

Katharine Morgan, Student.

MABEL N. THURSTON, IN FORWARD.

It was the recitation in Virgil, and a slender gray-eyed girl had just taken her seat. The visitor turned with a quick glance of appreciation to the teacher.

"That was an unusual translation," he said. "It was not only smooth and accurate, it was sympathetic as well—a quality that one hardly expects to find in a schoolroom. Who is the young lady?"

"Her name is Katharine Morgan," the teacher replied. "She and her Cousin Alice are the finest students we have; they come of a family of scholars."

The scholar upon the platform nodded. "I thought so," he said. "The first generation rarely does such finished work as that. I shall watch for the name a few years from now."

His glance traveled back to the girl's face. Low as his words had been, it was plain that she had overheard; he knew it from the quick rush of sensitive color, and the light in her eyes. But when the class was dismissed, the girl passed the desk quietly, without a glance in his direction. He smiled a little as he watched her. "She is genuine," he said to himself; "it will not hurt her to know."

Out in the cloakroom the girl was hurriedly putting on her wraps. One and another called to her, but she escaped from the detaining groups as quickly as she could. When she was out on the wide village street she drew a deep breath of relief; she had so longed to be alone with the joy of it. So often she had heard her father quote Professor Stafford; and to think that Professor Stafford had praised her work, and said that he would watch for her name!

Her eyes grew dreamy—commencement first, with one of the honors; then college, and how she would work to win something there! something to prepare her for—what? She did not trouble herself with decisions—a dozen radiant possibilities hovered on the edge of her thought. But something worthy of Professor Stafford's word, worthy of the line of scholarly men and cultured women to which she belonged, she would give to the world.

Once she was roused from her dreaming; it was when the old family physician drove so close to her that she started, involuntarily. She laughed when she saw who it was, and lifted her bookstrap triumphantly. "Only one lone, solitary volume," she declared, "and a little one at that. You can't wither me with one of your awful glances this time. I refuse to be withered, sir!"

The old doctor looked after her affectionately. He had known Katharine Morgan all her life; but as he drove on, the smile changed to a troubled frown. "I'm afraid she'll take it hard," he said to himself.

Katharine, hurrying on, had already forgotten the doctor; but suddenly the fine exaltation seemed to drop out of her spirit, and her hurrying steps began to lag wearily.

"It's because it's so warm this fall," she said to herself impatiently. "I wish it would grow cooler; I do so hate to drag round this way!" She crept listlessly up the steps. She had meant to go to her father's study and tell him the first thing. Father would be so proud over it! But she thought that she would rest a few minutes, first; so she climbed slowly to her room and dropped down on the couch.

Two hours later she awoke. For a puzzled moment she lay wondering; then things began to come back to her. Her mother had been in, she knew; no one else would have folded the afghan about her just so. How long she had slept! Never mind—she was rested now—she had dreaded puzzling over those geometry originals, but she was sure that she could work them easily after a sleep like that.

She put on her pretty home dress, and then ran down to her father's study. He answered her knock, himself.

"Well, little truant!" he said.

"I know it," Katharine answered. "Isn't it a shame? And when I had something very specially particular that I couldn't wait to tell you, too! And I just walked up to my room and tumbled down into a great big sleep! I'm dreadfully ashamed of myself, but I have to confess it."

She was in her favorite place now, perched on the arm of her father's easy-chair. She put her fingers lightly over her eyes as she went on.

"Don't look at me—I can't tell it if you do. It—it isn't easy to tell anyway, because it sounds conceited. Only it isn't!"

Her father tried to say something, but the light imperative fingers sealed his lips, and the girlish voice ran on rapidly.

"Professor Stafford was visiting school today, and came into our Virgil class. I was called on to recite, and afterwards I heard him say something about it to Miss Brooks, and he said that he would expect to hear from me some day. O father, do you know how glad I was? I so long to make something of myself. I'd work

and work and work, if only I could! Father dear, please say that it isn't conceited of me to care!"

