

pressed and finally yielded. "It was nothing," he said to himself, "to be squeamish about"—besides he had no desire to contribute to the maintainance of the Library, and it would be exciting. "I'll go" he said and lighted a fresh cigar. "Yes, hang it, I'll go—but I'd rather be shot and you know it." The fellows laughed. "Oh, don't be *scared* Riedelle, Molly 'll never know."

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It was half past one, there was a soft east wind blowing in from the hills, a little blurred moon was drifting wearily at the horizon, old Main stood black against the gray sky and the thick smoke draped mantle-wise over the big stack of the Engineering Building. Off toward Bellefonte the furnace glow lighted the lower clouds then died out softly, from the distance the thin east breeze wafted to Riedelle a bar of an old waltz. He and Molly Hopkins had danced that at the last assembly—that thought came to him as the music did—vague, indistinct. He was turning the key now—his key did after all fit—and now he was feeling his way into the dark, narrow hall, closing the door behind him.

Yes, there were the papers. He turned the lantern up a little as he laid the unscrewed desk lock on the floor, and sat down to his copying busily. Fifteen minutes passed. Oh! He rose with a sigh of relief, and began replacing the lock. When, hark! what was that? Involuntarily he turned the lantern low and waited. The soft fall of new snow muffled the footsteps which were surely approaching. Riedelle glanced uneasily toward the hall, but it was too late. The outside door opened quietly and a girl's voice came quite clear and low. "Oh, thank you. No, indeed! But, yes, it *has* been lovely—Ah! Good night!"

"The XT dance!" flashed through Riedelle's brain, and then the door closed and Molly walked steadily toward him,