

There was a bang as of some heavy object striking the floor, a quick scraping of feet, and the sound of blows that soon followed indicated only too plainly that the Prof. and the farmer, for it surely must be he, were in a hand-to-hand fight.

"I'll teach you to monkey with *me*, you spindle-shanked, lazy, smart——," the rest was breathless mumbling.

The listeners held their sides and wanted to howl. This was fun indeed. The dignified Prof. in close tussle with a farmer.

"This beats a circus all hollow!" whispered one, with difficulty restraining his mirth.

Back and forth, up and down, the two heaved and clattered, grunting and panting desperately. All at once, with a terrific thud, they struck squarely against the door. The latter almost gave way under the shock. Again they were out in the hall, tumbling violently about, the fight growing hotter at every moment. The Prof. was evidently holding his own.

Within, a whisper came from the closet: "By gad, fellows, they'll smash that door in if they hit it again."

"Naw they won't," put in another; but he was mistaken, for the very next moment came a bang and a mighty crash, the door flew wide open, and the two contestants, wriggling, spluttering, staggering, tumbled headlong onto the floor of the room.

The two men who had been seated at the table as though studying sprang to their feet in the sudden excitement, then stood perfectly still.

Slowly the Prof. and the farmer untangled themselves and rose to their feet. Each looked the other over from head to foot without saying a word. Then they turned their dazed looks on the room and its occupants. For full half a minute no one spoke. When the silence was broken it was not by the Prof. nor by the farmer, but by one of the Preps at the table.

Among college men, and no less among Preps, as we are all aware, there are some who are highly distinguished for that quality known as "nerve," men who are ruffled by nothing, and who appear as bland as a June morning, no matter what