

tain girl began to wear bows of the same shape as those which Miss Devon had, not the same color, to be sure, for that would have been too open an imitation. When the girls gathered for their little chats at the evening visiting hour, they practiced doing their hair in a soft coil as the new teacher did hers; and one girl, more daring than the rest, actually wore her's to class that way. Had anyone passed Mary Edith's window at night, they would have seen a light there long after she was supposed to have been in bed, for Mary Edith was poring over large volumes on philosophy. She had once seen such a book on Miss Devon's table. Another ambitious maiden began imitating the stories that the teacher told, for those stories—ah, they were the admiration of all. Never had they heard such marvelous tales—tales related so vividly, so intensely and with such dramatic skill that they held the listener enchanted and haunted him like a dream. Many an evening Miss Devon sat before the open fire in her room, her dark eyes shining as she leaned impulsively toward the group of eager girls at her feet and pored forth some wonderful story, while weird shadows danced on the wall.

“Do you know, I sometimes think that Miss Devon's stories are almost uncanny,” the little English teacher said one day to a friend. “She comes to my room at night and talks with that wild light in her eyes until it frightens me.”

Often Miss Devon talked of her home, a beautiful country place, surrounded by wide lawns, where her little sister, Jane, played all day. How she did love that little sister! Although only eight years old, the child sometimes wrote Latin letters which Miss Devon proudly displayed to her friends. These were not perfect, but were surprisingly well written; and Jane became, in the eyes of the girls, almost as wonderful as her sister. When Christmas drew near, Miss Devon bought a beautiful doll to dress for Jane, and all the teachers and even some of the pupils made a part of that wardrobe.

Sometimes, too, she spoke of her father, a well-to-do judge, and her mother, who had been an invalid since the death of a son some years before. This brother, Miss Devon said, had been killed one summer in the Adirondacks when she and her mother were spending their vacation in Maine. Before they could get home the men who had been with him on the football team at Harvard had come down, opened up the house, and made all preparations for the fu-