

One day, in desperation he subscribed Grant's signature to a power of attorney. He knew that Grant possessed heavy shares in "Great Northern." Fairlie found a purchaser, executed a transfer, and the new owner's name was duly inscribed on the register. Before dividend day, he managed to repurchase the same number of shares. Harold Grant's name was again affixed to the company's book, and the usual half-yearly check was sent him. The trick had worked well. So well, that he was emboldened to think he could try it again without detection.

"If Osceola only wins to-morrow, I'll lose no time in affixing Grant's name to the register; if she loses, Grant will miss his dividend, an enquiry will be instituted, and my game discovered. I'll be well away before that happens, though. It's too bad to victimize old Grant by doing him on those promissory notes, and this forgery, for he's a trifle shaky financially, and can ill afford a loss."

Steve had little sleep that night. He tumbled feverishly, restlessly on the cot, which folded into a mahogany side-board by day. Before sun-rise, he had taken a cold plunge, was dressed, and attempting to brace up on a series of decoctions, mixed with more than the usual quota of intoxicating ingredient.

Ethel shared with the rest of humanity, that universal dissatisfaction with the present—that constant eagerness to exchange what we have within reach for the intangible delights of that evasive phantom—perfect content. Having matriculated, Ethel's next impulse was to graduate. When her father had broached the subject of a university course, Ethel had hailed the idea with a profuse show of joy. College lectures crowned with a degree had only recently been rendered accessible to women. The aggressive leaders of the movement, having in view the extension of equal privileges to the gentler sex, had conducted a vigorous crusade against what they were pleased to term "the unenlightened, conservative and archaic university system." When the doors at length were opened to women, the lady undergrads ran the gauntlet of hostile criticism, especially from their own sex, who were loudest in denunciation of any attempt of women to explore fields of knowledge. It was altogether too manly, they contended. Women should cling to the hearth, and give ologies a wide berth. Male students in tattered gowns stood in the vestibule with hands in pocket, and insolently leering at the girls, as they tripped to lecture. They were looked upon as intruders, trespassing within the jealously guarded confines of some venerated, exclusive domain. They were even given the sobriquet of "bold," and it was predicted that their

constant association with the corrupting influences of men would eventually lead them to part with those superlative charms of womanhood—delicacy, refinement and modesty.

The girl students proved that in mental endowment and accomplishment they could at the very least compete upon even terms with the sterner sex, and far from degenerating into the ways, and assimilating the coarser habits of the male students, their influence elevated the entire tone of university life, and was the deathblow to countless traditional customs, revered as importations from the hoary corridors of Oxford and Cambridge, and certainly better relegated to obscurity.

Ethel worked indefatigably during the first three years of her course, and it was, indeed, provoking to get ill just before exams. The idea of relinquishing all hopes of writing caused her keen disappointment. There was a way in which she might have obtained her "parchment," but she spurned the idea at the very first suggestion.

"Why not get a doctor's certificate, and present a petition to the senate. They will certainly grant you an 'aegrotat,' one of the final year ladies recommended."

"I could take little pleasure, and no pride in a degree given to me by means of a humble prayer, after the fashion of 'Please, sirs, I was sick and couldn't study.' No!" Ethel replied emphatically. "I must go up next year, or take up the supplemental in the fall. But there are no honors at the supplemental, and a plain pass course doesn't chime with my vaulting ambition."

The window of the morning room was open, top and bottom. At least, since Mrs. Grant's death, Ethel and her father took their morning repast in the cozy nook leading from the diningroom through a light portiere, and which did duty both as conservatory and library, with its revolving, well-stocked book-case and shelves of potted plants, fittings snugly into the arched window, having a southern aspect, and looking upon the trimly kept garden.

Ethel Grant stood, gazing at the expanse of lawn with its vivid green tints, her hands intertwined behind her neck, and her regular, deep-drawn respirations, showing keen appreciation of the fresh morning air, faintly redolent with a vague intermingling of the delicate exhalations of early blooms. Drawing herself to her full height, a shade above the average stature of her sex, and expanding her chest, she owned with a delightful thrill of returning exhilaration, that life was worth the living.

Ethel shifted her position from the window, and sank upon a low ottoman. Though convalescent, she was far from well. She glanced at the old-fashioned,

wooden, Swiss clock, and started up.

"Why, it's 9:30, and father isn't down yet. What can possibly be the matter with him," she exclaimed palpitantly.

(To be continued.)

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