remarks that it quite turned that young man’s head and gave him courage after dinner to ask Miss Armiger to wear a Yale pin for him — a thing he had been longing to do all summer.

Miss Armiger, having gracefully accepted the pin, was about to put it on when Carter strolled up, resolved this time not to be put off.

“I am sorry to interrupt you Harold,” he said boldly, “but Miss Armiger is going to play golf with me this afternoon.”

Poor Clark, suddenly brought back to earth, expected to be immediately discarded, but instead Miss Armiger turned on Carter a stony little stare and said with malicious delight, “You have made a mistake, I am afraid, Mr. Carter. I am going sailing with Mr. Clark and he is to tell me all the reasons why Yale outshines Harvard.”

It is needless to say that Carter had been a Harvard man, so at this entirely unexpected and double-faced cut he bowed stiffly and turned away without another word.

Just then it began to dawn on young Clark that Miss Armiger was “using” him. Like a wise boy, however, he decided to enjoy his good luck while it lasted, so it was not his fault if Miss Armiger did not enjoy her afternoon.

From a word or two he dropped in regard to the sailing party of the morning she discovered that at the last moment Susie Mills had refused to join the crowd and complaining of a headache had gone back to the hotel. Carter, he said, had declined to go from the first.

Poor Maud, she understood then that Val had not been the sinner she had thought him, but staying home on her account he had been unavoidably caught where she had found him and felt obliged by common politeness to remain.

“And to think how I treated him, he will never forgive me, I am afraid,” she was thinking all the way home, “and tomorrow is our last chance to dance.”

The next day dragged; although she had been so anxious to avoid him, Maud was anything but glad when Val never came near her. By evening she was so blue she would not even stay with the young people on the piazza, but went instead into the parlor and sat down quite primly and demurely by her mother, and not for the reasons she had previously planned either.

As it was Sunday night music was suggested, so the hymn-books were passed around and some obliging person began to play.

After a hymn or two Susie Mills and a few others of the young set came in and were at once pressed into service. A little group of singers formed around the piano, while Maud sat and listened with a heart that was getting heavier than she liked to think.

Every now and then she would assure herself “Everything is happening beautifully and I won’t have to see him again.” But as soon as she would get that far she would remember how they had parted and would find herself wishing for a chance just to make up and part friends.

Suddenly Val came in, but he did not once look at Maud, though she felt sure he saw her. Instead he joined the group by the piano, and she heard Susie Mills say, “O, you’ll sing bass for us, won’t you, Mr. Carter? What shall we try first?”

Every one suggested a different tune and Maud listlessly opened the hymn-book on her lap. Turning to the index she began to look for something familiar.

Suddenly she smiled, an idea had struck her. She looked up and by good luck Val was looking her way. “88,” she formed with her lips, and the rest were too absorbed to notice.

He found the hymn and then a broad smile illumined his face. “88” was “Come unto me.”

Quickly enough he crossed the room and took a vacant chair on the other side of Mrs. Armiger, while Maud dimpled with delight at the success of her happy thought. “Isn’t it perfect,” she mused in ecstasy, “here is Val quite pleased again and fond of me as ever; yet here is mamma between us and all these people around, so I am safe. But, oh dear, it’s well he didn’t find me alone, for I believe I would have given right in.” Just then Val, leaning