

ing over in the corner where a boy and girl were working at the same desk.

A fit of coughing drove the girl to the window. "Ugh! this horrible gas makes me wild. Can't you get your apparatus —"

"By Jupiter!"

There was a sudden crash, as a mixture of bottles, tubes and ringstands hit the floor, scattering chemicals far and wide. The girl turned away to hide the smile that would persist in coming out, but the boy saw it.

"Funny, isn't it? Hope it'll happen again, for if there is anything I love to do, it's set up apparatus." The mixture of sarcasm and disgust was too much for the girl.

"I beg your pardon for laughing. I really couldn't help it; I was thinking of something else; you remind me of—"

"Well, what is it?"

"Oh, I can't tell, you wouldn't appreciate it."

"Try and see."

"Your 'By Jupiter' had more to do with making me laugh than anything else; but I'm rather careful about telling this peculiar incident. I've tried to explain it to the girls and they think I'm crazy. There seems to be sort of a mystery about it. I am commencing to doubt whether it really happened myself. They tell me I must have been dreaming when I went into the wrong— But there, I'm not going to tell—"

"Yes, you will."

"Oh, no."

"I'll find out."

"I think not; it's never been heard of yet, thanks to someone, whoever he is, and you can't—"

"I'll bet—"

"All right, go ahead."

"What shall it be?"

"Anything you want; I'm safe."

"Then we'll make it flowers against—"

"Fudge?"

"All right; if I find out inside of a year. Then—"

"As long as you please I don't care. I'm going now; good-bye Don't waste any more chemicals. Better save up for those flowers."

"Don't be too sure; I'd advise you to get your sugar ready."

But the proverbial woman's last word was forthcoming and echoed back along the corridor.

"Plenty of time."

### CHAPTER III.

The waves slapped lazily against the end of canoe drawn up on the shore. The long afternoon shadows floated idly out upon the dancing water until, with wavering uncertainty, they surrendered to the hot rays of an August sun beating down upon the surface of the lake.

One scarlet cushion remained in the canoe, while the others performed the service of a charming support for a charming girl. The combination of gray eyes, fluffy brown hair, delicate cheeks and the white suit, made an effect against the brilliant pillows and dark green background that was particularly good, especially when viewed by one pair of adoring eyes.

Perhaps she did not like the scrutiny to which the half-reclining youth subjected her, and, perhaps, she had drifted into day-dreamland; whatever it was, a very soft voice broke the silence.

"We are out here on an enchanted isle, where none except fairies and elves are supposed to come. We can't penetrate the depths of this forest, but the sprites have been good, and have brought us over