

An instant's delay on Pearson's part would have been fatal. The instant he saw the raised chair he gave a cat-like spring, catching a round and wringing the chair from the enraged husband's grasp. At the same instant Sercombe sprang upon the man also, and the three fell in a struggling heap on the floor.

"Miss Weldon" screamed wildly: "Murder! burglars! help!" while the neighbors ran into the street crying, "Fire! police!"

A "copper" happened to be near by, and before either of the men could extricate himself from their assailant's grasp his blue coat appeared in the door.

Sercombe thought it was all up with him and wished he had never been born. He could see only scandal and shame ahead. But Pearson was the man of occasion. The big plunger of Stanmouth's football team raised the struggler in his powerful arms, and, putting forth all his great strength, he hurled him like a sixteen-pound shot into the arms of the big policeman, who recoiled like a box car struck by a flying engine, and before he could recover from his telescoped feeling and pick himself out of the wreckage in the hall Sercombe and Pearson had leaped over the pile and shot out the door. They dodged into an alley and ran for dear life. Keeping well in the shadow they sprinted through back alleys, sneaking hastily across streets, stopping only occasionally to pick themselves up after a stumble or to beat off a chasing dog until they reached the outskirts of the town. Then they walked swiftly to the first out-of-town station where they could get the Stanmouth train.

They had very little to say to each other until they reached the train, and then, brushing off a speck of mud from Sercombe's shirt front, Pearson could not restrain the question:

"How about character reading, Sercombe? I thought you said that a man who had reached the exalted position of a college senior without being able to read human nature was—

"Well, 'Tom, *I am* a fool."

HARRY H. MALLORY.

P. S. C., November 4, 1895.

A STUDY IN ALTRUISM—AN UNTRUE STORY OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Bed-time had just come, and weary with the labors of the day I sought rest in sleep, "sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." As I pressed