

the doings of the neighbors; and pleasant to him, because the next house was her home, and from his seat at the head of the table, he was permitted occasional visions of a slight, petite figure.

They were soon chattering away over buckwheat cakes, so dear to the heart of a boy. Aglow with the fire of love, he vivaciously told her stories of college life. He told her of jokes on the professors and boys; and she was laughing heartily at his tale of the attempt of the Freshmen to steal some ice cream, when he suddenly became sober. Coming up the street he saw a red skating cap; and he recalled that May had been taking music lessons in Philadelphia. "Can it be one of the University men coming to see her?" he anxiously asked himself. "No, no, it cannot be." But straight up the walk came the figure, stalwart and strong, and turned in at the gate.

It seemed to him then as if a heavy weight had been placed upon his heart. The earth was no longer bright and gay; but the sky leaden colored, and the earth polluted.

"Are you sick?" anxiously inquired his grandmother, the mirth dying out of her face.

"No, Grandma," he answered, "I was just thinking." And he ate another cake, although it was hard work to do so.

But Barry's answer did not satisfy her, and she began to worry about him; and when he announced his intention of going skating, she remonstrated.

"I think you had better not go to-day, dear," she said. "I am afraid something might happen to you,"

But Barry was immovable, and seeing the utter uselessness of her objections, she said nothing more. And so after breakfast, as he was preparing to go, she brought out a red, white and blue skating cap, and wished him a pleasant time.

Kissing his grandmother good-bye, he started out. But it was indeed a sick boy that now moved down the alley to the creek below the house. However, he thought it would