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THE NEW PROFESSOR.

I rang for Betsy to bring my tea up stairs, and hunted for the sal volatile to compose my nerves. The new professor had arrived to deliver his first lecture to the pupils of the Heliotrope Female academy. As the "accomplished principal," so the newspapers express it, of this great institution, I considered it my duty to have a professor of science added to my corps of teachers. It sounded well, in speaking, to say "Professor West, of Heliotrope academy." I must say it was the aim of my life to have everything appear much better than it really was. At a teachers' meeting we had discussed the matter. "I shall stipulate for an unmarried man," I informed the ladies. "Middle aged, learned and companionable for intellectual women like ourselves." The teachers all agreed with me, but Col. Sands, my wealthy patron, demurred at the proposed advance. He came in just as our meeting adjourned. Being a widower, and as Edith had taken her history lesson into the study to learn, I begged him to sit down and tell us how he managed his dear motherless children.

"I don't manage them-blessed if I do. I've turned them over to you ladies to manage. Keep that rascal Dick Granger away from my Edith. That's all I ask. Bless my heart, what can I do with a parcel of girls on my hands?"

I had numberless answers to my advertisement for a professor, but I tossed them all aside and engaged Professor West. The moment my eyes rested upon him I felt intuitively that the very person I desired had presented himself. So handsome, so very handsome, in spite of immense green goggles; so gentle and refined and so good, so innocently good-I engaged him at once on the easiest terms. Indeed, Professor West declared himself so appreciative of the great advantage of enjoying our society that he almost forgot the question of salary. He was quite indifferent to money. I found him willing to come for a mere pittance, which went far to bias me in his favor, as it always does seem hard to pay out so much money to teachers. The flutter of nerves mentioned above was occasioned by the arrival of the professor. He was actually in the house. All the teachers were struck by his ingenuous manner and his straightforward, beautiful candor.

"He says he never met a more charming set of ladies," observed Miss Brown, the English teacher. "He says the girls are not to his taste at all; he despises such young thin 3; he says my eyes are lovely."

"la foi! Your eyes indeed!" ejaculated Mam'selle Alice, the French teacher. "He vows my retrousse nose is piquante, charmante-ah, monsieur is one grand gentleman,"

"I don't believe in flattery," interjected Miss Turner. "Nobody insults me by compliments. The professor thought I was one of the girls; indeed I never saw a man so amazed as when I told him I was a teacher." Miss Turner looked every day of her 45 years.

"He is very near sighted," I reminded her. "Not at all," insisted Miss Turner. "He only wears glasses to shade his eyes, and he always says just what he thinks.

Putting on my glasses I drew out a note. It was from the professor. I was determined to read it merely as a check in their vanity and conceit. "Let me see," I began, quite as if the idea had that moment occurred to me. "He says in this note: 'I am coming early to have a better opportunity of knowing a lady whom I have long admired for her talents and erudition." Without the smallest notice of a decidedly envious laugh I folded the note and went to my room, to read up on the miocene period. The professor was to lecture on the miocene period. After taking my seat and leaving my glasses on the table-they always made me look ten years older-I went down to see Professor West. To my amazement there sat Mam'selle Felicie in her best black silk, with crimson trimmings, talking in her excitable foreign way. There on the other side was Miss Brown in her best plaid, smiling in bland amiability. Miss Turner in her Sunday cashmere ogled him in front. To do the professor justice, he seemed restless and in evident expectation of some one else. As he turned at once to me I felt certain that I was the person for whom my handseme young professor waited. We discussed extinct pachyderms of the miocene period. I made some strong points, to which he yielded without argument. Miss Turner whispered quite audibly that the professor had not a chance to put in a word.

When we were passing into the lecture room I observed that he looked at Edith Sands, who contrived to be in our way, and that she laughed rather pertly. Before I could speak to her the professor said in a low tone: "What a grand figure you have, my

dear lady-queenly, positively queenly." I heard that silly Edith titter so rudely that common decorum induced me to send her to a back seat. She is considered beautiful by some people, but to my thinking her face is weak; besides, she has a round, chubby figure. I had it from the professor himself that he admired a queenly figure. The lecture was rather obscure, of course. I saw that the professor was very deep, but I am not sure the girls appreciated their privilege. Edith Sands turned very red and almost choked with laughter. If it had been any one else than Professor West I might have imagined that he became a trifle mixed and confusing on the miocene strata, but then he was certainly a handsome man. By the merest accident I happened in the hall when the professor was putting on his overcoat, and found the teachers around him in an admiring circle. I must say that my acumen and knowledge of human nature never evinced itself so distinctly as when I engaged Professor West. He turned at once to me and spoke in the most complimentary manner of my observations of the tertiary epoch. "Nothing ever interested me so much. We must talk it over thoroughly; it is most absorbing," he declared; "besides, we don't often have the advantage of such an intellect as yours to elucidate abstruse matters." Which proved how very much interested he was in this subject.

Edith Sands came in from the library for a book just as the professor closed the door behind him. I noticed that she wore a button hole bouquet with a Jacqueminot rose and smilax, which I am positive the professor wore while delivering his lecture. The artful minx must have picked it up somewhere.

"How did you come by those flowers, Miss Edith!" I demanded severely. The girl turned very red. "Somebody gave them to me," she said in insolent defiance.

