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make frequent visits to Accomac  
and will be glad to have the patron-  
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Bricklayer & Plasterer,  
Offers his services to the public by  
the Day or Contract. Will furnish  
all material when desired. He has had  
several years experience as a practical  
workman and will guarantee satisfaction.

C. H. Bagwell,  
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Will attend to surveying and di-  
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Northampton counties.

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in all its branches done at their  
place of business promptly, cheap-  
ly and in a workmanlike manner.

Horse Spicing a specialty.  
Our numerous patrons in every  
part of the Eastern Shore are given  
reference as to our proficiency  
in this class of work.

Fowler, Foote & Co.  
Manufacturers of

FISH GUANO

CEDAR ISLAND,  
ACCOMAC COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

Wish to call the attention of the farm-  
ers of Accomac and Northampton  
counties to their different grades of

Pure Fish Guano,  
all of which they are prepared to supply  
those wishing a first-class fertilizer.

They have established a depository at  
Custis' Wharf, Powelton, where farm-  
ers may purchase in quantities to suit.  
Prices until further notice, as follows

Dry, one insertion, \$25 00  
Two-thirds dry 20 00  
Green, 13 00

For further particulars, call on or ad-  
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E. B. FINNEY, Agent,  
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THE Improved White  
Sewing Machine

STANDS AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS  
In Quality and Simplicity.

It has no Rival. Others blow and try  
to put it down, but  
IT STANDS BOLD AT THE FRONT.

Having sold over 400 in 1881, 1882 and  
1883, shows that it

People of Accomac Appreciate Its Merits.

I can sell you other machines for less  
price. Singer pattern, drop leaf and two  
drawers, for \$25 00; Wilson, Domestic,  
Howe and any other pattern. Will sell  
the Royal St. John, drop leaf and six (6)  
drawers, for \$36 00, but I cannot put  
these inferior machines, as to the  
price. Having sold machines for nearly  
fourteen years, gives me a chance to  
know something of the tricks which  
others practice on those who are not  
posted in machinery. If

THE WHITE  
Sewing Machine

YOU WANT A GOOD SEWING MACHINE  
that can be bought  
but none so good as

Also, a large stock of FURNITURE,  
MATTRESSES, &c., on hand. Repairing  
of Furniture, Pictures Framed, or  
anything else in our line promptly at-  
tended to. COFFINS, CASKETS and  
TRIMMINGS for sale.

Respectfully,  
R. H. PENNEWELL,  
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CARPETS  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

It gives us pleasure to announce  
that we have completed arrange-  
ments direct with a Large Carpet  
Manufacturer in New York, by  
which we can show a very large  
assortment of Carpets selected with  
the greatest care from a Stock of  
Several

HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,  
Thereby saving our customers  
the wholesale dealers or job-  
bers intermediate profits. It in-  
cludes the most beautiful de-  
signs of Velvets, Brussels and  
Ingrains, as well as all the less  
expensive grades of Carpets.

We show you this immense stock  
through a new and very practi-  
cal invention, called Croft &  
Peterson's

"PATENTED CARPET EXHIBITOR"  
So constructed that we can ex-  
hibit a very large number of sam-  
ples within 5 minutes, and show a  
continuous floor covered from each  
sample of half a yard.

As we are relieved from any loss  
by remnants or depreciation in val-  
ue of stock by old unsalable pat-  
terns and do not require any extra  
floor room or investment of capital,  
we can afford to send for and sell  
you Carpets

AT LOWER PRICES  
than the same qualities are even  
sold for in New York or elsewhere.

We can always show you the  
newest designs as soon as they ap-  
pear.

"Carpets cut to fit the room, also  
made up if desired."

Very respectfully yours,  
O. J. LUCAS,  
Dealer in General Merchandise,  
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Fruit and Trucking lands, improved  
and unimproved, of 60, 120, 225, 340 and  
600 acres, eligible located on the line of  
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Also, four sea-side farms with oysters,  
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passed on easy terms.

