

and almost fell over one of the stationary writing desks, on which students take notes.

"You must think the Old Harry himself is coming," laughed Pierce, revealing to his companions that he had only intended to frighten them.

"Be careful, man, or the whole business will be given away," said Richardson angrily, thinking how he had been frightened by his companion's artifice.

The party continued their search with less timidity than before. They looked through several drawers; and, as their efforts seemed to be drifting toward a hopeless end, to the great delight of all, Richardson drew from a bottom drawer the questions.

"Here they are," Richardson exclaimed triumphantly as he held the sheet of paper up before his comrades, who both gave a response of delight.

"Read them off to me, and we'll make a facsimile of them in a minute," said Pierce as he took some paper from his pocket and sat down at the desk.

The copy was made, the question sheet carefully replaced where it had been found, and minute care taken to leave no mark of derangement.

"Let's go out this way," suggested Pierce, unfastening the window nearest the desk, "instead of going around the way we came in."

The others assented; and, when the class-room door had been locked on the inside, the window indicated by Pierce was opened and the exit commenced. Blake went first, followed by Pierce. Richardson, being rather clumsy, got out of the window more awkwardly than his companions; and as he was in the middle of the task, Pierce, who wanted to have as much merriment as possible, exclaimed as he started off as fast as he could go, "Look! run for your lives!"

Richardson lost his balance, dropped from the window, and fell flat on the ground. He forgot to see if he had lost anything, forgot the open window; and did not regain his senses till he had run half way across the campus and caught up with his comrades.