

laneous nature. An Olney's Algebra, kept as much for the pencil sketches and poetry which it contained, records of successive ages of geniuses in art and literature, as from its unsaleable nature rested peacefully beside Balzac's *Duchesse de Langeais*. Latin and Greek lexicons had grown into a sandwich with *Forty Tales from the Hills* for a filling, while Spalding's *Base Ball Guide* was in close communion with Browning and Plutarch. Smith never cared much for the arrangement of his books. Convenience in the present was his motto, and so he cast each book as it was used into the nearest vacant space.

Smith was in his study this April day and alone. The care-worn expression on his face could not have come from debt, for Smith never went beyond his income. It could not have come from lack of success, for certificates, which might have been rescued from the hopeless confusion of a heap of papers in a trunk near at hand, showed that the college had appreciated his ability as a student, while half a dozen papers in a file at his right hand spoke in praise of his latest poem in the college magazine. Some badges conspicuously displayed in different parts of the room indicated his victories on three successive field-days, and if you had stepped out upon the campus any fine afternoon you would soon have discovered that he was the favorite for the hundred-yard dash in the coming May contest. Still Smith looked care-worn.

There came a knock at the door, accompanied by a sonorous voice strangely mingling entreaties and threats.

"Open up your old house!"

Three vigorous kicks, which make no impression upon a door used to many such in its past history.

"Down comes your shanty!"

More kicks and a farewell prod at the transom and the visitor has gone satisfied that Smith is busy or not at home. And so he is busy. He has a letter from which some of the words seem to stand out strangely, or perhaps it is because his head is aching a little to day. He reads: "If you do not decide to accept your father's offer and go into business you may consider *our friendship* at an end."

"Certainly, *our friendship*," said Smith, speaking mechanically half aloud.

"At an end, certainly, at an end."

"At an end under any circumstances, my dear."

Again he reads: "My friends agree with me that it would be intolerable to be tied down to a man who has no prospects except literature and possibly teaching."

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," said Smith.

"Intolerable, certainly."

"Great friend to yourself, my dear."

"*Friendship*?" "Something else once."

"End it, why certainly."