And town lots for business men at the  
new stations on the railroad constantly  
on hand at reasonable rates. Send for  
circular.

BROWNE'S  
SUPERIOR  
Cedar Island Guano.

The cheapest fertilizer on the  
market according to results ascer-  
tained by the farmer and chemist.

ANALYSIS.

DR. W. J. GASCOYNE, Chemist.

Moisture det. at 100c..... 10.25  
Soluble Phosphoric Acid..... 6.46  
Reverted Phosphoric Acid..... 6.46  
Available Phosphoric Acid..... 8.63  
Insoluble Phosphoric Acid..... 2.45  
Nitrogen..... 4.82  
AMMONIA..... 5.85  
Potash..... 3.05

CEDAR ISLAND GUANO is a  
complete manure, containing all the  
elements of good plant food, and in  
proper proportions, to sustain vege-  
tation through the entire period  
of its growth, and brings crops to  
their full maturity. It has been  
found especially good on peas, po-  
tatoes and onions, and has given  
equal satisfaction on corn and grass.  
It is fully up to the standard of  
Virginia. It is now ready for de-  
livery.

ORRIS A. BROWNE,  
Accomac C. H., Va.

CAPT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir—  
I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island  
Guano" last year on Corn and can say  
that it doubled my crop in corn and fod-  
der, and my neighbors and all others  
who passed the field can testify to it.  
It was on very poor land. I think it  
paid me well—would like to use two or  
three tons this year. Very Truly Yours,  
George S. Mapp,  
Boltown, January, 26, 1885.

I used Cedar Island Guano on Sweet  
Potatoes, and I am perfectly well sat-  
isfied with the result. I also used it on  
Onions and other vegetables with the  
best result.  
W. J. Fosque,  
Sturgis P. O.

Mr. BROWNE—I tried your Cedar Is-  
land Guano last Spring on Sweet Potatoes,  
alongside of other fertilizers, and  
found it to be the best I ever used.  
In fact, I had not used it  
at all, my potatoes would not have  
done so well. I tried it again next  
season.  
H. C. Johnson,  
Willis' Wharf, January, 29, 1885.

I used your Cedar Island Guano on Sweet  
and Irish Potatoes and Corn. On the  
Irish it was fully equal to Peruvian  
Guano, and better than any other fertil-  
izer. On the Sweet Potatoes and Corn it  
was equal to any fertilizer I have ever  
used. If I had used it more extensively  
I am confident it would have  
done my crop. Will try it again next  
season.  
H. C. Johnson,  
Willis' Wharf, January, 29, 1885.

I used Cedar Island Guano on Irish  
Potatoes, next to Peruvian guano, there  
was no difference in the yield of either.  
I am of the opinion that with time  
Cedar Island will yield more. I also put  
it on Sweet Potatoes, and the result  
was satisfactory, its yield was one-  
third more than where I put no guano.  
Drummondtown,  
Wm. W. Coxton.

I used Cedar Island Guano on Peas  
by the side of Peruvian Guano, your  
guano excelled the Peruvian by far, and  
on Irish Potatoes my experience is they  
grow longer and yield more; I mean by  
growing longer, that the vines do not  
give up so early and outyield the Peru-  
vian. I also applied it to corn, only about  
a handful to every three or four hills  
with very good results. A. T. James,  
Louisville, December, 19, 1884.

I used your guano last year side Peru-  
vian guano and other commercial man-  
ures, on Irish and Sweet Potatoes, the  
Cedar Island was equal to any. I prefer  
it for the quality is up to any, and it  
costs less money.  
W. R. Bunting,  
Folly Creek, near Drummondtown,  
January, 9, 1885.

