late, we did not feel much like tackling the books, so we got out the meerschaums and had a quiet smoke before turning in.

"I say, Bob, are you aware that the Senior ball comes off in just a week from to-night?" I remarked after nearly half an hour of silence.

"Um — yes, I suppose so, and being Seniors it's no more than right that we should go, though I'd much prefer to stay at home."

"Now, Bob, you're making a regular bachelor of yourself before your time. If I didn't pull you out by main force, you wouldn't get in half there was going in a social way. If you had any style at all, you would take a girl to that ball, now for instance, instead of going there alone, and polishing your dress coat against the wall all the evening. I'm as good as booked for that Miss Adams, the one I took on the sleighing party last winter, you remember. Now the only proper thing for you to do is to invite Grace Leeland, being an old school friend, you know, and she'd make a regular furore among the boys. Trot her out, and show them that St. Louis can produce as pretty girls as Boston."

"Your picture, though strongly drawn, is lacking in attractiveness, my learned adviser, as the art critic would say. Imagine my taking a girl, Jack! Would n't it make the people at home stare?" Then, after a pause: "I'm not at all sure but that I may come to it some time, old boy. But I'm all smoked out, and it's eleven o'clock. Let's go below." And after shaking the ashes from his pipe he proceeded to disrobe.

BOSTON, April —, 188--.

"Miss Leeland accepts with pleasure Mr. Morrison's kind invitation to the ball [but knowing his peculiarities is somewhat at a loss to know how to account for it.]"

This was the perfumed billet that was put into Bob's hand as he entered Rogers on the afternoon of the fourth day after. By this note it is evident to the reader that Bob's idiosyncrasy, if such it may be termed, was a well-known fact among his lady friends. The fact is, Bob was a favorite in spite of it all, and when once he was drawn out of his shell, no one would have taken him for a woman hater.

As he read the above note, an expression of perfect amazement came over his face, which had not faded therefrom when he reached the drawing-room. He made straight for my desk, grasped me firmly by the collar with one hand, and with the other thrust before my eyes the paper, demanding at the same time an explanation.

"So you've been writing her an invitation in my name, and without my sanction or foreknowledge! A clear case of forgery, I'll be bound."

"Not so fast, my boy," said I, loosening his grasp. "I've done nothing of the sort. Don't jump at conclusions before you know the premises. I think I have sufficient material, however, from which to throw light on the subject, which I will endeavor to do later. Observe now that you have unceremoniously interrupted me in my problem of estimating boiler pressure."

Bob always used to enjoy keeping me in suspense, so I thought I would try the same on him. He saw that I would n't tell him then, so he left me and went industriously to work.

At supper we had no opportunity for conversation on the subject, and not until we had gone up to our room had a single word been said about it.

After we went up stairs Bob stirred the fire, and before lighting the student lamp, he carefully closed the door and backed up against it, as if he thought I would attempt to escape. Then, with a melodramatic gesture that would have frightened Booth himself, he cried out, —

"Now, as you value your life, base wretch, reveal to me this mystery!

"My dear fellow," said I, "a long explanation is inevitable, so you had better sit down in that easy-chair and take things comfortable. In the first place, you must know that somnambulism is a subject that has long defied the investigations of scientists, and —"

"Oh, bother your scientific bosh! Come