

then divided into a dining room on the west side, occupying the greater part of the space, and on the east side a kitchen. In this dining room all the students, young ladies as well as young men, and the majority of the professors and their families, took their meals.

As a result of this arrangement, as may be imagined, the students spent much more of their time indoors than they do now. Practicum on the farm and occasional walks about the country constituted the out-of-door life of the student of those times. Athletics as they are now carried on, were then unknown.

One evening several days after the opening of the term, Steve Armstrong came in late to supper. He had been at work on the farm during the afternoon, and a rather lively bout with a balky mule had detained him. Paying little attention to the few other occupants of the long dining room, he seated himself at his accustomed place. While waiting for his meal to be brought he glanced about him.

He was the only one at his table, which stood next the inner wall of the room. The table on the opposite side of the room had a lone occupant, a Freshman, whom Armstrong knew and with whom he exchanged a few words in a loud whisper. At a table at the farther end of the room sat a young girl and the lady principal. Armstrong merely glanced in that direction. He at once recognized the girl as one of the two young lady students then in College, a Miss Seymour, whom he met daily in the classroom, but with whom he had not yet become acquainted.

Aside from these persons mentioned the room had no other occupants. When Armstrong's meal was brought and he was appeasing his hearty appetite caused by his afternoon's work, the fellow at the opposite table finished his supper and hurried out. Armstrong almost forgot the presence of the ladies until they rose to go. He happened just at this moment to be raising his glass of water to drink.