the girl who fell in love with him on the steamer. ‘He had fascinated her in the close steamer intimacy by which she came to know of his life and ambition. She had never met such a man before; said Gordon; and that might well have been true, but the implication is there I think for those who can appreciate it, that she had probably met many who were more nearly of his sort than she guessed, but had never, in her butterfly existence, penetrated with them beyond the surface.’ They were all listening eagerly as he had continued, ‘You see how much this means to me, how much I can appreciate it. I have to study hard and late in my college work, and even if there was more time to give to society, there are few doors in this cold city that would be open to me. And take this call to-night for example. You have been very kind to me, and I think I have come to know you a little. I shall not forget you, for you are one of few. But with you, you see, it is different. I am but one man in hundreds, the acquaintance of an evening—no, do not answer yet.’ He was speaking rapidly, unconscious that the rest were listening. ‘In an hour,’ he went on, ‘Jack and I will be hard at work studying again, while you—well you,’ he added rather drearily, ‘will be discussing us unless you will have already forgotten us.’

He had come again to call after her friend had gone, but it was no longer the same. She knew him now for the courageous, manly, ambitious student that he was, and she knew herself, and what was needed. And he must have felt the change, for their acquaintance had quickly ripened into friendship, and then into a comradeship that was delightful to both. They were brother and sister to each other, and perhaps, who can tell, much more.

The girl was thinking of all this and watching the grave face before her, when the young man rose and, setting down his tea cup on the table, stood for a moment irresolutely before the fire. ‘Annie,’ he said slowly, as he turned and faced her, ‘Annie, I think I would like to ask you a question. It is rather a hard one to state,’ he went on without waiting for her to answer, ‘but I think I would like to know what you think about it.’ He picked up a teaspoon from the table and put it down again nervously, while the girl waited in silent curiosity.

‘Imagine, if you will,’ he said, finally, ‘a young college man, rich, and with good breeding, the son of a family prominent in the society of his native city, and accepted here in much that is the best. He came to college and became my friend, not an intimate friend, but one of whom I knew much of the every-day history. He was like other college men with too much money; and the company with which he associated was too often, most often, if you like, the worst, the women—but you understand, I think, what I mean. He was no better nor worse than hundreds of other men accepted in society to-day without question; no better nor worse than almost all his college mates. Among his friends he numbered a host of refined girls who liked him well; on the others I will not dwell. Imagine, then, such a man, my friend or acquaintance; and suppose a girl, one whom I knew to be all that is good and pure,—you yourself, perhaps,—asked me about him, asked me whether he were a nice fellow; and that on my answer depended her meeting him and liking him. How would you, knowing all the circumstances as only a man, of course, can, however, know them, have me answer the girl? Shall I reason that he cannot hurt the girl and she can do him good, and let the truth go? Shall I say he is not ‘nice,’ without giving reasons? Or, shall I make the lie the truth, accepting society as it is? Tell me what, from the girl’s point of view, I ought to do, for I own I do not know. Tell me.’

He stopped and watched the girl’s face anxiously, waiting for her to reply. There was a moment of silence in which the clock chimed out merrily the hour, and then she said,