

She hesitated, but replied: "Well, if you care to call on me sometime when you are in Madison I should be very pleased to see you."

If Sercombe was surprised at this statement, he was still more surprised at her next:

"My papa is very strict with me, and doesn't allow me to receive gentlemen friends, but mamma doesn't care, if they are nice. So you had better write me when you will be in Madison, and I will let you know whether you can come to see me or not. Papa is away a great deal."

Sercombe was immensely pleased with his success, and he assured her that she would certainly see him again.

By this time the train had pulled into Stanmouth. Dropping a piece of silver into the porter's hand with a direction to see that the lady had the best of attention, he bade Miss Nellie Weldon good bye and stepped off the car, with a light heart, turning to wave at her as the train moved out, and then he lost himself in the crowd which always gathers to meet each incoming train during these first days.

That night at the Frat house, when Sercombe had finished his part of the vacation experiences program, half the fellows demanded: "Who was that pretty girl on the train this morning?" Although he had been willing to tell all about the other girls he had met, somehow Sercombe didn't want to answer this question, and put them off by saying: "Oh, she's a cousin of mine going to Philadelphia." But when alone with his particular friend, Tom Pearson, he told the whole story.

"I tell you, Tom, I'm hard hit. I was with her only an hour, but it is not the last hour. I've met all the beauties of Bar Harbor, of Atlantic City, of Coronado, and a dozen other resorts all over the country, and I tell you mighty few of them can hold a candle to Nellie Weldon. But the best part of her is her character. These belles all have something superficial about them. They have a smile for you only when you are the handsomest man, the richest man, or the best dancer. They are all right for the summer season, but I tell you Nellie Weldon is the girl for all the year 'round. By Jove, Tom, isn't it worth more to be able to read the human face than it is to be able to read Greek, and Sanscrit, and Hebrew? I tell you, Tom, a fellow is a fool to burn his eyes out earning his A. B., and then not be able to size up a man when he sees him, or a woman either."