

ripen, were busily engaged in shrinking up to nothingness. Miss Imogene Jones noticed this tendency on the part of her favorite vegetable and hastened to the garden to gather hers while green, deciding that to have them in pickle was better than not having them at all. Imogene was an excellent housekeeper and it was rather hard on her nerves to think of those fine tomatoes being encased in jars in the musty cellar instead of hanging, as she had hoped, red and glorious on the vine, the wonder of all persons who might happen to pass by the garden, which lay along the one straggling street of Cortsville. It was so trying to her vanity that she wept copiously in the new gingham apron which her father, Squire Jones, had given her on her twenty-fifth birthday. The work was laborious and it was some time before she succeeded in filling her basket. At length it was done, and she was about to pick up the heavy load and retire to the house when a cheery voice, coming from the road behind her, cried "Ah Miss, allow me to assist." Then she heard a gentle whirr as of some one vaulting the fence and a few violent remarks as some one crashed into a blackberry bush, and then looking up she saw before her a young man, apparently of about the age of twenty. He was of medium height, wore a Prince Albert coat, a pair of light trousers, a flannel shirt and a blue and white tennis cap. In one hand he carried a large valise and an umbrella, and in the other a black leather sample case.

Imogene blushed fiercely and tried to remonstrate with him, but it was of no use. He deliberately picked up the basket and started toward the house.

"No, no trouble at all Miss," he exclaimed, as he put the tomatoes down on the porch, placed his umbrella in one corner and then commenced to unstrap his sample case. "No trouble at all. But perhaps I had better enlighten you as to who I am," he repeated as he held toward her a neat looking card. She took it and read.

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P—University, Agent for

C—and C—,

H—, Me.

"Now, Madame," he continued, "I have for sale here a fine lot of stereoptican views, taken from all over the World. All you have to do is simply to subscribe ten dollars, and in two weeks our firm will forward you a set of these unrivaled pictures. This, for instance, represents the the Giants Causeway in California." Thus he rattled on, describing his views until the fair Imogene thought him a marvel of learning. After about an hour's time he exhausted his stock and was about to start over again, when she informed him that, before she could subscribe, she would have to consult her father who would be home in a few hours time. Nothing loath at the long wait, he switched off into his college career. He told her how he was to be graduated with honors the next year, how he was selling stereoptican views to wile away the summer vacation. He told her of his wonderful feats in athletics,—how his one handed catch of a hot liner had saved the University Nine from a direful defeat six weeks before; how just in the last minute of the last half of the great match with C—College for the championship of the State, when the score was four to zero in favor of C—'s eleven, he had carried the ball the whole length of the field, made a touch-down, won the game and fainted; he told her how but three weeks previous he had put the shot fifty feet amid the applause of admiring multitudes.

In fact, it seemed to Imogene that what he had not done was not worth doing. His tales of college life seemed to her but stories of mythical lands, where he was the hero worshipped by all, and before the Squire had returned home she recognized in him the *beau chevalier* for whom she had jilted three farmers, a well-to do store-keeper and a sewing machine agent. As to his sentiments, they were just the same as those of any other young man would be, after a three hours tete-a-tete on