

black clad arms were stretched across a table, and between them lay a brown head, inert, hopeless. It seemed strange that on such a May day, with such a May breeze, life could look dark to anything young, yet Reginald Fairfax, at the head of the graduating class, easily first in more than one way — in scholarship, in athletics, in versatility, and, more than all, like George Washington, “first in the hearts of his countrymen,” the most popular man of the Seminary — this successful and well beloved young person sat wretched and restless in his room and let the breeze blow over his prostrate head and his idle, nerveless hands. Since the night of the rescue of Billy Strong he had felt himself another and a worse man. He sent a note to his cousin the next day.

“Dear Carty,” it read, “For mercy sake let me alone. I know I’ve lost my chance at St. Eric’s and I know you’ll say it was my own fault. I don’t want to hear either statement, so don’t come near me till I hunt you up, which I will do when I’m fit to talk to a white man. I’m