

added, its last—appearance for the year. Yet it was not simply on account of a desire to end this tiresome traveling that he wished to reach Brighton. Nay, he had a more urgent reason. The fact was, there lived at Brighton a young lady of whom Theo. Hammond thought a great deal.

He was in a curious position, and he knew it, though the pit-fall was one which had entrapped many before him. Here he was a senior, head and ears in love. Yet, try as he might, he could not bring himself to think that the position was a distasteful one. In fact, had he been asked to tell the truth about it he would have boldly declared that it was a most delightful situation.

But to find out just how our young friend came to be placed in this peculiar position it will be necessary to go back a few months. Theo. was not a native of the State in which his Alma Mater was located.

So it happened that when Christmas vacation of his junior year came round he found himself the recipient of a pressing invitation from one of his friends, Tom. Chartley, to spend his vacation at the latter's home in Brighton.

This delighted Hammond, and he gratefully accepted. Thus it was that he entered the social circle in Brighton. For the first week he attended balls, theatres and teas with such regularity that he was at the end of that time—as he said to Tom.—“completely tuckered out.”

I do not know what would have been his fate—I know, however, that this little story would never have been written—had not Tom. prevailed upon him to attend *the* party of the season. It was there he met her for the first time, and as he afterwards expressed it, it was a case of “love at first sight.” True, he said, he had seen many other pretty girls during that brief time, yet, somehow, he had a warmer feeling in his heart towards this one than towards any of the others. He could not explain just why, for love is very difficult to analyze. The only explanation he could give was that she was original, and came nearest to being the counterpart of his ideal of any girls he had ever met.

After that night Theo. Hammond seldom complained of the fatigue of a ball or theatre party, unless it were when she was absent, which, however, she seldom was. Thus he continued to meet her until the end of the short—aye, all too short—vacation broke the even tenor of his dream. Yet when he returned to college again he carried with him her consent to write to her, and