

were thus taking their departure, a man was leaning on his elbow in bed and saying: "Maria, the dog's barkin' powerful! 'Pears like there must be some 'un about. I'll git up 'n' see. If it's some o' them elics from the college there'll be trouble, now mind if there won't!"

When the party again reached the main building the author of this speech was three hundred yards in their rear, following at a rapid trot. Finding his roosting chickens disturbed, he had started at once toward the college building, hoping to catch the marauders, whom he thought himself safe in believing came from there. He carried a double-barreled shotgun and was mumbling angry threats at every step.

"Darn their ornery hides! I'll blow 'em to Shingletown and back if I git a whack at 'em," he exclaimed. "They'll not walk straight for a month o' Sundays."

As the Preps clambered from the fire-escape into the third floor window, the farmer, by a chance look in that direction, happened to see them, outlined against the light of the hall. With a new burst of angry exclamations he started on a mad rush for the Prep end entrance. In he went and up the stairs, two steps at a time, but by the time he reached the third floor not a fellow was in sight and the place was as quiet as though no one had been astir for hours. He scratched his head and began to walk along the hall, now and then stopping at a door to listen. He mounted to the fourth floor and wandered slowly about from one end of the building to the other. Finally he became completely bewildered, not knowing how he had come in, and at a loss which way to turn next.

Meanwhile in a fifth floor back room a feast of fried chicken is being prepared and those present are talking and laughing merrily. The feast is all but begun when a heavy footstep sounds in the hall. It is a clumsy, scraping footstep, and suggests coarse shoes. Then there is a loud knock at the door. Silence settles over the room, and every fellow becomes stock still in his place. Again the knock—no answer.

"Hay in there!" suddenly sounds a harsh voice. "Hand over them chickens or I'll have yeh 'rested, by jabbers! Yeh hear!"