

majestic stride, he gazed sternly to right and left. Then seating himself once more in the chair, he commanded: "Let us have order, please." A short pause followed, and then he spoke the following:

' Arink, Apfelbaum—" and so on for a few names, when he suddenly stopped. "There is too much confusion in the room, can't hear the response to roll-call." And he proceeded, clear down to Zeter; after which he said, "This section of the class, would be on to-morrow morning (Friday)." Then he went back to Dr. Way's office, and replaced the roll-book, but did not remove the blue coat. I suppose he forgot it.

He ran all about the clinic-room, whistling, and cavorting like a colt in its first meadow. He waltzed out into the laboratory, turned on all the lathes, and secured them so that they would keep running. He madly dashed up to the plaster room, dumped the plaster all over the floor, mixed up a batch, and threw it out of the window. He broke into the vulcanizer cases, selected one, and stuck it into Dr. Way's coat pocket. Then he mused: "I have n't my book here, so I can't read. I have n't my lantern here, so I can't show any pictures. Gentlemen, I don't know what to lecture about, I'll admit, but it's a nice thing to have in your office. So think I of this vulcanizer."

Then he galloped along until he had worn himself out. He lay down on a bench exhausted. But he could not rest.

"I have come out to make a night of it," he said to himself, "and by cheese and crackers, I'm going to. Hip, hip, hurrah. Che-he! Che-he! Che-hah-gah-hoo; O. C. D. S., Nineteen two."

Well, he fooled around until it must have been three o'clock A. M., and as he was running down the lower stairs

the hundred and sixty-eighth time, a human form stepped out of the closet that the janitor uses for a kind of supply-room. It was the form of an old man, grizzled and gray. He was no ordinary man. He did not belong to this earth. Why you could actually see through his body. No, he did not scare the hero, he just convulsed him. The hero just gazed with eyes bulging from their sockets, fingers stiff, and straight, and hair on end. He thought of the days gone by, he remembered how he was scared of specters, spirits, and hobgoblins.

The form approached him, and with an open-handed punch on the shoulder, said: "See here, who are you anyway, hey?"

"O I'm a br-r-ber, I-I-I'm l-l-locked i-i-i-in."

"Yes, you're l-l-locked in. You're a pretty mess. Who are you, anyhow? What's your name? Are you a demonstrator?"

"N-n-n-no—!"

"N-n-n-no?"

"Y-e-s!"

"You are, too. Look at that blue coat. Your name's Way."

"No, it's not. I b-b-beg your pardon, but my name is not Way."

"Are you a student?"

"Yes, but I do n't study."

"Do n't you? That's good. Well that's all right, then. I thought you were Doc. Way. Say, do you know you just escaped with your life? O! how I hate demonstrators," he said, as he wiped a phosphorescent sweat from his brow. Then he clapped his foot once or twice on the floor, shook the mold from his whiskers, and danced as if he were getting paid for it."