

clapped their hands. Mr. Rose good-naturedly consented, though he had never undergone the ordeal before.

"How very unpleasant it must be," whispered Hattie to her aunt. "Mr. McConkey went through it with great coolness and evidently did not mind it in the least."

Mr. Rose came forward, ascended the platform and seated himself in the arm-chair. His face was painfully flushed before the phrenologist even touched him, and continued so all the time. But he retained his usual playfulness and remarked, "This gentleman is not acquainted with me, and fortunately does not know what a hard case I've been."

"That is just like Mr. Rose," whispered Hattie, with a laugh. "While so many here are reformed men, he has been Temperance from his childhood! I wonder if that man will ever find it out."

The phrenologist commenced by telling Mr. Rose that the "love of approbation" was strong in him. He had a good share of ideality—was always ready to speak—would come right to the