; to sit there at his own table, with all his class about him — they sat at the back of the room, to be sure, and perhaps they were not so important as some, but no table in the room could have had quite so much fun or have gotten up quite such good jokes as their table did — to have Jack Kirk so attentive to him, and all the boys making friendly remarks to their “little freshman,” and to have Craig smile at him so proudly — Craig, his brother, who, every body must have known, was the finest brother in the world ; to have Miss Brooks — and it seemed to him that he had never seen any one look quite so lovely as Miss Brooks did — brush a bit of dust off his shoulder and say, Wasn't it jolly ! — oh, it was happiness !

Then speeches were made, and money was given ; and the honorable gentlemen were so pleased with themselves and each other, and especially with the dinner and with the stanch old University, that they laughed heartily at every witty allusion, at every good story, and grew generous. Mr. Brooks, with his pockets full of money, and his heart full of affection for this old college, his own and now his daughter's

Alma Mater, made a donation that opened the eyes of some of the boys at Jamie's table, and that made the whole class feel in some way like benefactors of the college.

But even the corporation dinner had to come to an end, and as they went out Jamie remarked meditatively, —

"I said I would try to make myself small, but I am afraid it was a mistake. I think truly I have — have done all I could to make me larger than I ever was before," and the spirit of the remark was much applauded.

The President's levée always came Commencement evening, and Craig had promised to take Jamie to this levée. The President himself had told him to be sure and come.

"Do I look pretty well, Craig?" Jamie had asked anxiously. "As long as it is our levée, really, you know, and Mrs. Brooks is such an awfully elegant kind of a looking lady."

"Yes, you look first-rate; good enough for anybody, old fellow. How am I? Now, look sharp!"

"Craig, you 're grand, just grand!" was the enthusiastic reply. "I almost died, I was so happy this afternoon when you looked so well. And Uncle Tom and I just squeezed each other's hands awful hard when I passed him going into the corporation dinner.

Wasn't that a dinner, though! And Mr. Brooks, out there on the platform when you were through speaking, asked Prex real low what he thought of you, and Prex said you were the finest fellow he had ever seen, and I was so happy. You'd better not hug me so tight, Craig, or you'll spoil my collar."

The President's rooms were crowded, as they always were levée nights. The band played outside on the stand; the young people wandered in and out, for it was a beautiful evening. Severn had come back for Commencement, and Hartranft and Miss Young and Cowen and Bush were all there. Nan, as usual, was a centre of attraction.

"Miss Graham," said Jamie confidentially, after he had been standing by her for some time, waiting for a chance to speak, "there is a kind of cake that is just lovely to-night, and I put a piece on a saucer, and hid it under the sideboard in the dining-room; and may I come over to-morrow and get it for Posy? She would like it so, and perhaps you could tell me a safer place. I don't believe anybody else wants it, now it has been under the sideboard."

There was a general laugh; and Nan assured the little man that he could have it, and also that it was in as safe a place as she knew of.

Jamie saw Craig and Audrey; they had just come in from out-doors, and he joined them. Mr.

Brooks was talking to the President, and they were alone.

"Those three," said the President, looking toward Audrey and Craig and Jamie, as they stood talking near the door-way, "have done more for the college in the four years they have been here, toward raising the tone of the college, and for individual students, than any force we have formerly been able to bring to bear on the institution. That is my honest opinion. And, after all, I would be inclined to give the palm to Jamie. The influence of that little fellow, with his heart full of his brother's manly, Christian teaching, as he has gone in and out of the students' rooms, and as he has been with them from day to day, has been something incalculable. The boy has a character that will make something of him in future years. And his brother: I have watched Sternhold since he first entered college, and I have learned something by doing so. The building there has been of the gold and of the costly stones. They must have had a wonderful mother and father. They have had their rights in being well born and well reared — rights, Brooks, that other children do not always get the benefit of. And what was done for them they are consciously and unconsciously doing for others. Most of us — have you ever thought of it? — seem to build in a hit-or-miss way, even when we

think we have the best intentions. We put in gold, wood, hay, stubble, whatever our circumstances or our neighbors may have made most convenient for us. We have not been trained to be accurate, skilled builders. We often have not learned to distinguish the stubble, or to understand its lack of adaptation to building purposes, until we have sadly injured our building. We put on gold cornices or trimmings, and excuse too easily our shaking sleepers. And we often have hereditary and trained affinities for the hay and stubble. We do not come to our building with eyes open and hands skilful and every power active; we are not trained to do so. But the case is far otherwise with our two Sternholds there."

The President and Mr. Brooks both smiled, for Jamie was coming toward them. The little fellow's face was rather grave; as the President held both the small hands in one of his, Jamie looked up into his face with something like a sigh, —

"I am so sorry we are through, President Graham; I did like the senior year after all, and I can't bear not to come back any more. I liked being a Freshman and a Senior best of all. And I just keep thinking and thinking about not seeing you any more. It doesn't seem as though I could stand it. And you won't forget me, will you? You won't forget I was your Little Freshman four whole years, will you?"

And President Graham, looking down with a smile into the little upturned face, assured him that he would never forget having had among his many students a very small Freshman and a very small Senior.