

Breakfast over he makes all necessary preparations for the hunt, and soon comes forth with gun in hand. As he passes through the town, his friends try to "make merry" with him.

"How many deers do you expect to kill?" asks one.

"Don't you want some help to bring your game home?" remarks another.

But the Professor does not care. He answers them in jovial repartee, and passes on into the open country with vigor in his step and expectation in his heart.

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'Tis nearly noon. The Professor has trudged about all the morning without an opportunity to kill even the strength of his powder. He has seen plenty of game; but somehow it has always disappeared just before he was ready to shoot. And now 'tis time to start for home, and he finds himself tired, exasperated, cold and hungry with nothing to repay him for his pains. It has certainly been a dreary morning to him.

But it is an ill wind, indeed, that does not blow some good; and the Fates have been kinder to him than he supposes. If he but knew how some of the students loaded his gun last night, he would not be so anxious to shoot. "But where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and so he is blaming the Fates for such ill luck.

At last, weary of the chase, he starts for home. He recalls with a bitter smile, the jests of his friends; and it disturbs the complacency of his mind. He wonders what they will say when he returns; and the thought makes him provoked,—it is none of their business, and he thinks he will tell them so. But how far is it to the College? He had no idea he had come so far. Tramp, tramp, tramp, up hill and down, through underbrush and bushes, over rocks and fallen tree-trunks, while the rustling leaves chant in a mon-