writing at a little table. Now you need n't begin to smile in that sarcastic little way of yours: I assure you I never more than half noticed him until a day or two ago, when I observed that he had a small telescope mounted in the window, through which he was looking at intervals, and writing down the results of his observations in a small book. I had for some reason always supposed he was a student, and so, taking it for granted that he must now be studying astronomy, paid but little attention to his operations until yesterday, when, happening to glance across, it occurred to me that his telescope seemed pointed much lower than usual. Wondering whether it was the effect of a shadow or what, I got out my opera glass and looked across with a kind of indifferent curiosity. Imagine my horror at discovering behind his instrument that miserable wretch deliberately staring through it at me, and I could see on his face a twist that must have put many in the same act he himself was perpetrating. The worst of it was he could not know that I had n't the slightest idea of seeing him, but would attribute my action to the same vulgar insinuative curiosity which prompted his own. It made me so angry. You can believe I pulled down the curtain with a jerk that almost broke the spring. The drawn shade made the room so dark, however, that after trying reading and fancy work awhile, and finding them both too trying to the eyes, I made a pin-hole in the curtain, and looked through it to see if he was still watching. No, the man had apparently enough politeness left to take away that abominable telescope, and was busy doing something on a large square of brown paper, which he was holding near the window-frame, evidently for me to read when I should have come back to my window. By raising the curtain a couple of inches, and using my glass again, I could discern a representation of some one (probably himself) kneeling with clasped hands in a supplicating attitude, with mammoth tears on his cheeks, and underneath simply, "I Cry for Pardon!" "You know it is extremely improper to refuse to accept an apology, and besides I was afraid some one else in the house might see the placard; so I put up the curtain and motioned to him to take it down at once, which he did with such a penitent expression that I think I shall have to forgive him, provided, of course, he behaves himself hereafter.

Now don't forget to write soon and tell me everything that is being done by our set in New York. Give my regards to any one who inquires after me; but you need not tell them why I have vanished, because I have enough correspondents on hand at present, and I think with mother that I really had too much excitement last summer and the first part of this winter, so I am now going to settle down and recruit in good earnest. My sole amusement will be to inflict on you frequent long, wearisome letters like this, to retaliate for the way you treated me last summer when you knew I never had a moment to answer.

Yours, in a state of blissful repose,

Nettie E. ———

Dear Clara:

I do not think I have mentioned my vis-à-vis to you again for two or three letters. He has acted quite gentlemanly lately, and I have not seen anything more of that horrid spyglass, although he will persist in talking across on his fingers, when I happen to be looking. I declined to take any notice of him at first, but one day, when turning over the encyclopedia in search of something, I came upon the deaf and dumb alphabet all drawn out in full, and I could n't resist the temptation to take it up to my room, and see if I could make out what he was saying. Sure enough, the next time he began signalling, by constantly looking at the book I could understand a little, and I think he saw what I was doing, for he went quite slowly and carefully, so that I now know about all he says. You know it's getting awfully dull here with nothing going on, and it's really amusing to watch him, and then he looks so happy when he gets a smile occasionally, that I have n't the heart to ignore him entirely as he deserves, but I never answer his questions or anything, which I think vexes him sometimes, and serves him right, too: what business has he to bother me with his absurd gesticulations?

But oh! the awfulest thing happened last week. I thought at first I would n't tell you, and now don't you tell a living soul. I went to the Boston Art Club, Friday evening, with Mr. Cameron. It was a real cold, slippery, disagreeable night, but their exhibition of paintings closed the next day. I had not been to it before, and wanted so much to see it, because I have heard the folks at home make so much fun of the club. Well, just within the entrance Mr. Cameron paused, and began toumble for his ticket. I reached up (you go up a few steps to the outer door), took hold of the door-knob and threw my whole weight on it, trying to pull open the door, which is one of those horrid old affairs that are shut by a great heavy spring. There must have been some snow that had got caked on my heel, for my foot slid out, my hand slipped off the knob, and I fell back plump into some one's arms. Supposing it to be Mr. Cameron of course, I said, "It's lucky you were on hand," when, turning half around, imagine my horror to find I had nearly prostrated that young man, who had just come up the steps. If he had said a word, I should have hated him forever; but fortunately he only bowed and smiled, held open the door for Mr. Cameron and myself to enter, and followed us in. I did n't feel easy until I saw him seated, and apparently making a rough sketch of some picture, and I got away as soon as I could; so I really can't tell you much about the pictures, though I'm sure some of them were perfectly lovely.

You must excuse me if this letter is awfully stupid and incoherent; because I'm as sleepy as I can be; I was awakened twice last night, and could n't get to sleep again for some time. First, at about twelve I should think, I was startled out of a horrible dream about everything, by a terrific howling. When I got fairly awake, it seemed to be a crowd of boys yelling with all their lungs something like a repetition of the word "mighty," split up into three syllables, with a lot of sounds like "rah, rah," in between, and winding up with a tremendous "eighty four!" It sounded as if they were just at the corner, —you know our house is only a few doors from the main street, —and they went on up the avenue singing some familiar old song, the name of which I can't remember just now. As I was listening at the