Glad — was not there. But there was one there, whose expression of countenance was so much like "her" that 1 sat and gazed the live long time.

Whenever she sat down, I sat down opposite and fasted my eyes and when she danced oh! ye powers and what id resemblance to the fair-like figures of — I stood as one entranced. I spent this whole night thus. The name of the ball room belle was Miss Mary Davis of Warrenton, and well worthy was she to be the belle. But this is a tender subject, so we'll best drop it.

Almost every student has left the Hill, and "A quiet now reigns all around." It seems more like the "deserted village" of Wildsmith memory, than a living, breathing, inhabited town. The very villagers themselves look lonely and sad. The dogs even slink around the corners and howl for their masters, who have cruelly left them here to be killed with "cumi."

I cannot help contrasting this place with a nice, sweet little place away down among the pine clad regions of Old Edgecombe. Just to think what dreameries and sidetide reign here, and what joyful liveliness reigns there. There the very trees seem to sing and be glad as they bend their lofty heads to the passing breeze — there a glad feeling seems to pervade the very forest.

There is one bright spot in Edgecombe's sunny forest, around which memory loves to dwell.