

that he was spending too much time over his books, and he realized that, perhaps, the others were getting more out of their college life than he. "I might go in for athletics and win glory for the school, and have the papers full of 'Amasa Little, the big 'Varsity man.' But Amasa was too light and failed to have the strength that would make an athlete. Then, for one moment, he almost repented that he had not seen his mother's point of view, and gone out doors to take part in healthy play with the other boys, instead of sitting cooped up in a corner all day with a book across his knees. "I might take up a social life and break the hearts of the girls at Miss Barnes' Select School for Young Ladies." That idea seemed to find favor in his eyes, and he forthwith concluded to lay his snares.

Mrs. Little had named her son better than she knew, for "a burden" he proved himself to be, first to his family, then to his school fellows, and now to the maiden through whom he had chosen to work his way into the social world of Bloomingdale.

Leah Van Ryser was pretty and accomplished, but withal kind-hearted. "Amasa Little going to call on you?" her room-mate gasped when Leah had broken the news. "Leah, you'll repent it."

"But I can't hurt his feelings, Patty," she protested, and he's so good."

"Good, yes, in his place, but so is a toad," and Patty sniffed disdainfully and stalked out of the room.

Amasa quite forgot that he was to do the captivating, and, instead, lost himself completely under the spell of Leah's attractions. From the day he first stepped across the threshold of Miss Barnes' he dated his undoing. He passed "The Gables" on tip-toe the girls declared who had peeked through the shutters and seen him go by, and he spoke of the gay Leah, whenever he found an opportunity, in reverential tones as "she."

One night in the fall, when the moon was shining full and round over the trees, and the feelings in Amasa's heart were at flood-tide with the much-abused violin tucked under his arm, he stole from the "Dorm" down the hill toward Miss Barnes'. In the shrubbery directly beneath "her" window he took his position, and, drawing his bow, set the still air vibrating with the asthmatic chords of the violin and the plaintive notes of his own thin voice:

"Under your window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry—"