

Mary's enthusiasm always seemed to inspire him to harder work, and he often sought her assistance where he met any difficult problem. Her manner was always so charming, her insight so piercing, and her face always so full of sunshine that all around her felt the consciousness of an inward admiration.

George sometimes felt a peculiar flush pass over him when in her presence, and often, when quietly engaged in his work, he would accidentally find his thoughts riveted on the qualities of his fair classmate. However, he tried to fight off anything which tended to make him think of her more than a common friend. In this way most of the winter passed, when suddenly he heard that the Phelps' were moving West to take part in one of those terrible "rushes" which has been the downfall of many a prosperous man.

The thought of losing the companionship of such a friend hung heavily on his mind. Was he to lose the friendship and guidance of the only girl he ever admired? Unfortunately the report proved true, for Mr. Phelps was a man who longed for action—something to give him a realization of pure western life which he had so often read about.

On George's return from the station where he had gone to have a parting word with Mary, an expression of gloom and disheartenedness clearly showed itself in his countenance. Spring came with its verdure and freshness; the birds kept away the solitude which hovers over winter months, and all seemed to lend cheer to the surroundings. George more determined now than ever to pursue his course, kept earnestly at his work. He passed through the high school, and as fortune favored him, immediately entered college. This kind of a life was thoroughly enjoyed by him. There was one thing however, that seemed to haunt him. He did not know what it was but at the mere mention of taking part in society affairs—for it was a coeducational institution—there seemed to come to him a sense of falsity to