THE COLLEGIAN.

BY SHELDON.

(Continued.)

"Won't you carry the route until I can find another renter? It's not an easy matter to transfer the route now that the term's so far along and the fellows all have secured some regular work."

Edward hesitated in real perplexity. He did not have any faith in Rankin's sincerity and did not know how long he would probably put him off and pretend that he could not find any one else to take the route. On the other hand, now that he had made up his mind to give up the business, Edward felt that every day added to his compliance with an untruth. Should he keep on lying merely to help Rankin find another poor student who would enter into the same compact to deceive? His answer, when he finally gave it, was determined by that last consideration. The accommodation to Rankin simply meant transferring the same course of deceit to some one else.

"No; I won't carry the paper another day," he said doggedly.

"Then you can go to the devil!" said Rankin, with a burst of profanity.

"I've been to him already," replied Edward, with a gleam of excitement, the first he had shown, "and I don't intend to repeat the visit."

He went out without waiting to hear Rankin's reply, and after pausing just a moment in the hallway he entered his room.

Willis was blacking his shoes. It was a curious custom he had just before he went to bed. During the act he always whistled.

As Edward came in he looked up and stopped his whistling long enough to say:

"Hello! Thought you came in long ago."

"No," said Edward, going into his bedroom. He came out again at once and looked at his roommate thoughtfully. Willis put his other foot up on the chair and started a new tune.

"I've been in to see Rankin and told him I won't carry the papers any longer. I can't stand it to lie any more."

Willis took his foot down and stared at Edward.

"Well!" he exclaimed finally in a tone that Edward could not quite understand. "What did Rankin say?"

"The last thing he said was to tell me to go to the devil."

"And you came right in here. But say"— Willis suddenly walked over to Edward and, to his great astonishment, put out his hand. "I want to shake. I didn't think you would do it. I honor you for it. Not that my honor is of any value, but then I don't want you to think I don't have any right ideas about things, because I do. There isn't a boy in the college that doesn't

"Then you can go to the devil!" said Rankin, with a burst of profanity.

know the whole miserable business of the paper route deception is lying outright. I know it, because I've done it a year at a time myself. What's the use of trying to smooth it over? We juniors haven't taken up evidences and ethics yet, but we have brains enough to know the difference between a lie and a truth. Stick to the truth, my boy. That's what I say."

It was the first time Edward had had a glimpse of the serious side of Preston. For a moment he choked. The tears came to his eyes, and he could not say anything. When he did speak, he said something which led Willis to ask questions about his home training. In return Edward asked questions of Willis. And that evening before they went to bed the two young men had learned more about each other's family surroundings than they had ever learned before. The confidences they exchanged placed their friendship on an entirely new and more substantial basis. Edward learned that Willis' father had for years been a successful stockbroker in New York. He had separated from his wife, who had moved west with her children, the oldest of whom was Willis. Willis spoke of his father with contempt and lapsed into his reckless manner in a short description of him. But the minute he spoke of his mother he became gentle, and his manner was more nearly like that which had surprised Edward at the beginning.

It was very late when they went to bed, and after the lights were out and it had been very quiet for a minute Willis called from his bedroom:

"I forgot to black my other shoe." And then he added in a serious tone, "I wish I had no sins of omission any blacker than that to lay up against myself."

In the morning there was not a trace of his seriousness apparent, only in the days that immediately followed he evidently had an added respect for his roommate, and the meeting ground for them both was understood by both to be easier and more human. It would not be so difficult as it had been for them to understand each other.

The next few days were a test of Edward Blake's purposes. How severe the test was not even he himself knew until long afterward. He told Freeda what he had done and had a momentary delight in the effect of the news on her. But it was followed by an uneasiness that could not hide the suspicion that Freeda was planning to leave the ladies' hall in order to lessen her expenses and help him. It was true, however, that all this did not begin to equal the freedom he at once enjoyed in the daily knowledge that he was out from under the burden of that conscious daily lie. The real relief that he felt was a thousand times compensation for all the added burdens of the question of his college expenses which now faced him anew.

For a week he used every spare moment of his time trying to find something regular to do. At first it seemed as if there was absolutely nothing either in the neighborhood of the college or in the town. But at last he succeeded in getting the care of a furnace at the house of one of the professors and of a horse and cow at the residence of one of the townspeople. The distance between the two houses obliged him to take much more time for the work than he felt he ought to spare, and all he received for his service at both places together was $3.25 a week. But he finally settled down to his fall and winter work with a good degree of courage and a clear conscience. Rankin had disposed of his route to one of the freshmen, and Edward heard nothing more directly about it, but that was not the end of the matter, as he found out before his college course was over. The results of transgression of moral laws are farreaching, and the world learns the lesson painfully. Better that it learn it thus than never learn it at all.

