

young fellow had rushed out of the crowd just ahead of him, had seized Ethel's hand, and encouraged by the sweetest smile had stooped and, in a bashful, timid manner, pressed a kiss on the lips which she raised to his.

Then, as they turned, Jack saw that it was the young fellow who had troubled him so much lately. He turned pale, almost staggered, for the meaning of the fellow's interest and actions of that night flashed through his mind. But he could scarcely believe it. Ethel had seemed to be such a true-hearted, sincere girl, and had she not given him sufficient reason to think that, in those short weeks of summer he had at least won her deepest friendship? But then, those flushed cheeks, the look of extreme pleasure and satisfaction at meeting this man proved conclusively that she was false, a decided flirt.

She had evidently forgotten Jack, had not even glanced about in search of him.

The poor fellow was dazed. He knew the fellows were watching him, were enjoying the scene immensely. He stood for a moment, wild thoughts coursing through his head and then bolted from the station, muttered something to the cabby about her not coming, as he tossed him a coin, and then dashed up the street.

When in the quiet of his room he tried to think.

What a fix he was in! For the last week he had talked of nothing except Ethel and now ——.

Oh how the fellows would roast him. He'd never have the nerve to meet them at dinner. He pulled himself together, decided to take dinner down town, and started out. Luckily he met none of the boys and by the middle of the afternoon he had regained his spirit and determined to bluff it out. He was in his place at tea, and with his usual wit and good nature he stood the fellows off and entered into the spirit of preparation for the evening.

At eight o'clock he was ready and no one would have thought that this jolly, light hearted fellow, so handsome in his evening suit had a least care in the world. He laughed and joked, helped the others off and finally set out with another unfortunate for the hall.

It was a scene long to be remembered. The Juniors had certainly made good their word, and outdone all previous attempts. Jack was soon in the midst of it, and, without the least trouble had filled his card, with the exception of the seventh number.