

ORNING-GLORY

college; he seemed to be moving on an ascending scale in everything—mind, looks, and attainments. People began to think that he might in time become almost anything: representative, senator, perhaps even President, at least governor of the State. His mother had the fullest faith in it.

"There is no reason why you cannot be anything that you want to be, Alexander," she would say, and Alexander would flash upon her one of his brilliant, contemplative looks, and make no dissent. There was in reality something sublime in the boy's consciousness of his own power. It was completely removed from vanity. It was a simple, ingenuous recognition of the truth.

"Alexander Bemis does think he's awful smart," said one sharp-tongued, dissenting young girl to another, who retorted:

"Well, he *is* awful smart."

"I would rather he didn't know it," said the first.

"Then he wouldn't be bright," said the other.

Alexander was worshipped afar off by the young girls of the village, but he made a sweetheart of none of them until he had graduated from college. He came home