

While Cleve acknowledged in himself that he was struck. When Sunday came Cleve occupied the seat nearest the door, was the first one out and waited for her at the gate. Constance was new, and pretty, and popular, so from the church door to the gate she had to run a regular gauntlet of invitations from would-be escorts; but she was true to her Cleve; she thought of him as that, and as they walked up she did not scold or censure him for making her walk so far before he met her. As he was about to say good-night, she took his hand in hers and said, "Cleve wont you go down and walk up with me every Sabbath night?" He replied, "yes, Miss Courtney if you wish me to." "Of course I do Cleve, or I would not tell you that you could. But you must not call me Miss Courtney any more; call me Constance or I will not like it.

She said "good night," and Cleve returned to his room. When he opened the door he was surprised to see Beckie, Tom and several others of his most intimate friends loafing in his room. As he closed the door behind him he was greeted with such names as "Sport,—ladies man—masher" and the like. Tom spoke up and said, "we all think you are a dandy and we are as badly suck on you as you are on Miss Courtney," when Cleve replied, "I want you fellows to shut up and get out of this; I don't care a hill of beans what you think." Beckie spoke up in a good natured way, "I tell you one thing Cleve, if I were to start to rush Miss Courtney, she would have no use for you." Cleve was mad in an instant and exclaiming, "I can cut you out, you old ham" he left them in possession of the room.

Up until the time when the November hop was given by the college students, there had been no more developments and Constance had made no progress toward a decisive understanding between herself and Cleve. Three days before the hop, he asked her if he might act as her escort; and as she had received no other invitation, everyone expecting that Cleve of course would take her, she accepted. As they were returning, he with haughty

spirit, for it was his first appearance in a dress suit, and she with sore feet, for he was an awkward dancer, she said to him, "Cleve we are real good friends now are'nt we? We know each other pretty well don't we? And Cleve I like you pretty well, you are willing to let me like you aren't you? I want to ask a favor of you to-night; I suppose you'll consider it a very great sacrifice on your part, but Cleve," she said as she tried the door to be sure that it was open, "Since you and I have become so well acquainted and have gotten to think so much of each other, I want you to let me kiss you good-night." He looked up in innocent surprise and as she whispered in his ear "silence gives consent Cleve;" he awoke from his rapture to find himself alone.

Now it so happened that Constance had a cousin living in Cleve's native village and she was determined to spend at least, part of the coming Christmas vacation with this cousin.

She and Cleve had a real pleasant time sitting together in the train, and after handing her over to her cousin's keeping at the depot and promising to call the following evening, he bade her good-bye.

He kept the engagement and just as he was leaving she said to him, "to-morrow Cleve, you must take me to call upon your Mamma." About four o'clock the following afternoon he called for her and together they walked to his home. Upon entering the parlor, Mrs. Dunderdale was much surprised to see Cleve accompanied by a beautiful young lady. As she arose Cleve went up to her saying, "mother, this is Miss Court—Constance I mean, she is?—"

He wanted me to say to you Mrs. Dunderdale, broke in Constance, that he has brought me home to you a Christmas present.

Before Cleve's mother could recover from her surprise, Cleve rushed up to Constance with outstretched arms, exclaiming, "How could you do it Connie?" Throwing herself upon his manly bosom, and putting her graceful arms about his neck in tender embrace as she drew his face down