

returning to his room, his thoughts had often been there, and almost too often for the highest grades a fair young face would come between his eyes and the book. But one result was logical for such a nature as Stanford's.

"I'll win a position for myself in college and in the world, and then"—here his unspoken resolution had a way of dissolving into a reverie—a reverie of sunshine and yellow hair and bright smiles. But unconsciously he had progressed further towards that position than anyone guessed.

Several days before the end of the term Harry was invited to dinner at Bob's. Edna looked prettier than ever after the short time in which he had not seen her. Though she was a little shy, Harry felt sure that she was glad to see him, and once or twice when he caught her looking at him she dropped her pretty lashes with a tell-tale blush.

"You are not going home for vacation, are you, Harry?" asked Bob after they had gone into the drawing room.

"I haven't quite decided. I'd like very much to see my aunt, but it's most too far."

"That's capital! Then you'll spend vacation with me, won't you?"

Harry was too much surprised to answer at once, but the thought that possibly Bob still felt under obligation to him would have made him refuse had not Bob added with a roguish smile: "It was Edna who suggested it."

Edna blushed scarlet at this exposition of secrets, but making the best of the situation she added softly:

"Please, Mr. Stanford."

"Thank you, I'll come," he replied.

C. T. WADE, '01.

