

had absolutely nothing but my allowance? And after two years when she returned and it was rumored that she was engaged to a very nice young Westerner, I was, indeed, heartbroken.

Yet, whenever the opportunity presented itself, I always called upon her but never had I the *one* chance to talk alone with her until one rainy night she had asked me to take her to a wedding and, quite overjoyed, I went early for her, and drove slowly as I am wont to do upon such occasions. In the course of conversation, which lagged at times, she asked, abruptly "why don't you get married, Jack?" to which I replied hesitatingly, "Because the only girl that I ever loved is now engaged to another man." "That is too bad, who is the girl, Jack?" I did not reply at first but she insisted and finally, I said, "I'll tell you when I help you out." Nothing more was said upon this subject until I had helped her from the carriage and had started to drive away, then she grasped my hand and said, excitedly, "Jack, who was that girl?" "You!" I exclaimed and with a dash was away.

It was many weeks ere I saw her again and then she fairly froze me when I attempted to speak to her. I finished my college course, left town and did not see her again until after her marriage. Then at a housewarming at her sister's new home, among a group of newly-married young people they were discussing the joys of conjugal life, when her husband spoke up and said, "You ought to get married, Mr. T," and she echoed his words with, "Yes, why don't you, Jack?" and as his attention was attracted to some other woman at that moment, I looked her straight in the eyes and said, "I told you why, once." She paled a little and then in a low tone asked, "Whose fault was it?"

Will someone say?

C. & H.

