

in their bark to wander along the edge of the wood. After while, if we are—”

The dreamy voice stopped suddenly, as the man interrupted.

“You like fairy stories?”

“I used to read all I could find. I believe I know every fairy story that was ever invented.”

“I know one that you don’t. Would you like to hear it?”

She nodded, and the man changed his position somewhat to get a better view of her face.

“Several hundred miles away, in a little valley which is threaded by a silvery stream and guarded by stately hills, there nestles an ancient village, as beautiful as a gem on the breast of Mother Nature.

“For a long, long time this town has been the abode of an institution of learning, and year after year has sent out a stream of men and women. The college campus, with its noble trees and ivy-clad buildings, crowns one of the lofty hills. At one end of the campus there stands an old pile, familiarly known as the ‘Dorm.’ Besides the boys’ rooms, it contains a place of business called, in common parlance, the ‘Book Exchange.’

“In one corner of the Dorm, in the East Hall, one bright September morning, a young man in garments not calculated for strictly reception costume, was seated before his fire, smoking and dreaming of—well, fate, perhaps, when suddenly the door flew open and, calling upon a favorite god of his by way of exclamation, he jumped up to meet—the heroine of this tale.

“There, never mind; it *was* strange, wasn’t it? Rather fatal, too, as it happened.

“Well, both intruder and intruded upon were slightly embarrassed, but the latter soon regained a certain degree of com-

posure and requested the lady to be seated. Polite, wasn’t it? In extreme confusion, she attempted to explain by gestures and monosyllables that, in trying to find the aforementioned Book Exchange, she had been shown into the wrong hall—very natural, of course. Without further parley, she was gone, flown hence, as it were; but, somehow, when the man went back to the fire, there were pictures in the flames, and his pipe smoke floated and curled around visions innumerable, all with soft gray eyes and the kind of hair that’s neither curly nor wavy, but just sort of fluffy.

“As it happened, the hero of this remarkable fairy story, being a Sophomore, was permitted to change his quarters from the Dorm to the Frat House, and that same afternoon witnessed the emigration of his household goods.

“Don’t interrupt, please; it isn’t polite. You act as if this story were old. To continue—the next day when the man met Miss Fluffyhair on the campus face to face, she did not show, by so much as a glance, that she remembered him at all. It was a blow to his pride, but he managed to recover, and several weeks later he met her at the first reception. He was glad that her name was one he had always liked, and a closer view of its owner did not serve to lessen the number of pipe dreams.

“Fate was very kind, and allowed them to work at the same desk in chemistry. Once, when the air was unusually thick, and some apparatus inconsiderately smashed itself, the man found occasion to use a pet swear word of his, the same one, in fact, that he had employed on the morning when this tale opened.

“Because the girl laughed, and said it reminded her of a mysterious adventure she once had, the whole secret leaked out.