

otonous monotone, the cadence of the march. Will he never get out of these woods? His hands are cold and he thrusts them in his pockets. His steps has lost its vigor, and with head bent down and thoughts far away on that Thanksgiving dinner, he walks carelessly along. Thump. He stubs his toe against a stone; and he wishes he had an iron foot so he could kick the blamed thing again. But he pulls himself together and goes on,—tramp, tramp, tramp. He climbs over a log, and a small stub does its work. There is a tearing and rending of cloth, and a hole appears in the Professor's new coat. The Professor looks at the hole and mutters "confound it!" with great emphasis. Hearing how it sounds, he looks hastily around to see if any of the students are near, but no one is in sight, so he makes a few more appropriate remarks and goes on.

But the Fates are evidently determined to revenge themselves for his displeasure with them, for as he steps down from a rock a moment later, his foot finds a hole and down he goes. With a great effort he restores the equilibrium of his body; but he cannot restore the equilibrium of his mind.

Just then, as if laughing at his sorry plight, a squirrel begins to chatter away in a nearby tree.

"O you will laugh, will you!" exclaims the Professor, now thoroughly excited. And raising his gun, he pulls both triggers. Bang! Biff! The Fates are revenged, the students satisfied. The Professor describes an unknown geometrical curve backwards, meets the earth in his course, and decides to stop; while the squirrel chatters louder and merrier than ever.

The Professor picks himself up a wiser, but a madder man. He rubs first his shoulder, then his head. He groans a little, and quotes exclamations more. And then suddenly noticing the chattering of the squirrel he exclaims.

"Well, laugh you little fool, I don't see anything funny."

But the squirrel continues to chatter in his merry, careless way, for he can see something funny, and the Professor is at the butt of the joke.

C. '00.