

of the papers was in our hands. All went to lunch; to come back at 2 o'clock. I could not eat from anxiety, and having learned the names of several of the young men favorably spoken of for the place, I began to scan through their papers, and then compare them with Tipton's. I saw it was a neck and neck race, of the cotton picker against four bright young teachers, from 21 to 23 years old. I grew too restless to eat, and at 2 o'clock they were back punctually, and eager to begin again. By five the papers were in, and as I knew that no amount of worry could change the result. After arranging for Tipton to ride towards home about ten miles to his friends where he spent the night before, I went to supper with the other professors, that we might begin our examination soon after. We worked until after 12 at night and had cut out all of the papers belonging to the boys, except those of the four young teachers and those of my Hunt county boy. We suspended until after breakfast next morning, and then began the

critical comparison by laying the papers on the same blocks together and marking as fairly as we could. By noon the work was done except placing the figures made by each in separate columns—these were halves and fourths and eighths and no one could guess who had won. But behold when some belonging to each was found the bare-footed cotton picker was greater by 1-6. He was victorious. He in due time received his appointment from the State Senator from that district, and began his course at the Normal. He there won the confidence and esteem of students and teachers and in three years had his diploma as a graduate. He moved west, carried his mother and little brother. He was very successful in teaching and gave promise of eminent success, but in four or five years he was promoted to a professorship to outlast the ages. When the clods of the valley part, and the waves of the ocean separate to let the dead come forth to the last roll-call, one of the most ringing voices will be that of Tipton Denton.



NO MORE.

Your need but flash your eyes on me
To make me feel the world well lost
If only once or twice in all the years
Your voice beside the sun-stained sea
Shall by the trooping winds be tossed
Across the straits to thrill my happy ears.

Your voice evokes within the sense
That lives behind the hearing nerve
A million memories of gracious tones,
Diffused like fragrance intense
Through times and spaces, and they serve
To give me bliss unknown to kings on
thrones.

If unto the editor's heart you wish to find the
key,
Get your memoranda out and mark these items
three:—
Pay your year's subscription now without an
invitation,
Write an article for public observation,
Buy our advertisers' wares, and then you're
sure to see
How kind and good and merciful we editors
can be. —Ex.

“Does heat expand?” the teacher asked;
“If so, example cite ”
“The days are long in summer, ”
Said the student who is bright.—Ex.