An Unsatisfactory Romance.

T was at Christmas time, a year ago, that Jack Hollis, then a popular member of the Junior Class, first believed he had found the ideal of all his youthful dreams. The circumstances were somewhat peculiar. Jack was on his way home, down on the Shore Line, and, as luck would have it, he was alone. That is, at first, but just a moment before the train started the ideal already alluded to entered the car, and, as seats were already scarce, took the one beside our hero. That gentleman was not long in making up his mind concerning the attractions of his fair companion, but what was he going to do about it? That was the question. That she was bien gentille, cette petite was at once apparent. He rapidly revolved in his mind certain schemes for breaking the ice, a la "Mr. Barnes of New York," but all in vain.

Finally an idea occurred to him. He had in his "grip" some new magazines with which he had intended to enliven the monotony of his journey. He took them out and offered them to the charming unknown in his most courteous style. Jack's manners, you know, are really worthy of the sincerest form of flattery. The offer was graciously accepted, and she selected a Harper, which, by fortunate chance, was marked with the lender's name and address.

The details of the rest of the journey are not familiar to the writer, but that the young lady was not unaware of, or indifferent to, the impression she had created was attested by the fact that when she arrived at her destination a rose from the bouquet she had worn was left in the seat by his side.

Here our chapter ends, although it is by no means all, for a few days later our friend Jack received a delicate little note thanking him for his kindness on a certain occasion, when he had been the cause of an unexpectedly pleasant journey. The note was not signed, but, with an induction that was worthy of Conan Doyle's immortal hero, Jack observed that the note paper was adorned with a monogram, and that the envelope bore the impress of a fashionable stationer of Boston. He lost no time in calling on the stationer, from whom he learned that the young lady's name was Edith, and that she was probably a sister of a Charlie Washburn whom he already knew slightly.

As may readily be imagined, Hollis instituted a most vigorous cultivation of Washburn's acquaintance, but not to much purpose. His cigars continued to be accepted with the same polite gratitude, his invitations to dinner or to the theater met always the same courteous acceptance, but no mention of a sister had rewarded poor Jack's conscientious endeavors.

"Washburn is so d—d uncommunicative," he said, disgustedly. But finally he dropped finesse, and one day as he and Washburn were walking up Boylston Street he asked, bluntly, "Say, old man, you have a sister, haven't you?"

"Yes," answered Washburn, guardedly. He well knew Hollis's reputation among the ladies, and may have wished to preserve his relative's heart intact.

"Well," continued Jack, encouraged by this confession of relationship, "isn't her name Edith, and didn't she go down to New York last year at Christmas time?"

Washburn conceded this to be true also, and added that he and his friend, Tom Sheridan, had seen her off at the station, where Sheridan had wasted his money by buying her a bunch of roses. "She used to think that Sheridan was awfully soft," he added in explanation.

"Yes, she wore roses," said Hollis with a smile, now sure that he was on the right track at last, although the fact that the roses had been given her by another presumptive admirer nettled him slightly. But his satisfaction at the success of his expert detective work outweighed that slight mortification, however, and he was emboldened to proceed, regardless