

Why yes. Tom had laid one on the mantel in his room the morning before. Hadn't he found it?

No, how on earth did they expect him to find it when he didn't know 'twas there. Nice way of doing things. Wish they'd leave his mail alone after this. And he went up stairs three steps at a time.

Yes, there was a letter, and the right one too, no trouble recognizing the handwriting, and there was no bad news at the last hour either. She would come, as she wished to be in town that afternoon to visit her Aunt, on train "3."

"Suffering Moses! train '3'!" Why that would be due at ten thirty-eight and it was exactly ten by his watch. Well he'd have to be there, on time too, and in best possible appearance, no dream about that, and here he was with his sweater on.

But there is no use telling how he did it. Every one knows all about it. The old story of everything in the wrong place, the shirt with the sleeves starched together, the collar button under the bureau, and the words and phrases: too numerous and perhaps too startling to mention. One of the fellows was sent for a cab, another found his top-coat, gloves and hat, and just at ten thirty-five he bounded down stairs, gave the driver the one word "station" and was off.

The train had arrived, the crowd was jostling about in the usual manner as Jack stepped through the waiting room. A few of the fellows were there, some to meet friends, other lounging about in idle curiosity. They could not help noticing how excited Jack was, how anxiously he was watching the line of passengers as they filed out through the gates, and naturally they could not resist the desire for a little fun and began jollying him goodnaturedly.

"Of course she isn't coming, we all knew that. Didn't we see it posted on the bulletin?"

"Don't be discouraged, just keep your nerve old man."

"Tie's a little one side there Jack but then you're all right."

"Ah! there she comes!"

And that last had more truth in it than they dreamed. That was surely Ethel. No mistaking that face, or the graceful step. The fellows dropped back while Jack with heart beating high and a slight color in his cheek stepped forward to meet her. But he stopped,—and no wonder. It was a sight to stop anyone. A