Her father smiled a little. "I don't think I am likely to misunderstand, little daughter," he said, quietly. "It was a good word; one never need be ashamed of gladness over a well-earned commendation."

Katharine, perched above him, dropped a quick kiss on his forehead. They had been comrades, always, these two.

"And the rest, father dear?" she asked. "There's something else you want to say—I feel it in your voice."

Her father did not answer at once; indeed, the silence lengthened so that Katharine began to wonder. When he did speak he pulled her down so that he could study her.

"Katharine, why are you so anxious to make something of yourself?"

"Why, for you and mother, and because I think everybody ought to," the girl answered, promptly. Then she laughed a little, and the color crept into her face. "And I suppose because—this is confession, father—because I am proud of my ancestors and I want to be worthy of them. There, now—that's the worst! Are you shocked?"

But to her surprise her father did not smile or answer. He looked into her eyes with a gravity that almost frightened her.

"What do you mean by making something of yourself?" His question followed as if she had not answered.

"I mean,"—the girl replied, slowly,— "it isn't easy to put into words; but I mean being a lady, a real, beautiful lady, like mother, and grandmother, and Aunt Alice; and, besides, studying till I know something a little—not the outside of it, but down into the heart of it. Father, I don't understand—you look so queer! Isn't it right to wish it?"

"It is right to do more than wish, it is right to will to make the best of ourself, and all of ourself, that God wants us to; and that is enough to overbrim the deepest measure of our ambition. The trouble comes when we are not willing to study God's lessons, but want to choose our own."

"Yes, sir," Katharine replied, wonderingly. Her father was looking at her so strangely, almost pityingly, it seemed to her. She could not understand it. Her hands moved restlessly; they were thin, nervous little hands; her father closed his strong ones about them.

"Katharine, do you remember our talk the other day about the years of preparation needed for all great work?"

"Yes," the girl answered.

"Would you be willing to work and wait and suffer years if necessary?"

"I believe that I would," she answered, steadily. Her breath came quickly; what was this strange, hard work that was coming to her?

"In all the world, little daughter, there is no such high and holy work as the making of a human life. The finest universities in the country cannot teach it; only God can do it, and God has his own way. Are you strong enough for that, dear? strong enough to enter God's university?"

"I—don't—know," the girl faltered. "Tell me, father. I don't understand. Tell me, quick!"

Then her father told her.

"Dear Doctor Barrows has been watching you closely the past year. He told us today that it would be absolutely necessary, unless you were to ruin your health for years, for you to drop your studies at once, and not touch them for a year at least—it might even be longer."

For a moment Katharine sat motionless; uncomprehending; then a look grew in her eyes that made her father's heart ache for her.

"I—I guess I'd better go—for a little while," she said, dully. At the door of the study she stopped a moment and looked back.

"Tell mother that I sha'n't want any dinner tonight. I'll come later; and—thank you for trusting me, father." Then she closed the door gently and ran up to her room.

It was dark, and she was glad. She buried her face in the pillow and sobbed out her pain and disappointment. To drop out of school at seventeen—it seemed like dropping out of life. Even if she could go back another year it would be with a lower class, not her own friends. They would be younger than she, most of them, and only that afternoon she had been the acknowledged leader of her class! There was Alice, too; Alice would go on and have good times and take everything. Oh, it wasn't fair! Why couldn't it have come to someone who wouldn't have minded? Plenty of girls wouldn't; they would even have been glad. And she had been meaning to work so hard. Why, she would have given up everything for study!

For a long time she lay there while the darkness wrapped her closer. Then gradually, from sheer exhaustion, the struggle grew weaker, and, with the quiet, new thoughts came. Were books, printed books, all of life? Was there not, outside and beyond them, all mankind, and nature, and God? Was it because she was in danger

of shutting herself into a tiny world, after all, that God had taken this dear thing out of her clinging hands? Perhaps, by and by, when she could be trusted to use it wisely, he would give it back again; and until then?—until then she would try to grow worthy.

