

they didn't know how. And I'd heard that the College was nothin' more'n less than a matrimonial bureau, and a nest o' devilment for any young fellow as was fool enough to go."

"But, as you see", sweeping his prodigious paw around to the various signs of improved soil culture, "I've quit muckin'".

"But here I am, tellin' you about myself, when I started in to spin the bi-o-graphy of Lew Rogers."

Lew was a good chap, big, Herculean, and an old Nick to work. However, he had gotten a poor start. At twenty-four, he had been left the hundred acres next Mat's, with three healthy dents in it. There was already a small mortgage on the place, and he had had to put on more, to pay the shares of his two sisters as well; the farm was no Eden, having twenty acres of wet swale, and the back part cut up by a gravel ridge. So, you see, Lew wasn't in a box-stall.

He had "niggered" it for two years, with nothing more than hard biceps to show, and had reached that mental point, where many would express it in five elementary words, when he plodded up to the turn.

He was plowing the front field, one day, early in September. The ground was hard, and he was giving his puffing team its semi-round breathing space, when along cantered Del Robinson. Seeing Lew meditating against the plow-handles, she became inspired with desire to loose her ever-flexible tongue, so she pulled into the fence, and beamed down upon him.

"Hello, Lew!" she chirruped, "how's it going?"

"Rotten!"

"That's too bad".

"I suppose you'll be goin' back to school soon", he turned, non-desirous of dwelling on his lot.

"Yes, on the eighteenth"—She was a senior of Macdonald, this fall, and, as soon as Lew struck it about the Mac, plain Del hid behind a lofty tone and a conscious bearing.

"Why don't you enter the O.A.C., Lewis? I should say it would solve your agricultural difficulties, if you did. The training that you would imbibe there would fit you for the proper tilling of the soil." She further tainted her words with a patronizing smile.

Lew shoved back his soil-dyed straw, and turned over a fresh, juicy cud of Old Chum, several times.

"Say, Del, I believe you're right. One thing sure, I ain't goin' to get nowhere at the present rate".

"Gosh!—I was only joking".

"Well joke or no joke, there's sense to it."

She imitated a frightened clam, so battered was her well-practised poise, and, when Lew took a prolonged fit of extreme thinking, she grabbed the opportunity to jog along.

She saw him once, afterwards, and learned that he had procured a married man to run the place, and was preparing to honour the O.A.C. One thing she thanked her stars for: the Mac opened one day ahead, and, once there, she would be better able to stall off any of his rustic advances.

So she arrived at the station, on the morning of the eighteenth, secure in the fact. But around the corner strode Lew, fussy in a new, twelve-ninety-eight suit, and a pair of squeaky shoes.

Instantly, a heavy frost emanated from her charming person; but he had a long rain-coat on, and apparently, never felt it. With blushes and broncho feet, he lugged her grip into the coach, planted it beside his own, and shoved over the back of the next seat.

The disgrace! And yet more!

Half-way there, a classmate of Del's