A Double Coincidence.

After the Thanksgiving recess I had occasion to change my lodgings, and removed with my belongings to a quiet side street at the South End. Preferring seclusion for the studying that I had in mind to accomplish to the pleasures of sociability, I had chosen to room alone, and at the beginning of December found myself in new quarters, the centre of an assortment of trunks, boxes, and two years' collected bric-a-brac, which had just been left by the expressman. The setting in order of this chaos, and the arrangement of my trophies according to the approved rules of college room furnishing, occupied my extra hours for two or three days; then, when I had taken a general satisfying view of my surroundings, I was at liberty to turn my attention once more to the world which lay without the four walls of my domicile.

The idea of removing from the particular locality given up for eight months of the year to the occupation and ownership of the Tech. student had caused me some misgivings, which I found justified by the event. One does not pass so many months in the heart of studentdom, without finding on deserting it that its customs and comradeship are necessary to his enjoyment. I had not put myself beyond reach of communication with my old associates, however, and as my isolation had by this time become unendurable, I resolved to remedy it by looking up a friend whom I had for some time neglected. His name for the purposes of this narration shall be Dick or Richard, at the reader's option.

The walk to his boarding house was a long one, and as the weather was typical of the Boston season, I was glad enough to reach my destination. My welcome was cordial, almost effusive. Dick grasped my hand as if I was a long-awaited arrival, divested me of my overcoat before I could respond to his hearty reception, ensconced me in the best easy-chair before the open fire, and insisted on my lighting a cigarette before entering on any conversation. The cause of this manifestation of interest I was at a loss to explain. Dick had the reputation of a quiet fellow of limited acquaintance, who entertained few callers. I had known him well enough ever since we had been Freshmen, without being especially intimate. Without troubling myself with reasons, however, I made myself at home, and awaited developments. The explanation was not long in coming; before I had finished the first of his cigarettes Dick informed me, in a confidentially mysterious manner, that he had something to tell me at which, he said, I might be rather surprised. I confess that I was when he told me that he was engaged. The news was so unexpected, and in every way so out of bearing with my idea of Dick, that I started on a hearty laugh, but recollected myself sufficiently to change my untimely mirth to congratulations.

The remainder of my stay was devoted to a eulogy of the lady's perfections, to which I was but an inattentive listener. Dick descanted at length on her eyes, her smile, her voice, her wit, and every quality of woman-kind in the lover's catalogue of virtues, of each and every one of which his fiancée was the charming possessor. My part of the conversation was sustained with little difficulty, as Dick's eloquence once unloosed needed no encouragement. At length, as the hour was growing late and Dick showed no signs of wearying, I interrupted him by throwing the remains of my seventh cigarette into the fire and rising from my chair. Dick professed himself disappointed that I could not stay longer, received my dutifully repeated congratulations gratefully, and promised to send me cards when the happy time arrived. I left him smiling at his good fortune, and made my way back to my apartments.

The next day as I sat in my room making pretences at study, but thinking in reality that anything would be more interesting than the book in my hand, I happened to glance out and across the street until my attention was