I used one-half ton of Cedar Island  
Guano on Irish Potatoes side by side  
with Peruvian Guano that cost \$50 per  
ton of 5,000 pounds and other com-  
mercial fertilizers, that on which Cedar  
Island was used was better than Peru-  
vian, and there was no comparison with  
other fertilizers. Of course, the long  
drought and bugs prevented a full crop  
from maturing.  
E. C. Parkes,  
Matokin, P. O.

I used Cedar Island Guano on Irish  
Potatoes with Peruvian Guano, and I  
believe it to be equal to the Peruvian,  
I also used it on Sweet; and the result  
was excellent. I am going to use it again.  
E. M. Savage,  
Belts Neck, October, 9, 1884

I used Cedar Island Guano on Sweet  
and Irish Potatoes with other fertil-  
izers, and on Sweet I had better results  
than any other, and fully as good on  
Irish. I am going to use it again next  
year.  
E. W. Kelham,  
Sturgis, October, 9, 1884.

I used the Cedar Island Guano on Irish  
Potatoes notwithstanding the drought I  
realized at rate of 40 bars is from one  
barrel of seed by the use of 600 pounds  
of guano per barrel of seed. I think it  
the cheapest and best fertilizer in the  
market. I shall continue to use it in the  
future.  
Edwin T. Parks,  
Leemont, Va., October, 23, 1884.

I used your Guano last spring on Irish  
potatoes side by side with Peruvian  
Guano and yours excelled it by one third  
and was green while the others dried al-  
most out, from the long drought.  
Mostestown,  
G. J. Northam.

I used your guano last year by the  
side of Peruvian guano, the season was  
bad, the Peruvian started first but the  
Cedar Island was fully equal in yield;  
and from my observation would have sur-  
passed it had it been seasonable.  
W. T. Duncan,  
Matokin, P. O.

I used Cedar Island Guano on Sweet  
potatoes, at the rate of 200 pounds per  
acre, and believe it to be fully up to  
anything I have used. Will use it again.  
Sturgis P. O.  
J. C. Fosque,

I used Cedar Island Guano on Sweet  
by the side of other fertilizers, and  
found it equal to any.  
F. S. Smith,  
Willowdale, October, 9, 1884.

THE BLOOD UPON THE BRANCH.  
The bloom upon the branch must die  
Before the tree can bear,  
It is the truth that wakes the sleep,  
And hope that brings despair.

The sun that paints the flower to-day  
Will fade the flower to-morrow,  
The longest joys will pass away  
And end at last in sorrow.

It is that thought informs the mind  
That souls are filled with fear,  
It is that nature is unkind  
That starts the bitter tear.

The passing air by which we live  
Still bears our breath away,  
The hand which unto life doth give  
Prepares the bed of clay.

The brighter beams the steadily light,  
The darker falls the shade;  
The colors most divinely bright  
Are still the first to fade.

It is because the first must part  
That farewell words are spoken;  
It is the love that fills the heart  
By which the heart is broken.

—Robert Burns Wilson.

THE PROFESSOR.

"Miss O'Brien will read the next  
stanza," said Professor Ingram, in  
cold, dignified tones, as he looked  
up from the battle-scarred copy of  
Horace that lay on the desk, and  
fastened his dark eyes on Elise.

"Excuse me, professor, but I know  
the translation I made of that pas-  
sage is not correct, and I would  
rather not read it. Although I  
tried very hard I have not been able  
to get at the poet's exact  
meaning."

"I did not ask you to express  
your opinion of the translation,"  
said Miss O'Brien, "but you  
had made, Miss O'Brien, but re-  
quested you to read it!" and the  
shadows grew darker on his face.

"Really, professor, I cannot read  
it," persisted the fair girl.

"Well, try!"

Elise recognized the accents of  
command in what he said, and it  
never occurred to her to disobey  
him or resist further. No one who  
had ever been in his class would  
have parleyed with him when he  
looked and spoke in that way. So  
she snatched up her book and hap-  
tily read the verse he had called  
her to translate.