She pushed away the pillows and went and bathed her swollen eyes. Then with a little half smile she lighted the gas, opened her desk and took out her journal. There were no long entries in it, only notes to call back happy hours, and dates of a few special times in the glad, girlish life that had been hers. She hesitated a moment and then wrote a single line:

"Entered God's university, November tenth, 1890."

She closed the book and put it back in its place, but still she sat thinking. There were lessons; oh, yes, many, she began to understand dimly. Would not the great Teacher make them clear as she went on? There was all outdoors to study; always she had wished that she had time, and the time was given her. There would be beautiful household lessons with mother—"Economics," she said, whimsically. But there were others, too—gentleness, and unselfishness, and courtesy. She had seen so little of mother in the rush of school duties and pleasures; she realized it now. It should be mother's year, she promised herself. And father? "Ethics," she decided, quickly. Who but father could help her to decide the vexing questions and it walk bravely and cheerily through dim, difficult ways?

"I think," she said, gravely, "I think, Katharine Morgan, you will find all the lessons you want this next year. See that you take them without complaining when they're hard. That's your part!"

So Katharine's new studies began, the hours out of doors with sun and wind; the talks with mother and later with father; the long, still resting times in her own room each day. They were hard at first. She was glad that she had not known how difficult they would be; and hardest of all was the keeping in with her old circle of friends and hearing constantly their eager talk of the senior doings. Katharine making dainty commencement gifts for her friends, said to herself over and over that she would try to sympathize with the girls in it all; but one thing she could not do, and that was, go to the commencement. It was too much; no one had any right to ask it.

Then one day her mother called her in as she was passing her door. The table in her mother's room was covered with a white heap of organdy and lace. Katharine looked at it in bewilderment.

"It is just like what Alice is going to wear dear," her mother said, tenderly. "Did you think that I was going to have you left out?" And after that, of course, there was no question about her going.

And after all when she looked in the glass commencement night, she could not help a little thrill of girlish pride. The dress was so pretty, and the roses mother had put in her hands the last thing were so fragrant and beautiful and "remindful."

"I will have a good time," the girl said resolutely. "I would not have mother disappointed for anything in the wide world." She turned from the mirror, then she gave a little exclamation of delight. On the table was a set of Burroughs, and with the books a line in her father's writing:

"To my little daughter, in recognition of her faithful study of the lessons God set for her. June thirteenth, 1891."

The girl's eyes dimmed as she read it. "Oh, they have been so dear to me!" she cried to herself. "How could I be ungrateful and blue! I'll be just the very happiest girl there tonight!"

She kept her resolution bravely. If once or twice during the exercises she felt a queer lump in her throat, she touched her roses softly and smiled up at her mother. She did not falter even when Professor Stafford, who had been invited to make a few remarks to the class, spoke of the value of study, and when Alice, pretty and radiant, gave her graceful valedictory, the one that she was to have given. And after that it seemed a pity that so small a thing should spoil her victory. It was at the class reception at the close of the exercises, and someone was congratulating Alice. Katharine, passing, heard the next question and answer.

"But where is your cousin? Wasn't she in your class?"

"Yes, she was," Alice's light voice replied, "but she dropped out in the fall. They said she wasn't strong and must rest for a while, but I guess, after all, she rather enjoyed having nothing to do. She wasn't too sick for good times, you know. You'll find her here somewhere. She doesn't look like an invalid."

Katharine slipped by and into a sheltered corner. There was a window there opening out into the soft June night. Katharine, pressing her hands tightly together, looked with hard, unseeing eyes into the shadows. It did seem as if she might have been spared that. It was cruel of Alice. Alice, for all she learned so quickly and gracefully, had never cared half so much for study as she

did. She—a voice—turn quickly, the Stafford stood the

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She was so glad Jack never told "Good men never

ion S. Boyd.

A genuine reviv —T. L. Cuyler.