

am," he replied rather bitterly, without looking up.

She laughed a queer little laugh.

"Meaning me?" she asked.

"Meaning you, Mrs. Kate Sinclair," was Marchmont's dejected answer.

"But I am not married, I never was married," she cried, with a subdued laugh running like an undertone in that rich, clear voice of hers, making its music sometimes wonderful indeed.

"What!" cried Beverly, starting up, turning toward her, and catching both her hands eagerly.

"No," continued she. "I never dreamed of marrying before—before—well, never mind that! Until the good widow here called me Mrs. Sinclair I never dreamed of posing as a married woman. Then, however, it amused me so, that I let the mistake go unrectified. Besides, my aunt said she could not come to join me until the first of next month; and it was quite convenient to pass as a married wom-

an without telling any stories about it, while I stayed here among strangers without a chaperone. Why, I am only seventeen and a month or so over."

"But Charley in Luzon?" asked the delighted Beverly, still a little perplexed.

"Oh! he's my cousin; but he's a married man with three children. I was a little thing in pinafores when Charley married."

"Oh! Kate," said the enraptured Beverly, "don't you see I've been in love with you since the first moment I saw you? You will consent now, won't you—after all the agonies I've suffered?"

"Love at first sight?" Oh, you can't make me believe that. But I do believe you were just a little bit in love that night you first heard me sing. Well, you're holding my hands pretty hard, and Mrs. Buzac is coming—so, yes, and please let me go now, and do behave!"

CALLIOPEAN SOCIETY.

The Society met for the last time this term last Saturday night, 12-9-'99. The program consisted of an election of officers for the following quarter. They were as follows: President, C. P. Rogers; vice president, R. B. Boett-

cher; critic, Miss Mamie Hutson; recording secretary, J. A. Egg; corresponding secretary, A. E. Storey; treasurer, Tom Bittle; sensor, H. Foster; librarian, J. Harrison; sergeant-at-arms, R. W. Brown.

FEAR AND DEATH.

(AN ARAB LEGEND.)

The Spirit of the Plague entered the gate.
One, watching, asked, "How many wilt thou slay?"
"A thousand," spake the Spirit, "is my quest."

The Plague made end. The Spirit left the gate.
The watcher cried, "Ten thousand didst thou slay."
"Nay, one," the Spirit said; "Fear killed the rest."