I could not speak, and she did not see me at first, but seemed to be regarding with interest the fallen floor. Presently she gave a little cry of surprise, and leaned forward. I moved then, and spoke.

"Do you suppose you can help me out?" I asked. The girl who was not afraid to tell ghost stories by moonlight, was true to her character in this crisis. She climbed cautiously down over the débris, and, with a little effort on my part, succeeded in liberating me. To get out of the cellar was a much more difficult feat, for my sprained ankle and wrist rendered me almost helpless; and when at last I found myself on the grass outside the door, the pain overcame me, and I fainted again.

The vision which met my eyes with returning consciousness was very agreeable. The beautiful face bending over mine was full of solicitude, and the hand laid lightly on my wrist was very soft and white.

"Do you think you can walk a little way, with my assistance?" she asked kindly. "I hate to leave you here alone, while I go for more help."

I thought I could walk to the ends of the earth with such a divine support, and so we started out. Progressing slowly, with frequent stopping to rest, we came presently to the hazel copse, where we paused, and the lady remarked:

"There is a short cut here which leads to our house. It is a narrow path, but perhaps we can manage to get along. It is only a few steps."

We turned into the bushes, and after following an imperceptible track for a few minutes, we came into an open field, on the farther side of which stood a farm-house, and very soon I was resting on a sofa in the cool, pleasant parlors.

Even the experience of being carried ignominiously home in the farmer's wagon, and the prospect of two weeks, confinement with a sprained ankle, failed to dampen my delight at having unraveled the mystery of the ghost, and discovering her hiding-place. Once or twice during the ten days while I was recovering from my injuries, there came a message of kindly inquiry from the farm-house, and when I was again able to go out, I turned my face thitherward.

The lady was sitting on the piazza, and received me most cordially. We talked about my accident, and the ruin, and she confessed to a romantic fondness for the place; "Else I shouldn't have been there that night when I first met you," she added, laughing.

"I have a confession to make about that night," I said.

"A confession!" and she smiled encouragingly. "What can it be?"

"You remember how I found your little book?" I began, plunging in desperately. "Well, I picked it up in the road, and read it half through before you came. Can you ever forgive the impertinence?"

She smiled again brightly and kindly.

"That is an offense easily forgiven. There was no harm done. I value the little book very highly, because —" she hesitated a little, and a beautiful color spread over her face — "because my husband wrote the verses when he was a boy in college, and gave them to me in the early days of our courtship."

I took my leave presently and hobbled home. There was a letter from my partner on the table, saying there was pressing need of my immediate return. New complications had arisen in regard to the X. Y. & Z. mining stock, and it might be necessary for me to make a Western trip at once.

I have never visited the "turnpike" again, though I still have a liking for the old roads.

L. E. T.

The class of '87 have elected Messrs. Kirkham, Shortall, and Sprague as their committee for the Senior Ball.

During the recent rain-storm, the ore-vault and furnace-room of the mining laboratory bore a strong resemblance to the streets of Boston.

During the winter months citizens living on North Avenue are annoyed by Harvard athletes, who use the avenue for a running-track.—

Cambridge Tribune.