

she warns him of her return to their halls, marble without and gold within—she calls him to her—Leander tears himself away from the lovely Helen—bids her an eternal adieu, and be sure to pre-pay her letters—the disconsolate damsel indites lines indicative of immortal passion to the beautiful Leander, and sends the precious epistle—pre-paid as the noble youth had recommended her.—But the Fates and Juno, angered, have appeared to Hero in a vision—the tender spouse awaits not the arrival of her lord, who, delayed on his way by much feasting and eating of meat and drinking of sweet wine, comes three days late—and boldly breaking the seal, wax-formed, of the epistle, reads the eternal-love protestations of the lamenting Helen.—Re-appearance of Leander, agonized reproaches—exchange of winged words—‘tarnal shine’ in Yankee tongue, and consequent train of misery and sorrow.”

“George, how do you know it? That is just the story Leslie told me. Only he said nothing about the train of misery and sorrow.”

“Knew better. Might suppose it, but Leander and Hero kept that portion dark. Hero subsequently made Leander very wretched, in spite of the noble youth’s real repentance. Drove him to very bad courses, and almost gave him an out-fit for the sorrowful regions of Hades.”

“Werr you acquainted with them.”

“Intimate with both. Hero was my wife.”

“Eh!”

“Yes. And if you are quite done, let us have a cab and go to see ‘School;’ I want to know what Love is.”

CHAPTER II.

The theatre was very crowded that night. The comedy “drew” well, and the two friends congratulated each other on their mutual foresight in securing seats. They went in quietly—the famous examination scene was on—and sat down as they listed: Welman in