"You wicked girl," broke in Miss Turner, "do you remember Ananias and Sapphira? Those are the professor's flowers. You pert, vain creature to suppose he would give them to a chit like you-it is shameful."

Edith reddened more and more, but I could see that she was tittering and laughing to herself while I sent her to bed. "I will speak to Edith to-morrow. She can't trifle with me. I do believe I can see through a mill-

stone. No one can blind me," I said in a tone of deep meaning.

"Some one ought to give the professor a hint of Edith's duplicity," suggested Miss

"Perhaps it would be just as well to give him a hint of her shocking behavior toward that dissolute wretch, Dick Granger," supplemented Miss Turner.

"I shall certainly do so," I returned in emphatic approval. "Professor West must be warned, he is such a good man-such an innocent, unsuspecting disposition-we must take care of him. I do flatter myself I am a judge of men-yes, he must be told about Edith Sands."

The teachers agreed with me perfectly; indeed, I could not recollect when we were all so unanimous upon any subject. I thought over all I had to say to the professor, until I had arranged quite a happy and effective way of putting it. Plainly it was my duty to secure the professor against the arts and wiles of this weak, pretty face-a girl without the faintest claim to a queenly figure.

Professor West arrived much earlier than we expected. However the moment I heard of it I saw my opportunity to give him a precautionary hint about Edith's indecorous, artful ways. The parlor door was partly open, and the professor's voice audible from within. I had the curiosity to stop outside and listen. My position demands watchful-

"Don't be alarmed," he was saying; "my luck never wavers. That old dragon is no match for me." "But I'm dying with fright all the time,

How can you do it?" The voice was no other than Edith's. She broke off into a laugh, but turned first red, then pale, when I walked in, holding myself very erect and assuming my most commanding aspect. It evidently impressed the professor, for he put on his immense green glasses and at once began to talk to me of the fossils of the tertiary epoch. I made my points about extinct pachyderms while I had a chance. They were telling and powerful, and, I must say, delivered in an eloquent and scientific style. I had been awake until two in the morning reading up on the subject. Professor V est turned his head on one

side, then the other, and looked meditative. "I am lost in admiration; it is your figure -the form of Juno-superb! inspiring!" he suddenly declared, with that delightful, ingenuous candor which I discovered from the very first as a beautiful trait of his disposi-

"Don't flatter me, you dear, naughty man," exclaimed, as I shook my finger at him. "Flattery!" he retorted; "I am an unsophisticated fellow, always letting some truth slip out and giving offense. Ah me, I know

you are furious." Poor fellow! He was so grieved and somehow seemed so fearful of making me angry, when, on the contrary, I was pleased, that I

remembered Edith. "Don't apologize; the truth will slip out," I said very kindly. He did look so wonderfully handsome, even with those hideous green glasses on. "We quite understand each other, and I may say are so congenial that we are sometimes imposed upon. I feel it my painful duty to warn you-yes, really warn you-against a pert, forward, insolent girl, as shallow and vain as a peacock."

The professer came a step nearer. "I think I know who you mean," he whispered. I fairly lost my temper-not with the professor, not at all; he was so good looking-but with that abandoned girl trying to attract his attention. It was scandalous, "She is an unprincipled, designing creat-

ure," I went on. "And so desperately homely," he added. "I knew you would think so," was my triumphant reply; "but, would you believe it, some people call Edith Sands pretty?"

I noticed that his face flushed suddenly. "Edith Sands? Where have I heard that name?" he questioned, thoughtfully. "Oh, I have it-the little girl just now I scarcely noticed; very ordinary, is she not?" "Fearfully so," I assured him. "She has been badly compromised by a shocking affair with a dissolute scoundrel, Dick Granger. I watch her very closely. The miserable knave can't triffe with me. I beg you to remember that this is a mark of my confidence purely confidential. I mean to outwit that rascal Granger, and of course I can't allow you to be taken in. Come to me if Edith speaks, or even looks, at you, my dear professor. Be assured that I will protect you."

The teachers interrupted me by coming in at that moment, but the professor pressed my hand gratefully and thanked me in the sweetest way as we went out to the lecture room. It quite startled and kept me awake long after my hour for retiring, and then, late as it was, I caught a glimpse, through the window, of Professor West moving through the shrubbery, in the moonlight, gazing up at the windows, perhaps at mine. The professor is so unsophisticated, so innorent and so good, so very good.

I believe I mentioned above how perturbed and broken my rest was on that eventful night. Several nights have passed since, but as far as I can see there is no prospect of anything but wakeful nights for a long time. I slept rather late the morning after the night that man-that unprincipled, heartless, wicked man-delivered his last-shall I call

it lecture? Miss Brown met me in the study, a subdued excitement visible about her. Edith Sands must have gone home without leave; the servants had seen nothing of her; the girls professed equal ignorance. She had not been seen since retiring the night before. It was mysterious. In my position mystery was not to be borne. I sent a messenger to Edith's home. The messenger returned with the appalling news that Edith had not been at home. The mystery deepened. I had the garrets and cellars searched, the cistern dragged, the clothes presses examined, and even the great soap kettle raised to see if she could be underneath. To no purpose. Miss Brown rushed suddenly into the study and handed me a note. It explained ail: "DEAR MADAM-I have relieved you of

care of Edith Sands. We were married this morning. I don't charge you a cent for my two lectures. I'll even finish the course if you will post me on extinct pachyderms. "DICK WEST GRANGER."

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