

out the light saying to himself, "I still have much to learn," he seemed to catch a glimpse of an undiscovered country that was very fascinating, and along its highways were placards of invitation and welcome, to those anxious for a view, and dissatisfied with the surrounding country as they now saw it.

And in that glimpse there was hope that the clever Professor might solve for himself the second and most important problem.

Altered Personality : With Its Wonderful Results.

He was the old schoolmaster—not extravagant in his ideas or tastes, yet the pink of perfection in cleanliness and neatness. The small amount of remaining grey hair was combed and brushed, each particular hair doing double duty in trying to cover the would-be baldness.

The iron-grey beard was slick and smooth ; the coat, whether new or old, was brushed and buttoned up. When he wanted to know the time he unbuttoned the two lower buttons, showing his neat vest, gold watch and chain. After looking at the time he again buttoned up his coat.

He began the day with mathematics and ended with literature, which perhaps accounted for his seldom getting to the school after nine, nor leaving till after four—in fact, we have seen it nearly six before he finally left the school-house, and then he was surrounded by pupils.

In the morning he was dignified, calm and collected, and called all the young ladies Miss. In the literary class in the afternoon they were Annie or Nellie, Mary or Jane.

When he taught arithmetic, algebra, or euclid, he took the ruler and chalk much as a surgeon takes his instruments to perform a surgical operation, and proceeded to hammer the information into the heads of his pupils. It was a long, long hour, and he and his pupils were ready and anxious for recess. The grammar class was little better, and many times the coat was unbuttoned and buttoned up, and often the watch looked at, and the time never told, only that the time was so long.