"But I must not tarry; listen. I stood and watched her hand, still following the railing of the stairs, as she descended; then, as I turned away, my eye fell upon a trunk that stood in the storeroom at the end of the hall. The door was open, and the light from my window penetrated as far as this, revealing distinctly upon the end of the trunk the last three letters of a name,—ORT. The trunk was not mine; my heart told me it was hers. With feverish anxiety I tore away the valises and rubbish which hid from my devouring gaze the rest of the word that ended in ORT. Imagine my surprise, delight, exultation, when I read in capital letters,*

MUNDSPORT.

"And can it be, Roger? Speak to me, and tell me it is so without a doubt. Is she from Mundspot, from the home of my childhood, yet unknown to me? How has she escaped so effectually from being known to you or me, who know, without exception, every person in the town? Oh, it is impossible! and yet—and yet—"

"And yet, as you say," said Roger, affected by my impetuosity, as I led him to the unconscious cause of part of my emotion,—"as you say, there must be some explanation."

"This is the trunk," said I, beneath my breath, and I sat upon it reverently.

"Is that the trunk?" asked Roger, who seemed to have sustained some shock to his sensibilities; his self-restraint gave way, and for the third time he burst into tears, as he cried in a voice broken with emotion, "That—is my—trunk."

"So you think your son smokes, Mrs. Jones?"

"I am sure of it, Mrs. Brown. I've found pieces of tobacco in his pockets." "Dear me, dear me, I'm sorry. My son has no bad habits. I never find anything in his clothes but cloves and coffee beans." — Somerville Journal.

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A Christmas Carol.

STAVE ONE.

Scrooge was a Senior,—a grave, sedate, and hard-working Senior. All the hilarities of his former life had long since been buried in years of hard study. Gym. dances, theatre parties, class suppers, rushes, and torchlights,—all were forgotten, for Scrooge was at work on his thesis.

Scrooge's room had as gloomy an aspect as he himself. Books and drawings and papers covered with long calculations were scattered about everywhere; but no gaudy lithographs of popular actresses and no surreptitiously stolen signs adorned its walls; only in one corner there hung a bedraggled and soot-covered gown, with the inscription '85 on its breast. This was the only ornament that the room boasted.

It was Christmas eve, the gay holiday time when every one lays aside work for festivities and merriment,—every one except Scrooge; but he was still studying,—that is to say, he had been; but he felt tired this night, so that before he knew it he was dozing away over his book. A door down-stairs closed with a loud bang, and he suddenly started up. "But what is that strange sound I hear?" thought he,—clank, clank, clank, as though a chain was slowly being drawn up the stairs. Yes; it is coming nearer, and nearer, and towards his own room, until there it stops. Then Scrooge perceives something like a cold, damp mist blow into the room through the keyhole in the door, and gradually begin to take shape. Terrified, he turns away his face; but curiosity impels another look, and now, to his intense astonishment, he sees a well-dressed young man, with a bundle of papyrus notes in his hand, standing before him.

"Who are you?" gruffly asked Scrooge, his courage returning.

"I," replied the ghost, for such he was,—"I am the shade of Hadley,—J. G Hadley. An untimely fate cut short my earthly days, and now my spirit is compelled to haunt the old familiar scenes about the Institute, as a will-o'-the-wisp for Freshmen. But I have come for you, Scrooge; you must follow me!"