

chance to grant the forgiveness asked from me, but how can I under the circumstances. I would be only too glad if I knew who you are," Ralph said, making one more desperate effort to solve the mystery. "Everything comes to him who waits" the girl answered, and with a merry "good bye" she hurried over to a fashionable looking team that had just driven up, leaving a thoroughly amazed young man behind gazing at her. A long whistle escaped his lips, and a few words were lost as he made a dash for his train as it silently started on its northward journey. The young man dropped into his seat, pulled his hat down over his eyes and soon lost his sorrows in sleep, while he dreamed that a girl was running after the train trying to forgive him, and a passing brakeman heard him mutter "I don't know you! I don't know you!!"

Thanksgiving came and with it an invitation from his sister to the hop at Mt. Wilbur seminary. A letter from her followed and Ralph wondered as she said—"I have a partner for you at the dance—she is my new chum and seems rather anxious to meet you." Whether she had ever seen the "girl on the train" who he had faithfully described to her with the vain hope of finding the name she did not say.

The evening of the dance had come and the parlors of the "Sem" were crowded with beautiful coeds and their escorts, but these all sank away into insignificance when Ralph saw his sister coming toward him with *her*—the "girl on the train"—and he could only stammer as he was introduced to "my chum, Miss Beatrice Wilson;" but *she* smiled and said "I believe we have met before."

A certain senior returned to Northeast College, at the end of Thanksgiving vacation, minus his "frat." pin and, incidentally his heart, and with his faith in the old saying "everything comes to him who waits" increased beyond measure.

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