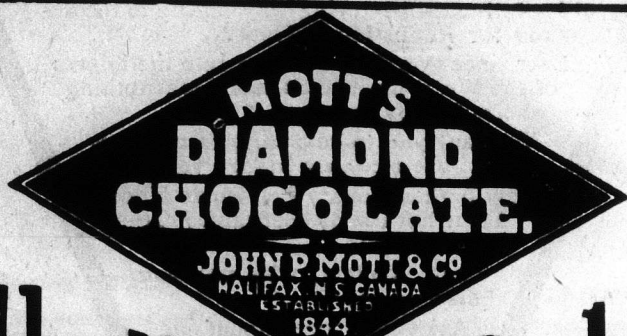


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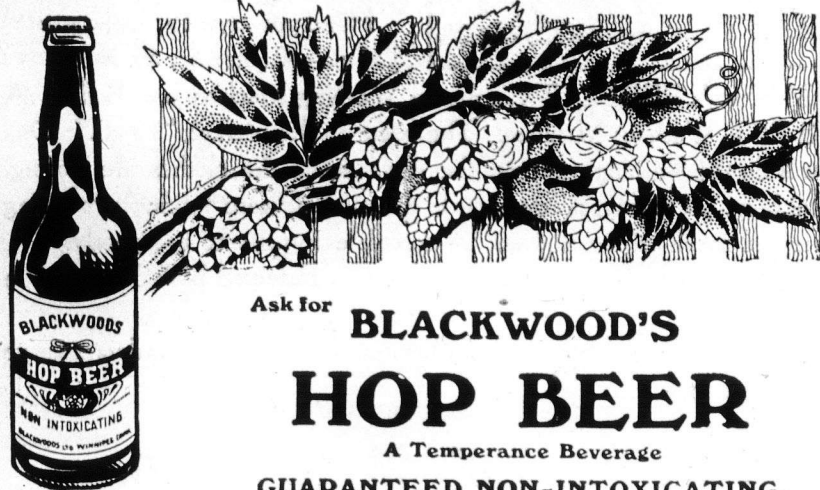
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there to die unheeded. Thus she was lingering at noon when sounds of shouting were heard. One in waiting at the gate entered and said: "The young Doria comes over the hill by Friesole, and is welcomed by his friends. He will enter the gate in a little while."

Her husband's voice reached her from a room adjoining: "Fetch me, with all speed, a cup of wine, Alis, for I am heated, and would drink."

With some little delay, wonderful in a wife so willing, she brought it; and, standing before him, meek and slim, in sombre gown of grey, she gave it into his hands.

A sudden whim seemed to prompt the Scholar to a reversal of his intention. "Now pledge thee, first, our love in this wine-cup, my sweet; so shall I know thee to be my own true wife."

He held it towards her as though to place it at her lips, but she started from him with a sudden gesture like that of a frightened fawn.

"Aye, but I will!" Alis had recovered herself; and she held out her hand desperately, a quick look of resolution glittering in her eyes.

"Nay!" he replied with a light laugh, and drained the cup. "I did but jest; moreover, the dregs are bitter, too bitter for that mouth so small and tender, thy life is worth more than mine."

His glance pierced her through, and she quailed before him.

"Now this moment thy cousin comes—welcome him," he said thoughtfully, as he gave it back into her hands; and then he turned and went slowly into an inner room where he would be alone.

The rays of the lowering sun gilded the garden wherein sat the meek wife

with dove-like eyes, wondering why the signs of Doria's coming should be interrupted by music and song, as though a bridal procession were moving along the road which led past the garden. She knew not who it was had taken a wife, nor did she greatly care, seeing that her thoughts were set upon an arrival of greater moment. And how many minutes, she wondered, did the poison take to have its full effect?

A messenger entered the garden. "Lady, I have been seeking thee everywhere. The young Doria has entered the gate and brings home a gay bride with him, who has entered also, and has bidden me announce them straightway."

"Brings home what?" she asked, with lip-movements only?

"A bride, lady."

"Bid them wait a brief moment; and fetch me the phial of medicine from the niche in my chamber, for I am, of a sudden, unwell."

When the phial was brought Alis left the garden, and proceeded to the chamber to which her husband had withdrawn. The rays that fell upon the peaceful place, and were creeping round upon the couch whereon the Scholar lay rigid, white in the sleep of death. An ironic smile seemed to wreath his lips at her approach.

Meanwhile a newly-wedded couple awaited below the master and mistress of the house. But seeing that these did not come down, it was at length deemed advisable to seek them; and anon the pair entered the Scholar's apartment. The sleep which had seized him erstwhile had now overcome his wife Alis also; and she lay beside him with a face of marble, the phial on the floor at her feet.

The Dean's Diagnosis.

By RUBY BAUGHMAN.



THE tall youth stood before the Dean, half-bashfully fumbling his gay-banded hat, half-confidentially squaring his shoulders. He had no notion of revealing his uneasiness over his predicament to the friendly eyes which greeted and approved him with the same glance.

"You wanted to see me, Dean Carrier?"

"Sit down, Lovell. Yes, I wanted to see you. I understand that you helped decorate the lens in the observatory last week in such a way as to cause Professor Wald to report some startling conclusions to the Herschel Club," and the dimmest possible radiance of a smile lighted up the slim face with its wide forehead, prominent nose, and firm mouth.

"No, sir, that is not quite true."

"In what does my statement of the case fall short of the truth?"

"I didn't help do it; I did it. I just couldn't help it. The idea came into my head and I couldn't help doing it."

"Well, I can't do much for you this time, my boy. Dr. Wald has taken the matter directly to the President. Your case comes up before the Senate this afternoon."

"Yes, I got a notice this morning. I don't care so much for myself, Dean Carrier, but it looks as though I didn't care—didn't appreciate all you have done for me. I know I shouldn't have done it, but I couldn't help doing it."

"The fact is, Mr. Lovell, President MacLinn has instructed me to say to you that it will save an expulsion if you go home to-day before any action is taken by the faculty."

"Home! I can't go home."

"Why can you not go home?"

"Got a letter from Dad this morning. Prexie has written him. And besides—"

The Dean waited.

"Dad has just had to pay a couple of debts for me."

"What debts?"

"Poker."

At this mention of a new sin added to the category of misdeeds, the Dean looked up from the paper knife which he had been studying during the catechism.

"I didn't know you played."

"I don't; but when Bunc Smithers said—when he—I just couldn't help it."

At the recurrence of the old excuse, the Dean raised two slender, scholarly hands in protest.

"That plea is worn threadbare, Lovell. You are sure you can not go home? May I see your father's letter?"

The parent had evidently left no doubt as to his meaning. After reading it the Dean said:

"Where will you go?"

"I don't know. I could go to Aunt Lucy's, but when the story got out she'd be ashamed—I don't know what to do."

"Why not go to work as your father suggests?"

"That suggestion from Dad would make me laugh if I weren't in such an awful bad hole. He knows blamed well that I never did a day's work in my life."

With a dry little laugh, "He always said he was raising me to be a gentleman."

"Would you like to experience the novelty?"

"Of working? The mess I've stirred up doesn't seem to give me much of a choice. But what could I do?"

"You could tutor."

"Not without some one to tute."

"I have a letter here asking me to recommend an instructor."

"Where? Who for?"

"Your use of the nominative and objective cases would hardly seem to warrant your assumption of the duties of instructor in English. The letter is from Senator Long," and the Dean kept his eyes on the boy's face.

"Henry Long's father? His step-brother—he's a regular little devil."

"I heard President MacLinn, less than an hour ago, deliver exactly the same words concerning a young man who