

SAND.

BY J. W. GALEY.

"Well, but I know that's Judge, for I see the fellow put on the book." "It is quashed." "Who quashed it?" "The proper authorities are satisfied with your conduct, the matter, and there is no more about it." "Not about Mr. Maybole?" "Not about Mr. Maybole, all fixed." "Well, then proper authorities has more sense than I thought they had," said "Curly," as they appeared before the clerk. The officer, in the presence of Colonel Holten, gravely handed to Mr. Reese the sum of twenty-five dollars. "This don't let me off on 'other one, too, does it?" asked "Curly" of the clerk. "No, sir, the other one holds."

"Certainly, madam, I shall have occasion to write to you frequently." "Oh, yes. But I do not mean the letters you write to Mr. Holten—of course when Miss Winous, or any other of your letter now and then for us all together, if you have time." "With pleasure, madam, if I find any thing to interest you." "Thus the dinner-hour wore away, as dinner-hours will wear, with disjointed chat, until the family was about to disperse, when Miss Winous, who arose from her table, approached Norman, offering her hand, which he took in his and bade him a fond farewell, leaving the dining room walking by his side, as they passed out of the room she looked into his face, and asked: "Have you said farewell to Judith?" "No, I have not."

Blake was a good-natured, obedient fellow enough, and was greatly pleased to have the expense of his first college year taken off his father's shoulders; but his sense of duty didn't go very far. Rev. Mr. Blake bought a new coat, and Sam entered Harvard that fall; and there matters stopped for awhile. "A freshman has a great deal to learn, as you know; but I think the chief thing Sam learned that term was the great difference there is between Harvard and the little village of Elmbank, and the great difficulty of working and playing at the same time. Here he had society meetings to attend, and rooms of his own, with a chum, where a good deal of smoking was done by himself and his friends. And then there was base ball, into which it appeared indispensable for the honor of the class that he should enter actively, on account of his strong legs, wonderful wind and ground batting. He could not refuse to go to the theater occasionally, with his richer companions. Sam took a natural interest in the society of young ladies, too, and had to give some time to its cultivation. He also thought a moderate amount of practice in the gymnasium was desirable to prevent his health breaking down under the confinement of study. So, on the whole, the actual work that he did in the college was not very extensive. This didn't seem to have any bad effect, but well along in the winter, when the habit of shirking work had grown so strong, without his noticing it, that he fell easily into reading novels when he ought to have been in the recitation-room. Gymnasium, theater, billiards, smoking—and I am afraid I must say a little drinking—frittered away his time."

"Oh, yes, you actually sold his." "Why? Sam?" "Because he's to save money since reports of how you've." "What for? asked Sam." "Well, he—how do you see? He's got that money from his old he's nearly saved enough to pay it all back. There, I it secret, and now I've told his sister burst into tears. "You broken his heart, Sam—poor fellow!" "The next day Mr. Blake's off directly after breakfast seen again until afternoon. Co he overtook his father coming postoffice." "I know all about it? He's so his excitement. "Katy told me I wish, though, you'd held on to coat awhile." "Why?" asked Mr. Blake, imperturbably. "Because," said Sam, "I'm going to pay my own way now. I've been off to-day and hired out for the season on Farms Hedgeburton. You won't send that money to Williston, will you, father?" "You're too late," was the minister's answer. "I've just mailed the letter to him."