

A Fairy Story

"By Jupiter!"

Down fell the legs, out came the pipe, and six feet of rather good-looking manhood untangled itself from a Morris chair.

"That confounded door wouldn't stay shut if— Oh, I beg your pardon."

The man and the girl—for girl it was—gazed blankly at each other for a full minute. Then there was a faint gasp and a most becoming blush, as the intruder backed ignominiously towards the door.

"Oh, I thought—isn't this—I wanted the Book Exchange. Somebody told me —"

The effort was too much for the gravity of the man, and his eye twinkled shamefully, as he said in his most gallant manner, "Won't you sit down? I'll admit that table *does* look rather like a second-hand store, but I think too much of my reading matter to exchange it for filthy lucre. I prefer my cherished volumes for table decorations. However, if there is anything here that will be of any use —"

But this burst of eloquence was quite lost, for she had turned with a scornful little nod, and again the door was slamming shut.

She was *so* angry. Bad enough to disgrace yourself, getting into a boy's room, let alone having him deliberately make fun of you. How she hated him, the rude thing. Asked her to sit down! She wondered what he looked like. She hadn't been able to see a thing, coming in from the light that way, and the smoke was so thick—mercy!

Of course, he was ugly; he was laugh-

ing at her, too, and she was willing to wager her new hat he was watching her from the window that very minute, so that he could describe her to the fellows, and tell them how green she was. She'd make him sorry, some day. She didn't know just how, but she would.

When the door of room 14 closed, the man gave way to a decided chuckle.

"Whew! She was fussed. Mighty be-

gave way to a decided chuckle. way she blushed— Wonder what crazy Prep did it; sent her into the wrong hall. Bet she *was* mad, though, getting into a room like this; looks beastly in here, with those shoes on the desk and that shirt on the chandelier. Guess I'd better get busy (aiming the shoes at the closet and putting the shirt safely under the bed with a tennis racket); can't keep everything straight when I'm going to move this afternoon. Can't be expected to, but that table does look mighty promiscuous. I'll bet the mater wouldn't heartily approve of the arrangement of things in here.

"By Jupiter, that girl *was* pretty. Wonder what she thought of this negligence effect and these noisy slippers. She looked sort of frightened, but there was a twinkle way back in her eye already to come out, if she hadn't wanted to squelch me so hard. She thinks I'm going to tell, but I'm right here to inform her that Carl Norton's no blab."

Up went the legs on the mantel again, and in went the pipe.

CHAPTER II.

The Lab was stifling. The fumes of chlorine gas penetrated everywhere and seemed to take special delight in collect-