"Can you tell me who that is speaking to Miss Willett?"

"Why, her brother, of course."

"Her brother!" echoed Mr. Hibbard.

"Why, I know her brother. I must be growing blind."

He put his hand to his eyes. To his surprise it encountered no barrier of glass. It flashed upon his memory that in his hurry he had thrust his eyeglasses into his pocket in order to adjust his tie as he went down stairs. Instantly he put them upon his nose. Sure enough the man was her brother. He gave a sigh of relief. Perhaps everything would clear up as easily as his sight had. With the restoration of that sense he felt his courage revive. Mrs. Wally was viewing him with curiosity. He seated himself beside her, bent upon getting to the bottom of her disquieting words.

"May I ask who this presumptuous defier of parents is?"

She looked at him smilingly. He was becoming more tractable; she would discover what she wished.

"Why, yourself! Who else could it be? Everyone is talking about it."

His brow cleared, and he laughed with his usual gayety.

"Absurd; no such thing. I deny it," and he left his inquisitor almost precipitately.

"Well," she reflected, "I've discovered the present state of affairs, at least."

His vague sense of embarrassment had fled as he crossed the room to his friend Jack Willett. "I want to apologize. I'd forgotten my eyeglasses, and I didn't know you. May I have that dance you offered me?"

"Of course," answered Jack. "I thought you acted a little odd."

The two men smiled.

Mr. Hibbard immediately sought Miss Willett. "Jack says that I may have all his dances. May I?"

She smiled sweetly. "After you've acted so? I've a great mind not to let you have them." But she handed him her order, nevertheless.

When Mr. Hibbard's dance came round, his smile as he crossed the floor and offered Miss Willett his arm, was bland in the extreme.

"Why were you so petty when Jack offered you that dance?" she inquired.

"I didn't know him. I had forgotten my eyeglasses in my haste," he explained.

"Really?"

"Yes; do you think I would deceive you?"

"Even if you didn't know him, you might have been more pleasant."

"The fact is," confessed Mr. Hibbard, "I was horribly jealous at—"

"Let us dance," she said.

In a pause Miss Willett remarked, "As you've explained things, perhaps I'll tell you a secret. Jack will tell it anyway, so I might as well."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Hibbard.

"You won't tell any one?"

"No."

"Jack took those dances merely for you; I—Jack, I mean—saw you were late, and—"

"You dear—"

"Hush."

But if the smile upon Mr. Hibbard's face when he left the house that night was indicative of anything, it was indicative of the fact that he had not "hushed," and that Miss Willett had not intended her exclamation to be rigidly prohibitive.

A campus containing about seventy thousand acres, with a driveway seventeen miles in length, is connected with the new Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto, Cal.

The annual report of President Eliot, of Harvard, announces that hereafter the professors of that institution will receive $4,500 a year, and assistant professors, $3,000.