

And the others? Why of course they were all just as nice, although the fellows were somewhat at a loss for appropriate language to describe them.

But there was Jack Rhinesmith, bright, witty, handsome Jack, was he to be left out of the deal? No, indeed, for although he had been silent, his thoughts were active. He was thinking of his vacation at his uncle's cottage among the mountains; of that morning when returning empty-handed from the trout stream, disgusted with the world in general, particularly this one corner, and determined to leave next day, he had seen a vision—a girl and a dog. Nothing unusual, but somehow it changed his state of mind. He met her again at an evening gathering, this time without the dog. He had continued to meet her, had danced with her, walked with her, spent every available moment in her company, until every detail of that beautiful face was firmly stamped on his memory and it needed only a word from the fellows to start him off in the attempt to describe to them the impression Ethel had left on his mind.

Facing Jack, at the next table, sat a young fellow, evidently from the law school, who, as well as his group of friends, was unknown to these medical students.

Jack noticed with surprise, the look of astonishment which came over the young fellow's features at the mention of Ethel Canfield, and when, at the ardent praise and the vivid description of her charms the looks changed to a frown, Jack stopped and returned the stare.

The other party arose and sauntered out and although Jack tried to become interested in the conversation again his thoughts constantly returned to the other fellow. What was he to Ethel anyway? Who was he? No one seemed to know. But what difference need this event make with Jack. Ethel had kept up a regular correspondence with him and now she had promised to be present at the hop.

On the day of the grand event Jack was unusually excited. Ethel was coming, but as yet she had sent no word as to what train she would come on, and how was he to meet her? Surely she struck couldn't expect him to meet all trains like a hotel porter until he the right one; but what else could he do?

Were the fellows sure that they had brought no letters for him lately?