Her effort was greeted with a  
titter of laughter all around the  
class. It was not often that the  
members of Professor Ingram's  
class sat aside the dignity becom-  
ing the situation when they were  
in his recitation room, but this was  
more than they were prepared for.  
Even the professor could not re-  
strain the smile that crept over his  
dark, handsome face as he heard  
Latin language. Elise feigned to  
laugh a little, too.

"I suppose, sir," she said, looking  
up at him defiantly, "the next time  
I tell you I cannot translate a cer-  
tain passage you will believe me?"

He made no reply, but fastened  
his eyes on her with a keener scruti-  
ny. He was wondering how the  
girl who was so freely praised by  
other teachers as being the star of  
their classes, who he had heard,  
was the sharpest mathematician in  
the school and excelled in the lit-  
erature of other languages, could  
be so slow to comprehend Latin.

Elise was glad when he passed  
the verse to another girl, for she  
was growing uneasy under his  
searching gaze.

A short time afterward she was  
on her way to her music room to  
practice, and chanced to meet Mat-  
tie Hatton, her first favorite, in  
the hall. Mattie commenced laugh-  
ing, and exclaimed:

"Well, Elise, that was a heavenly  
translation you treated us to this  
morning! No doubt it made old  
Horace turn over in his grave to  
have his pet thought so fearfully  
distorted."

"I don't care if it did! Did I  
not tell Professor Ingram I could  
not read it? I know as well as you  
how ridiculous my translation  
sounded. I have known a long  
time there is no bright boy of my  
ever being a Latin scholar. Papa  
says it is because I did not have a  
competent teacher in the beginning.  
Anyway, I have such a distaste for  
it that I cannot make up my mind  
to learn it. I did not dislike it so  
before I commenced taking les-  
sons from Professor Ingram, but  
now it seems like I only go to that  
class to make a display of my ig-  
norance day after day. He gener-  
ally calls upon me to read the most  
difficult part of the lesson, and if  
he finds that I am especially ig-  
norant on any particular subject that  
is the very one about which he  
asks me most questions. You  
know I have no trouble in any  
other class, but it seems that when  
he fixes those hateful old dark eyes  
on me it sets my wits woolgathering.  
I believe I am afraid of him."

"Afraid of Professor Ingram?  
The idea of such a thing! It is  
true I would not dare disobey him,  
or thwart him in any way, but I  
never dreamed of being afraid of  
him. He is positive and stern, but  
never violent nor rude, and, truly,  
for justice and kindness all sea-  
sons are summer to him."

"Kindness!" cried Elise, her pret-  
ty blue eyes sparkling scornfully.  
"I wish he would indulge in a dis-  
tribution of it when I am near, if  
he keeps such a stock in store. I  
suppose, in my winter of discon-  
tent, I fail to appreciate professor's  
summer time disposition. I am  
sure I ever dread the hour when his  
class meets, and I would walk  
far out of my way to avoid meeting  
him on the lawn."

"Elise, you should not say that.  
For my part I think he is very pa-  
tient with you, and I know he has  
never treated you unkindly."

"No, he never chides me in words,  
but his eyes speak volumes of dis-

approval to me. He is so cold and  
dignified that I am always ill at  
ease in his presence. They say he  
goes much in society; I wonder if  
his manner out there is the same  
as here! If it is I should think  
there would always be a vacant  
space around him."

"Do not know; I never met him  
before I came here, but I have  
heard he cut quite a figure in Par-  
is, winter before last."

Here Mattie, remembering that  
the bell had rung for her next class,  
started on, telling Elise to come  
over to her room early that even-  
ing, that they could get through  
with their work in time to go out  
for a walk. Elise and Mattie were  
true friends, and they always  
studied their lessons together, and  
helping each other all they could,  
except in Latin. Elise would not  
help them in return for the assist-  
ance they would give her.

