

"I suppose you fixed a date with her," said Tom.

"No, but you bet I shall."

When Miss Nellie Weldon returned from Philadelphia she found a note from Theodore Sercombe saying he had business in Madison soon, and asking when it would be convenient for him to call.

She replied that the next Friday night he might find her "at home."

As Sercombe's only other business in Madison consisted in buying two or three cigars, he was prompt in keeping the engagement.

He had ordered a three dollar tie for the occasion, and he had every reason to feel well satisfied with his personal appearance when he stepped up to ring the bell at 712 Asbury avenue.

She answered the bell in person. Sercombe was dazzled. If he had been charmed at first, now he was entranced. A dainty dress of soft, dark fabric, tastily trimmed with lace, rendered her dark beauty simply irresistible, the rosebuds in her hair seeming only back-ground reflections of her bewitching lips. She gave him her hand with such a trustful, happy little air that Sercombe was at once her complete and willing captive. He took his eyes from her face long enough to observe that they were in a large, well-furnished drawing-room. All the surroundings tended to confirm his favorable impressions. When the evening was spent and he was on the Stanmouth train, he had a confused recollection of two short, happy hours, and vaguely remembered how beautifully she had played the piano for him; but oh, how vividly did he recall that last, slightest possible return pressure she gave his hand! and when he found himself giving his only remaining "Chancellor" to the conductor he concluded that he must truly be in love.

Of course a second evening had been arranged; another followed, and so the fall passed, until finally she became the subject of day dreams as well as those of sleep, and Sercombe began to realize how deeply he was getting into the mesh.

Naturally Tom Pearson heard a great deal of Miss Weldon, but some of the things Sercombe had told him he could not exactly understand. After one of his visits Sercombe had said to him: "Miss Weldon's father must have kept her awfully close. At first I expected to meet a lot of people, for such a girl must have oceans of friends, but I haven't met a single other person at