

press her hand and be off before her father could see me. This continued for about three weeks, when it was broken up by a rather unpleasant occurrence.

"One evening I had gone with my note as usual, and had placed my hand in through the window, when it was suddenly seized in a vice-like grasp, and the old major thundered, as he threw up the window:

"Now, you scoundrel, I've got you, have I? I'll make you remember me, you impudent villain."

"And with that he almost crushed my hand. I yelled with pain.

"It hurts, does it?" growled the old man, savagely. "Not so soft and tender as the hand you expected to squeeze, you villain."

"Before this I had been too much surprised to speak; now I cried out, angrily;

"Let my hand alone, Major Shorter. What right have you to treat me in this manner?"

"Right!" he shouted. "Right! Zounds, sir, what right have you to stick your hand in at my window? I've a notion to have you arrested as a thief."

"Take care, sir," I exclaimed, trying to wrench my hand from him. "You may regret this."

"Wait till I get out there, and I'll make you regret it."

"He released my hand, and started to come out after me, but I did not wait for him. I had no desire to get into a fuss with him, so I took to my heels.

"The next day I received a note from the major. It was short and sweet, and something to this effect:

"Sir:—You are an impudent blackguard. In chasing you last night I fell and hurt my leg, which prevents me from seeing you this morning. I write now to inform you that if I catch you lurking around my house again, I shall certainly shoot you.

"Very respectfully yours,
JOHN SHORTER."

"This letter, especially after my experience of the previous night, made me feel very uncomfortable, but I consoled myself with the reflection that you must catch a man before you can hang him. I set to work to devise another plan, and when I had arranged it to my satisfaction, communicated it to Jenny by slipping a note into her hand at church.

"In the rear of Major Shorter's dwelling was an alley. The back building extended to this alley, and in the second story was a window overlooking it. I asked Jenny in my note to tie her letters to a string and lower them from this window, after dark; I would then get them, and tie my letters to the string in return. This plan worked admirably for a while, but, like the other, was not to last long. One evening I had just tied my letter to the string, when I was startled by a loud 'bang' from the window above, and a smarting in my hands. Away I sped, followed by another report. I heard the old man shouting after me, but did not wait to hear what he had to say. When I got home I examined my hands, which smarted painfully, but the wounds were very slight; the major had evidently loaded his gun with salt, which, while it was quite painful at

first, was not dangerous. I was sorely tempted to retaliate upon him, and give him a thrashing, but the reflection that such a course might lose me Jenny, determined me to take it as quietly as possible. I encountered the major on the street the next day, but although he called to me that he wished to see me I avoided him. I had had enough of him for some time to come.

"I did not see or hear from Jenny for at least a month after this. At last I received a note from her one morning, telling me to come to the house that night, that her father had left the city, and would not return until the next day.

"When night came I hastened to the house, and was met by Jenny at the door. I spent a pleasant evening with her, and was rising to go away, when we heard the front door open.

"O dear, there's papa now. What shall we do?" exclaimed Jenny, in alarm.

"We had no time to lose, so I told her to be quiet, and concealed myself behind the sofa.

"The major came in directly after, and seeing Jenny's anxious and flurried look, at once suspected the cause of it. He seated himself on the sofa behind which I was concealed, and I heard him give an angry grunt. It was clear my presence was known to him.

"Jenny, dear," he said, "go into the kitchen and tell Tom to bring us a bucket of hot water."

"Shall I tell him to take it up to your room, papa?" asked Jenny, tremulously.

"No dear, tell him to bring it here."

"In the parlor, papa?"—she began. He cut her short, and replied, sharply:

"Yes, in the parlor. Tell him to be quick about it. Go along, girl. What are you hesitating about?"

"Jenny left the room, and as she went out I heard her crying. I was confident that the old man wanted to scald me, and I had no idea of waiting quietly for him to do so. Still it was no easy matter to retreat. I glanced up over the sofa, to take a look at the state of affairs. The major was sitting with his back to me, and his face to the door through which Jenny had disappeared. He knew well where I was concealed, but he paid no attention to me, so sure was he that he had me in his clutches. My position was desperate, and so was the resolution I formed.

"While his back was still turned to me I sprang to my feet, and giving the sofa a push, sent the major rolling over on the floor, and before he could regain his feet, I had passed through the parlor door and locked it on the outside. Calling to Jenny to come and release her father, I left the house and returned home.

"Feeling assured that the Major would call on me in no very amiable mood the next morning, I left town to avoid seeing him. When I returned, I learned that he had been to my office, and had vowed vengeance against me. I continued to keep out of his way, however, until his wrath subsided, for it was not to my interest to meet him.

"After this I did not see Jenny for a long time. At last, I could stand the separation no longer, so I wrote to Jenny to stay at home the next Sunday morning, and I would see her while her father was at church.

"On the appointed day I was at the house, fully intending to go away before the major should re-