bay, she seemed very happy, and in fact told me as much. Ah! how I felt! for I was sure I knew the cause of that happiness. But I would wait until after the Annuals before sealing my happiness, and restrained the words which were rushing to my lips.

How happy I felt through those exams. To me an FF or an H were nothing. I neither cared nor thought of such a thing as a report.

Finally the Annuals were over; with a light heart I boarded a car for the Highlands. How glad she would be to see me! How tenderly would I say the words which had been on my lips so long? My whiskers had grown considerably during the two weeks we hadn't seen each other, and I wondered if she would know me at once. I entered unannounced—I heard her voice; throwing open the door I saw her—saw her! saw a man with his arms about her, and looking very much as if he had just kissed her! Cold ink can't begin to express the state of my feelings!

Said she, "This is Heinrich; he has come back to marry me, and we sail for Germany Thursday." I—I knew then why she had been so happy that night two weeks before, for a long-delayed letter had just reached her. She wasn't thinking of me at all! Yes, I was at their quiet little wedding, and also saw them off.

Since then my report has come, and I think as Jim (I beg his pardon) does—that a fellow shouldn't let outside things divert him from his studies.

The Skeleton in the Parlor.

RORS. SHEKELS, the wife of the famous millionaire, was seated wrapped in thought. The new house was now quite finished, and had been furnished after the most approved fashion; but now came the question of how it should be opened, for of course they could not be expected to just move into it without saying anything to anybody. At last a plan was determined upon. There should be an evening reception, to lend zest to which Professor Geistheber would give one of his very interesting and thrilling seances. So all Mrs. Shekel's friends were invited, and not a few of them were on hand on the appointed evening. Everybody admired the costly furniture, rich hangings, and rare works of art with which the house,—a marvel of architectural skill,—was adorned; but above all other curiosities were the electric lights with which the house was lighted. Into one room nobody was allowed to enter until the appointed time, for as Professor Geistheber said, they would spoil the currents in the air so that it would be difficult to induce the spirits to manifest themselves. In fact, for this reason, the room had been kept shut all the afternoon, and the learned Professor had been inside, holding communication with his friends of the other world. They seemed to be active enough, if one might judge from what one heard from the outside, for the rappings were loud and frequent. In fact some profane persons might have said that they were raps of a hammer, and that the Professor was "fixing" things. At last the doors were opened, and all the guests came into a large and very dimly lighted room, the few lights were put out and the seance then began. Many were the weird acts which the dwellers of the other world performed for the edification of material mortals, until at last, one spirit, after much persuasion, was induced to remember some doleful tunes which it had known in life, and to render them upon a violin which had been hung on the wall for that purpose. In the midst of one of the most pathetic strains there was heard a loud crash and a bang, and in walked a skeleton, luminous either through his essential essence or through a coat of luminous paint, and began to dance wildly about. In vain the professor gesticulated vehemently at it, stamped at it, and ordered it out of the room; it still remained dancing, snapping its jaws, and every now and then tossing up its skull in the air and catching it again, and replacing it. And now the spirit with the violin seemed to catch something of a drift of what was going on, for the music became faster and wilder, keeping time with the leaps of the skeleton, which, by