

start back, as he saw a messenger boy without, with a telegram in his hand. Jack snatched the paper, tore open the covering, one glance, and, "O, my God, I felt it coming!" He reeled into his chair, and sat there staring fixedly, and with a stony glare at the paper, which he held half-crunched in his hand, hardly even breathing.

I sprang to his side, took the yellow form from his unconscious grasp, read it and silently handed it over to Howards. "Molly dead. Illness not at first considered serious. Rapidly developed; fatally. Funeral Friday."

Only thirteen words, but a life-hope shattered. Poor, afflicted Jack, who had that day been the envy of so many.

We stood, awed by the terrible abruptness of the announcement, regarding each other without one word, dumb in the presence of such sorrow.

For a long time he sat thus. Then deliberately, but as if acting unconsciously, Jack raised himself, reached out for the two letters in front of him and slowly tore them to pieces. Never before in all my life did I witness the violent death of a hope, and I pray God I may never do so again.

He took the third letter, wrote something across the back, and pushed it toward me. He seemed to shrivel together; he the brawny athlete of the morning. "O, my God, my God! Lord have mercy upon us," he groaned, as his head sank forward on the table. "Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison, Kyrie Eleison." He breathed it rather than spoke it. And I read what he had written.

We heard the distant sound of footsteps, both down the corridor and outside in the quadrangle. "They're coming," Howards whispered to me, and I knew what he meant.

We could barely distinguish what they were yelling—"Bernard! Jack Bernard! Where's Bernard? Three cheers for Bernard!" and then three roars that sounded like an angry sea. Then they came up, the whole hall full outside his door; the whole campus full outside his window.

"They've come." Howards spoke half aloud, half to himself. And Jack, too, knew what he meant. He raised his head slowly,