For a few days after this little  
episode, Elise, although she pre-  
tended not to mind her failure,  
worked at the despised study with  
more zeal.

But ere long she became dis-  
couraged again, and many a time  
would have begged the superin-  
tendent's permission to quit the  
class, but for one reason—she  
knew that unless she attained a  
proficiency in this branch, she  
could not take a full diploma that  
year, and, although the study of  
Latin was a great burden to her,  
she could not gain her own con-  
sent to lay it down at the cost of  
losing a diploma, "the consumma-  
tion devoutly to be desired" of ev-  
ery school girl's heart.

"I am afraid it is useless for me  
to try," she said to one of the girls,  
on her way to the professor's office  
the day of the senior Latin exami-  
nation, "but it seems too bad, after  
I have been so successful in all my  
other classes, to give up my hopes  
of a diploma and the scholarship  
medal without even making an ef-  
fort in this. If I had gotten the  
musical medal, I would not care so  
much, but I lost time dreaming over  
this old Latin, and could not pay  
proper attention to my music. I  
rarely ever had such horrid luck in  
all my life, and poor papa will be  
so greatly disappointed when he  
comes to the commencement!"

Here Elise's voice faltered, and a  
tear stole into her great blue eyes.

"I am glad you are going to try,  
dear," said the girl to whom she  
was speaking, "and I hope,  
sincerely, you will meet with more  
success than you expect."

"I wish, kind Franco-Irish girl,  
she was always merry and always  
kind. She worked hard all that  
day and remained in the office  
writing long after all the other  
girls had gone. The professor  
waited patiently for her, but never  
glanced to the desk where she sat.  
At last she laid down her pen, fold-  
ed her papers without reading  
them and, with a deep sigh, hand-  
ed them to the professor. It was  
seldom Elise, sighed, but she was  
very tired now, and had little hope  
of her labor availing anything. A  
little while afterward she passed  
by his door, and glancing in, saw  
that he was sitting in the same  
place intently reading her papers.

"I understand!" she said to her-  
self. "He is so much afraid my  
papers went a mark high enough  
to pass me that he cannot wait  
longer to look over them."

Perhaps Elise felt that she was  
unjust to the professor in her sur-  
mise, but she would have felt it  
more if she had only glanced up to  
meet the kind, sympathetic look in  
his eyes as she handed him her  
papers, not an hour before.

In a few days they all met again  
in his office to hear the fiat passed  
on the result of their labor. When  
he came to Elise's name he made a  
slight pause before he read it, and  
the mark he had put on her exami-  
nation—a pause to give her failure  
emphasis, Elise interpreted it. She  
was the only one who had failed!  
No need of emphasis to make her  
feel it! How was she to bear her  
great disappointment?

If Elise's good judgment had not  
made her know how deficient she was  
in a knowledge of this language,  
she would have believed the pro-  
fessor's dislike for her had influ-  
enced his decision, but she well  
knew it was just, and her heart  
sank deep under her failure. She  
did not raise her eyes from the  
floor, but sat there motionless, ex-  
pressionless, until the class was dis-  
missed, for the last time, with con-  
gratulations from the professor.

Then, without speaking to any one,  
she hastily turned to leave the  
room. She made her exit from his  
presence to day less joyfully than  
she had ever done, for, heretofore,  
however serious may have been her  
bearing when she entered his recita-  
tion room, her face was always  
the most radiant of the class as  
soon as she was dismissed.

She avoided speaking to anyone,  
and walking briskly to her music-  
room opened her portfolio and com-  
menced practicing. It was the hour  
for her to practice her vocal lesson,  
but she was too nearly crying to  
sing. At first her lovely eyes were  
so dim with tears she could scarcely  
see the notes, but ere long, with  
her unusual powers of self control,  
she had mastered her feelings suf-  
ficiently to sing. Turning over the  
lyric operas she was wont to prac-  
tice at this hour, she sought the old  
Irish melodies that she used to  
sing her father summer evenings  
when the shadows had gathered on  
the hills, and the din of the world  
was hushed and gave place to the  
music of her sweet, childlike voice.