It was the beginning of November, and everything in Hope college was now in full swing. The secret societies, the athletics, the glee club, the literary open societies, owing to the unusual enrollment of students, were all flourishing. Edward had been invited to join the leading literary society as a promising freshman, and he had gone in with the purpose of getting all he could out of it. He was no singer, and Willis, who was a prominent tenor in the glee club and would have been glad if Edward could have been an applicant for admission, gave him up after an attempt on his part to test his roommate's vocal powers.

"Didn't you ever sing anything?" asked Edward one day after he had coaxed him to try the scale.

"The nearest I ever came to it what you have just heard," replied Edward soberly.

"If you had stood the notes up and fired a gun at them, you couldn't have scared them any worse," said Willis pensively. "How much will you give me to teach you the scale?"

"I haven't money enough without selling the farm," said Edward slowly.

But there was another part of the college life that attracted Edward strongly and for which his sturdy physique fitted him to take a part if he could only spare the time from his work and his studies, and that was the athletic side of it.

He was naturally very vigorous and fond of outdoor life. His farm training had developed his muscles to slow rather than to rapid movements, but all he needed was gymnastic training to make a typical athlete of the better sort. The football team for the year had already been chosen, but Edward began to play with the second eleven and after two weeks' hard work the captain of the college team one day noticed some specially good play on his part and complimented him on it.

"Say, did you hear what Reynolds said about your play at the club to night?" asked Willis on the evening of that same day as the boys were going up to their rooms.

"No," said Edward, much pleased.

"Well, he said if you kept up that kind of form you would be a good substitute for the Thanksgiving day game in case Wallace was dropped."

"Yes; it would be a nice thing wouldn't it, to put a green freshman into Wallace's place just before that game?" growled one of the seniors.

"But look at Brooks in 1892," spoke up one of the boys who knew the record of every football player for years back. "He went in to play on the regular team before he had been in college six weeks, and he made one of the best quarter backs Hope ever had."

"Of course," said Willis. "What does the college care about a man, whether he's freshman or professor, whether he's 10 years or 100, whether he knows a quadratic equation from a pitchfork if he can play football. That's all we want. Play ball!"

Edward said nothing, but when he and Willis had gone up to their room he began to ask questions about the team. He did not really know the men on the eleven because they were, with one exception, upper class men, and he never met them in studies and did not even know the names of all of them.

Willis was usually perfectly indifferent about everything in the college, but football was the one subject he was enthusiastic over. He told Edward all the particulars about the team, gave their records in the different games played, gave quite a graphic description of the finest run ever made across the gridiron and wound up by telling about the defeat of the university team at last Thanksgiving day game.

"We ran in Walker on 'em that game. Walker was a semiprofessional. The college paid him $200 to play on the team, and he registered as a sophomore, taking special course in history or Egyptology or something. I don't believe he ever made a recitation in his life, and he didn't know H2O from a barrel of molasses, but he could play ball, and that's all the college wanted."

"You say the college hired him?"

"Well, the association. Of course it's really the same thing. The association is made up of a committee of professors and upper class men."

"Then the professors knew that Walker was not a real bona fide student, but was allowed to register so as to play football?"

"That's it," replied Willis carelessly. "It's done by a good many colleges. Of course the university men found out something and tried to kick on Walker, but he was registered all right as a student taking a special course, and they had to play or forfeit the game. We didn't think it was necessary to inform the university that the special course Walker elected was for the degree of 'F. B.'—Foot Ball." And Willis chuckled as he called up the incidents in that particular game.

Edward was silent for awhile. Then he said, "It looks to me as if a thing like that was lying."

Willis looked over at him, and his lips curled slightly, but it was not exactly scorn. There was another feeling back of it.

"Well, I suppose it is when you boil it down," he replied indifferently. He paused and then added as if confidentially: "The fact is, of course, that Pearsons, the new tackle, is a dummy student. He registered last fall as a junior and is supposed to be taking physics and botany. About all the physics he gets wouldn't turn the hair scales in the laboratory, and all the botany he knows is the color of the grass out on the campus. But he can play football all right, and he's earning his $150 good enough so far."

(To be Continued.)

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"You speak in riddles," said he. "I cannot understand you."

"That is odd," Cicero rejoined, "for you have a sphinx at home to solve them."—Youth's Companion.

Silenced Him.

The other day a clothier made up his mind to have his shop ceiling repapered and accordingly engaged the services of a local painter who some years before had done the very same job. He came and inspected the ceiling and then remarked to the clothier:

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*Accommodation from Halifax and Sydney	24.45

*Daily, except Monday

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four hour notation.

D POTTINGER,
General Manager

Moncton, N B, November 26, 1900.
City Ticket Office, 51 King street, St John, N B