

Scenes of Scenes Seen and Unseen.

IT was just at the close of an ordinary day in college, when all the following occurred, so the time could have no influence. It all transpired within the rooms of the college building among the usual number of chairs, cuspidors, and other paraphernalia, so the environment is also unaccountable.

It had grown dusk. Every embryo dentist, son of a dentist, sons of preachers and guns, had left the building. Roll had been called so long ago it was forgotten. The janitor was through with the clinic room. It was at least three hours since Miss Warnick, in her polite, emphatic way, had refused a freshman two bullets for technical work. It has been said in a few lines preceding, that all the students had left. That is an incorrect statement, for were that the case, there would be no object for the writing of this narrative. I do not know whether the lone one was a preacher's son or a son-of-a-gun. One of the two, he must have been. Possibly both. First place, he had lingered, to swipe a plaster bowl (and no one but a preacher's son would do that). Secondly, he must have been a son-of-a-gun, to go through what he did.

I suppose he found his plaster bowl, but that is a question somewhat foreign to this subject. Time flew with

him, and before he knew what he was about, James had finished with his work, and—not knowing of another presence in the building—shut it up as tight as the chambered nautilus. Consequences: strange feelings on the part of the hero in question.

After finding out it was no use, he composed himself, and was resigned to his fate. He wandered about a bit, tried every chair in the building, and finally concluded he'd rather have a Wilkerson. Then he was at a loss for something to do next. At last a lucky thought. He tried and tried, and finally succeeded in climbing down into Dr. Way's private office, but just to convince himself that he could. Then he opened the door, and emerged into Miss Warnick's cage. He was strongly inclined to sing as a bird, but refrained before the refrain was reached. Then he sat down in the chair, and trying as much as possible to shape a Delsarte position, muttered: "It is quite a responsible position, that of secretary." Then he read Blackstone a while, and grew tired of his duty. Then, suddenly going back to the office, he was lost to sight. But only for a few moments. He again emerged in a blue coat (Dr. Way's), holding a long, thin bible under his arm. As he walked forward with a