

"What a pretty little waterfall!" she exclaimed, ignoring his question. "There is lots of pretty scenery about Stanmouth, isn't there? I sometimes envy you college fellows, up there in the hills, having such a good time."

Sercombe wondered at her unconventionality in changing the subject so abruptly, but a glance from her dark eyes drove the thought from his head, and he felt the least bit flattered that she should recognize in him the polished, college-bred man.

Their conversation grew quite spirited. She was to return to Madison within a week. Did he have many friends there? It was now his turn to dodge a question, and she did not seem at all anxious to urge an answer.

The train now seemed to be moving twice as fast as it did an hour ago, and soon Sercombe began to recognize familiar objects.

"We shall be at Stanmouth in a few minutes, where I leave the train, though I shall be very loth to do so."

"Oh, I don't believe that," she laughed.

"But it's true," he replied, and then there was a pause. She looked out of the window, thus giving him another opportunity to gaze at her beautiful face.

"If that girl has lived this long without becoming engaged Fate is holding her in reserve for somebody," and the thought nerved him to speak.

"We are almost at Stanmouth," he repeated after a moment, "and I am about to settle down to another year of hard study; but somehow I believe my work will be just a little easier because I have met you."

The merry, incredulous laugh with which she greeted this statement, and the indiscribable dimples which it left upon her mouth and cheeks, made his words doubly sincere.

"I have met many people in traveling," he continued, "and it is always a pleasure to have something by which to remember them. If you are willing, I should like to exchange cards with you."

"I have heard that it was best not to have too much to do with college men," she replied; "but I don't see any harm in that. I don't believe mamma would object."

She reached for her case, but seemed to change her mind; and upon the back of one of Sercombe's cards, she wrote, in a clear hand, Miss Nellie Weldon, No. 712 Ashbury avenue, Madison.

"Oh, do you mean by this address that I may call?"