

Riedelle fumbled in vain; as luck would have it, it was not to be found. So she wiped her eyes on the book-case curtains and turned her head away again.

“Good night, Mr. Riedelle,” she said.

He rose stiffly. “Would you kindly hand these to your father?” he said, holding out the papers; “or,” he went on, “or burn them.”

“George Riedelle!” she said rising to her feet, “I refuse to take them. You must think that—I don’t trust you.”

“Oh Molly!” whispered Riedelle joyously. “Molly, Molly, you’re an angel!” But as he stooped to kiss—the hem of her garment—she disappeared.

It was said that Hopkins’ class in Electricity bought a handsomely bound ten volume edition of “Green’s Shorter History of the English People” and had it placed in the College Library.

“What do you s’pose happened to Riedelle?” said Harrington to big Jim Catherwood.

“Who all were at the XT dance?” said Jim with apparent irrelevancy.

H., ex-'00.