It seemed a consolation to pour  
forth the sadness of her soul into  
those sweet old refrains that she  
had first heard as they fell in mu-  
sic from the lips of her mother,  
whose voice had long been hushed  
on earth. The last notes of "Kath-  
leen Mavourneen" had just been  
borne away by the summer breezes  
when Mattie, her favorite, gently  
opened the door and asked permis-  
sion to enter.

It was not long before Elise's  
tears had broken through the bar-  
riers of self control and were falling  
fast from eyes that, it seemed na-  
tural had fashioned for smiles.

"I know it is silly to cry about it,  
Mattie; but, oh, it is such a bitter  
disappointment! No diploma, no  
medal, no honor on commencement  
day after so many sessions of faith-  
ful labor. And I have looked for-  
ward to my commencement day as  
the happiest, fairest day of my life.  
I would not mind for only my own  
sake, but to think how disappoint-  
ed poor papa will be."

In vain Mattie tried to console  
her friend, telling her that was only  
the disappointment of a day, and  
"would never count in the news of a  
battle," as she had merely failed  
to attain the outward honors of  
her recompense, that she had gain-  
ed knowledge, taste and adorn-  
ments which were recognized by all  
the inmates of her Alma Mater,  
and would be appreciated by soci-  
ety in days to come.

But all the logic failed to bring  
back the smiles to Elise's face, for  
she could not help but deem it a  
cruel fate that her first great dis-  
appointment should cast its shad-  
ow over the day she had marked  
out to be the brightest of her life.

But after all when that much-  
talked-of day came Elise was not  
so sad as she feared she would be.  
How could she be sorrowful in such  
a scene surrounded by such a  
convoy of merry, white-robed crea-  
tures, with such a flood of golden  
sunlight pouring down upon them,  
balmy, perfumed laden breezes  
fresh from the gardens of June fan-  
gling their brows and strains of joy-  
ful music charming their senses,  
beats that had grown old in disap-  
pointments seem cast aside their  
saddness.

The night after the exercises  
were over and the audience dis-  
persed, Elise's father led her out on  
the moon-lit balcony to tell her  
how well pleased he was with her  
session's accomplishments; he told  
her how happy it made him to hear  
her voice and to see how skillfully  
she executed the most difficult in-  
strument pieces.

"But, dear papa, I have no di-  
ploma, no medal for you," she said  
deeply sighing.

"That does not in the least dis-  
please me, my little girl. As to  
medals, they only represent rela-  
tive excellence, and if you are not  
exactly satisfied with your literary  
attainments, and having your  
heart set on taking a diploma, you  
need not be disappointed, for to-  
day Professor Ingram spoke to me  
of your fluency in Latin examina-  
tion, and told me the cause of it—  
He said, as he accepted the invita-  
tion extended him, he would take  
pleasure in giving a few private  
lessons, and you might pursue your  
study in Latin and be able to  
take your diploma yet, with very  
little inconvenience to either party."

This revelation struck Elise al-  
most breathless.

"What invitation, papa?" she  
asked. "Is Professor Ingram going  
to visit you at Woodlawn this  
summer?"

"Yes, darling, I have often in-  
vited him to visit me at my summer  
home, that we might hunt and fish  
together and spend again a pleas-  
ant time in each other's company  
as in our old college days. I have  
always been fond of Ingram, and  
will be only the more rejoiced to  
have him with me if his visit is the  
means of making my loved one  
more happy."

It made Elise's heart sink, the  
prospect of the summer before her,  
when she had expected to be as joy-  
ous and free as a lark, to be restrain-  
ed all the bright, beautiful time by  
the grave, dignified professor's pres-  
ence. How much more happy she  
would be to pursue her studies free  
and alone!

But she