

has gone too far on the wrong road to turn back. It seemed to him that he had been walking on a sort of intellectual treadmill where the only breathing-spells were the few hours devoted to Old English, History, Calculus, and Physics. The fact that he had begun the study of mental science may account in some measure for his state of mind on this occasion.

Then, too, Tiberius labored under another misfortune; when he had entered college, having previously made up his mind to see all there was to be seen of college life, he was not as cautious as was his wont, and in an evil hour was persuaded to join a society which styled itself "The 400." At first the requirements of the organization seemed easy and he determined to obey them faithfully, but as time wore on they came to be rather irksome, and at the present time, although Tiberius was himself half unconscious of it, there was nothing half so odious to him as the requirements of that society. On this particular afternoon they seemed especially so, and try as he would, he could not keep from thinking of the soft glances which one of the Co-eds occasionally threw in his direction. Indeed she had even gone so far as to try to engage Tiberius in conversation, and remembering his determination, he had not been very talkative. This very forenoon she had asked him as she quite accidentally met him at the Post Office, if arbutus grew in the college woods, and if so, where it could be found, and he had answered that he really did not know much about it, but presumed it did and then wished her quite an abrupt good-morning.

However it set Tiberius to thinking about arbutus and he determined to see for himself if such a plant was to be found.

So we find him in the afternoon, wandering through the barrens, out of sorts with everybody, himself included. He noticed as he stopped to look at a blossom now and then, that the largest and nicest parts had been recently plucked, and by some one who was evidently traveling in his direction. He quickened his steps, deter-

mined to see who it was that was getting more and better flowers than himself. He hastened forward for a few minutes at a rapid pace which became slower as his thoughts turned to a pair of brown eyes, and he had almost resumed his accustomed pace when he was startled by a scream that seemed to come from a clump of bushes directly in front of him. He rushed forward, determined to find out if possible, whether any person was in need of his help. As he neared the spot from which the screams appeared to come, he was astonished to behold the possessor of the brown eyes, the Co-ed of whom he had been thinking, standing terrified at the sight of an immense garter-snake at least eleven inches in length.

Instantly his mind was made up; grasping a stick that happened to be near at hand he quickly advanced and dispatched the reptile in a manner that would have done credit to a Janizary, flung its body far among the bushes and then turned to see how it fared with the young lady. The sudden relief from peril had been too much for her nerves and she sank to the ground unconscious.

Now Tiberius was in a dilemma; here was something unexpected indeed, and he felt that it would be an easier task to slaughter one hundred snakes than restore one lovely female to consciousness. As he stood there meditating on the best course to pursue, the problem was suddenly solved by the young lady herself, who regained consciousness almost as suddenly as she had lost it. As her glance fell on Tiberius she uttered an exclamation of joy and springing to her feet she clasped his hand warmly exclaiming, "O my dear Mr. Turnip, you have saved my life! How can I thank you enough!"

"O," murmured Tiberius blushing and looking at his feet, "I just happened along and hearing a noise I came up and saw what the trouble was and was lucky enough to kill the snake." Then not knowing what better to do he withdrew his hand and began to gather up and arrange her scattered