

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

IN front of the hall of languages at Metcalfe College stood a group of upper-classmen, discussing the recent Easter examinations. These students were generally known as the "fast set," prominent in everything except class matters. At present, a young man of about twenty-three years occupied their attention with a rather fiery outburst against the faculty on account of its stern disapproval of hazing. By way of introduction, let us call this student Bob Stafford. The other members of the group need not be named, since we shall meet them but once.

With a springy step and a light heart, Frank Stevens was passing along the street to his chapter-house. Stevens was the most popular man in the college with both the professors and the student-body. A cheery "good morning, boys," greeted the group, and was as cheerily returned. As he passed out of ear-shot, a lad remarked, "I wish I were as sure of my degree as Stevens is." With a contemptuous sneer on his lips Stafford retorted quickly, "Why, that fellow hasn't a cent to his name. If it wasn't for my father, he would be down on the plantation overseeing blacks. That's where he ought to be, anyhow. This is no place for paupers." No one ventured a reply to this biting remark, for with all his faults, Stafford was by no means a coward physically. Soon the group dispersed, some going to their rooms, others to find amusement to while away the hours.

Stafford was the son of a wealthy

Southern planter, who had amassed an enormous fortune by his industry and thrift. Though denied the advantages of a good education himself, he had resolved to give to his only son what he had not himself. Accordingly, he sent Bob to the greatest institution of learning in the South. His son poorly repaid his father's love. Study was unknown to him, and it was only by the sheerest luck that he managed to pull through year after year until his final term.

Stevens also hailed from the old Dominion. His father and Stafford's had been most intimate acquaintances. But Frank's father was as improvident as Bob's was thrifty. Consequently, at his death nothing was left to his widow and son but a small estate and a few negro slaves. Mr. Stafford honorably offered to send Frank to the same college that his son attended. The offer was gladly accepted, and here we meet both young men on the eve, as it were, of their graduation.

A bond of love bound both on their entrance. But soon Bob formed many acquaintances of rather loose characters, and little by little the mild reprimands of Frank like so many files pierced the chain of friendship. The last link was soon broken, and they drifted farther and farther apart. From love Bob changed to hate as he watched Frank mount the ladder step by step. In class, in athletics Stevens was the man. Frank won by his perseverance and talents what Bob could not acquire with all his wealth.