

be a man and forget her. There are other fish within the sea."

And Frederick N. Chester, though struck by a blow which would have completely shattered an ordinary mortal, left the postoffice the same large-minded, sedate man that five minutes before he had entered it.

CHAPTER II.

Another year has gone around and many changes have taken place in the old college. Men who had been leaders in all student affairs had taken their degrees and departed while others filled their places. The sophomores of the year previous now strolled the walks with the dignity becoming to upper classmen; those who had been freshmen were now lounging around with a general air of greatness; those who had last year been boys now assumed the air of statesmen. Our hero alone had returned to college to pursue a post graduate course unchanged. He was still the same worshipped being that he had always been. Inwardly he suffered pangs of sorrow that were gradually breaking down his naturally sensitive constitution; outwardly he greeted all with a smile and pleasant joke as had always been his wont.

All day, as he hung over his desk in the laboratory mixing chemicals, he could see the face of his lost Maggie in the fumes of nitric acid which rose from his beakers, gazing wistfully at him

He pictured her in some foreign land, watched by a hard-hearted mother and compelled perhaps to wed some German baron or Italian count. Then he would rest his head upon a lamp stand while his tears ran thick and fast down the sink. He tried to drown his sorrows by a wild career of recklessness. In vain, for even from the hung-hole of the cider barrel his Maggie, gazed upon him. He tried to forget her by seeking the company of the fair sex; he spent a week at the Grangers picnic flirting with the Headless Lady; often he had driven three miles through the rain at night in order to forget the existence of one in the presence of another; he had alternated his attentions for one term between two fair sisters;

he had been expelled from the Four Hundred for trying to drown his sorrow with the Co-Eds. All was useless. At the close of the term he sold all his property and retired to his native town.

Here the familiar scenes where he had spent so many happy hours, brought to his mind such painful memories that in desperation he decided to return once more to his Alma Mater in the hope that it being leap-year some one at least might pick him up. Despondency seized him, work was neglected, and even his best friends noticed a decided change in his temperament. No longer did he entertain them with his wit and wisdom; his head drooped sadly; his shoulders stooped; his former dignity was departed.

At last Spring came and one fine evening in May Frederick Chester was walking aimlessly through the streets of the neighboring town of B—— when suddenly his eye lit upon a huge show bill in a store window. Instantly his interest was aroused. He always had had an inclination toward joining a circus, as his talents ran in that line, and having nothing to do he made a careful examination of the poster to learn what were the features of the show which must exhibit that night. His eye fell upon this announcement:

MONSIEUR AND MADAME PERIQUE
— in their —

MARVELOUS CANNON AND TRAPEEZE PERFORMANCE.

"I'll go," he exclaimed quickly and rushing to the grounds, as he had a short time to spare until the affair commenced, he found himself in a few moments seated on the topmost row of boards awaiting the opening.

At last it began. Chester at first watched the ring listlessly as the gold-bespangled fairies rode around the ring on prancing horses. At length, however, his fine sense of humor began to be kindled by the clowns and thought how much better he could have done it himself and wished that he were in their place for a few short minutes. He laughed heartily at the horseback performance of the man who staggered in the ring in the garb of a drunken tramp;