

He shivered and laughed uneasily.

"Why, Dave, you're beginning to croak worse than Poe's raven! Let's drop the subject and go have a game of hand-ball. I can't study to-night."

Poor Charley! Even now it gave me a pang to remember how rapidly he changed in the course of a few weeks. He was in love. I couldn't doubt it; and he seemed honestly to feel that he had come near making a grand mistake. Then what was the matter with him? Love never affected anybody in this way. Could it be debt or a passing fit of despondency, or some nervous derangement? It was years before I could learn.

He who had been so studious cared no longer for study. When I remonstrated with him, the answer I received was not very satisfactory.

"The fact of the matter is, Dave, I'm sick of grinding at stupid old Philosophy, I'm going to let it slide for a while."

Only occasionally did he attend at football practice, and so irregular had he now become that he quarrelled with every man on the team, and at last threw up the captaincy, saying, "You may go to ----- and find another Captain." To which George Campbell replied that if they were to take the journey aforesaid, they might find the one they had lost.

Worst of all, Carbery now neglected his religious duties to which formerly he had been very attentive. He drank heavily at times, and began to spend many evenings out of College, at imminent risk of being discovered when expulsion would surely follow.

To say that I was an idle spectator of his evil course would be to do myself an injustice. I scolded and advised him continually in my elder-brother fashion, and his affection for me was sufficiently strong to prevent his ever getting angry. But I could not flatter myself that my interference did him any good.

A couple of afternoons a week he spent at Merivale's, enjoying himself immensely he said. He must have talked of me as I received several invitations to visit the family. Only once did I accept, and then it was merely through curiosity and in order to observe Charley's demeanor. I was at once surprised and satisfied. It was the old Charley I saw there with his jolly laugh, his ringing song and amusing story.

"She'll make him a good wife," I said to myself. For it was evident that she loved him dearly.