

anything else, except an opportunity for two young people to talk to each other for a long time on subjects which seemed extremely interesting to both.

Bartram and Eleanor met one afternoon, in their customary manner, in the principal street of the village, and walked along side by side for quite a way, finally turning and sauntering through several residence streets, talking with each other on a number of subjects, probably of no great consequence, but apparently very interesting to both of them. Suddenly, however, it was the young man's misfortune to see the two Kimper boys at the opposite side of the street, and as he eyed them his lip curled and he said: "Isn't it somewhat strange that your estimable parents are so greatly interested in the father of those two wretched scamps?"

"Nothing that my father and mother do, Mr. Bartram," said Miss Prency, "is at all strange. They are quite as intelligent as any one of my acquaintance, I am sure, and more so than most people whom I know, and I have no doubt that their interest in the poor fellow has very good grounds."

"Perhaps so," said the young man, with another curl of his lip, which exasperated his companion; "I sometimes wonder, however, whether men and women when they reach middle age, and have been reasonably successful and happy in their own affairs, are not likely to allow their sympathies to run away with their intelligence."

"It may be so," said Eleanor, "among people of your acquaintance, as a class, but I wish you distinctly to except my parents from the rule."

"But, my dear girl," said the young man, "your parents are exactly the people I am speaking of—exactly the people to whom I am alluding."

"Then do me the favour to change the subject of conversation," said the young lady, quite proudly; "I never allow my parents to be criticised in my hearing by any one but myself."

"Oh, well," said the young man, "if you choose to take my remarks in that way, I presume you are at liberty to do so, but I am sure you are misunderstanding me."

"I don't see how it is possible to misunderstand anything that is said so very distinctly; you lawyers have a faculty, Mr. Bartram, for saying exactly what you mean—when you choose to."

"I can't deny that I meant exactly what I said."

"But you can at least change the subject, can't you?"

"Certainly, if you insist upon it, but the subject has been interesting me considerably of late, and I am really wondering whether my estimable friend the judge, and his no less estimable wife, may not be making a mistake, which their daughter would be the most effective person in rectifying."

"You do me altogether too much honour, sir. Suppose you attempt to rectify their mistakes yourself, since you seem so positive about their existence. To give you an opportunity of preparing yourself to do so, I will bid you good-day." Saying