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A JANUARY BLIZZARD.

Just how long Percival Weston had known May Douglas he had forgotten. It was several years, though, he knew. Even when a boy he had been her champion, always ready to take up her cause and fight for it. And now that both had grown to youth, the kindly interest which he had formerly felt for her had deepened to a more tender affection. Up to this time he had only vaguely dared to hint at what had become, to him, an all-absorbing thought. But she had always rebuked him, gently, yet firmly. Of late, however, he had grown quite serious over the matter. He had noticed that Charlie Spofford had become a rather frequent caller at the Douglas home, and a fear had seized him that, perhaps, after all, he might lose a prize for which he had waited so long and so patiently.

Now, I would not for a moment have you believe that May Douglas was heartless. She was far from it. But she was a woman. And who has ever yet seen the woman who was willing to surrender herself for life without first trying the patience of her admirer by some of those numberless means of torture known to every member of the gentler sex? There was no doubt in her mind that she liked Percival Weston more than any other young man of her acquaintance; but she loved to see him held in suspense as to the final result, not dreaming of the pain she was unwittingly inflicting upon him.

But that Friday evening, as Percy drove up the street toward the residence of the Douglas family, he vowed that this same evening should decide the question which had for so long a time disturbed his dreams. With a flourish of the lines, he brought the spirited horse to a sudden stop, and sprang from the sleigh. In a