THE REVERIE.

The other night, after a hard day's work amid dusty deeds and parchments, I folded up old Landacre's will, stuffed it into the dark-green box labeled "J. O. L., 1875," and locking this securely in Marvin's Burglar Proof, sallied forth into the street.

The air was chill. A fine, powdery snow was blowing from the four quarters, making all resistance against its intrusiveness futile and idiotic. Neck, arms, and legs were recipients of its benumbing effects. The blinds of the city seemed endeavoring to get up an encore after every particularly noisy gust of wind, and slammed and banged in a way that must have tested hinge and bolt.

After ten hours of mental strain, I felt a physical combativeness that made it a real pleasure to try odds with the elements, shoulder to shoulder; and when I turned on to Tremont Street and met old Boreas sailing grandly down that thoroughfare, it was with intense satisfaction that I found myself grappled by the shoulder, and engaged in a veritable hand-to-hand encounter. With every inch of steam up, I bent my head like a battering-ram and charged the enemy. It was a gallant attack,—quite a Balaklava in its way; but as my feet were slipping from under me, I whisked myself sideways to break the force of the repulse, and immediately found myself flattened up against a brick wall, with every ounce of wind in my body driven out of me. In fact I was defeated, and, in consequence, humbled, which made it easier for me to keep well to the wall to allow my gusty conqueror to usurp the middle of the way, which he did with many a roar of triumph and contempt. With a philosophy born of much study, I murmured, "Such is life," and carefully crept along beneath the sheltering eaves.

I was pretty well done up in this encounter, and not at all anxious for its renewal, and so found myself waiting at street-crossings for an opportune moment in which to rush across.