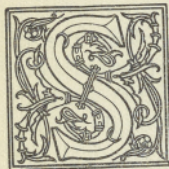


may it be said, however, that when he found that his wife had not learned his secret he told her the whole story. Painful was its recital; deeply did he regret his conduct; earnestly did he wish that he had confessed long before. Yet the burden was made lighter by the knowledge that he had no more fear of discovery and that his wife, though she did not condone his act, pitied his suffering.

—Ray D. Fisher.



## The Peculiar Miss Devon



SCHOOL had opened at Harmon Hall; the old girls were returning and the shy, homesick freshmen were sitting around in dark corners, watching the gay reunions with longing eyes. Among the new arrivals was a teacher, a Miss Devon, lately graduated from an Eastern college, who had been engaged as instructor of chemistry. For some reason her advent had caused a great deal of excitement.

"Have you met Miss Devon yet?" one girl asked of another.

"No, but I'm just dying to," confessed the other, "Mary Edith says she is perfectly sweet and do you know she is only nineteen years old? Think of graduating from college at nineteen! My, but I wish I could! And she is awfully pretty and stylish, too; did you ever see such perfectly fascinating brown eyes?"

Thus comment ran, and indeed Miss Devon soon proved to be as wonderful a teacher as a scholar. Her classes were held spell-bound, and chemistry became the most popular subject in the school curriculum. The girls worshipped the new teacher who seemed so like one of themselves and yet so far above them.

Before very many days had elapsed, it was noticed that a cer-