But I did not lose sight of Idna nor the thought of her troubles, nor of Gid, poor fellow, riding so woefully into the far distance of the prairie. What had she done that he should leave her? or what had he done that she should send him away? The more I thought of the matter, the more I was convinced that neither of them could be to blame. A hero or a heroine could not have committed a fault that would cause such a parting; and if the separation was due to a third person, why had he interfered?

Through the whole mist of perplexities I could see but one small light of hope. Should Gid keep on his course in a right line, he would eventually come back to Idna's cottage; but this was small consolation. The third person was evidently the proper solution; and why could not one more short chapter have been written, introducing this individual and a general explanation for the benefit of such susceptible people as myself? Gid, for instance, after riding out of sight finds this person thrown from his horse, and at the point of death. He confesses his duplicity, signs a short declaration in his own blood, and expires. Gid, lashing his horse to a gallop, appears at Idna's cloudy doorway after only three hours agonizing absence, and the curtain then falls amid a long embrace and a shower of kisses. Mrs. Grundy would suggest that kisses ad infinitum are a deal worse than the despair depicted in the author's own version, and would add in her sarcastic way, "How absurd to leave two people in the middle of a prairie gazing fondly at each other!" It seems, then, that an author to suit all tastes should carry the future of his principals as far as their grandchildren, at least; and even then he might find difficulty in closing his scene too abruptly.

My journey on the cars and my displeasure at the ending of "Idna" came to an end long ago; but notwithstanding the facts that the novel reached its share of popularity, that the end was generally approved, and that actual life sees many such partings, I have never believed poor Idna's fate was either right or just. The old-style happy ending of the popular novel has departed, and one no longer follows heroes and heroines through their disappointments with the conviction that all difficulties will be satisfactorily settled in the closing chapters; but instead tragedy is triumphant, and the characters that win our sympathy are either killed off or left standing in doorways.

Unhappy little Idna! I trust you never lived but in imagination, and that your troubles and your sad desertion caused no more worry in life than my thoughts of you and Gid on the afternoon I journeyed opposite the dear little woman whose sympathetic face helped me to bear your burdens.

Three Freshmen were engaged, in appropriating porcelain letters from the store windows when a policeman, who has the grace to say that he mistook them for Harvard students, gathered them in bodily to the city police court. In the next edition of the daily papers we read, "It is stated that there is a society at the Institute that requires each student admitted to membership to steal enough letters to form his own name, the initials of the Institute, and his class number." We have always intended to keep the matter private, but now that the public has an inkling of the true state of affairs, the whole truth had better be revealed. The name of the society is Les Enfans Incroyables, and its membership is confined to the Freshman class. Meetings are held once a week, and its members play logomachy with white porcelain letters. Its officers are chosen from those who have failed to pass their examinations; on taking the oath of office they solemnly curse the Faculty and abjure the company of the upper classmen. The society has been in existence for three years, and already has in its possession enough porcelain letters to fill a large oak coffin, which is kept for that purpose.