

Not a sound in the room.

"Oh, you're in there, fer I heered yeh! You're the skunks that stole my chickens too. Come out! I dare yeh to come out! I lick the whole kit 'n' boodle of yeh!"

At this point another and lighter step sounded in the hall and a smoother voice inquired rather sternly.

"What do you want, sir? What are you doing here?"

The moment after this sentence was heard, all but two of the party in the room were either under the beds or in the closet. The fellows had recognized the voice of the ruling Prof. of Prepdom, who roomed on the third floor, east corner room. No more than two men were allowed in a student's room at night!

The Prof.'s questions were thus answered:

"You let me in this room and I'll show you what I want!" There came another impatient bang on the door.

"Don't get excited now," again came the voice of the Prof. "Just state your business and I'll tend to it for you."

"No you won't 'tend to it fer me nither! I know my own business. Are yeh goin' tuh let me in?" Silence—"Well then, I'll butt my way in."

Bang! Bang! Bang!! The door shook and began to give way.

"Stop that! Stop that!" shouted the Prof., "have you no sense at all?"

"Sense! Sense!!" cried the other, chewing his words with rage. "There's not enough sense in the whole d—— college to do one good man! You let me in there or I'll lam the stuf-fen out o' yeh!"

Needless to say, every ear in the room was intently alert. The affair was becoming interesting, and no mistake.

"D'yer hear what I say?" continued the harsh voice in tones of seething anger.

"Are you aware to whom you are talking, sir?" calmly demanded the Prof.

"Yes—a—a—good-fer-nothin' fool! and I won't take no more o' yer sass ither!"