

"Who did you see?" he asked, almost out of breath.

"You must have thought the faculty were after you," laughed Pierce sarcastically.

The next morning the professor went to the university earlier than usual to look over some examination papers. As he entered the room he noticed the wide open window and the unusual coolness of the room.

He felt that something unusual had happened. In the course of an hour the students began to come in and take their places. Blake and Pierce, as well as most of the other members of the class, were already at their seats, when Richardson came in with his shoulders thrown back, head erect, and an expression of confidence on his face. The plot originated by him had been secretly and successfully carried out. The trickery used to gain the anticipated victory did not at all effect his conscience hardened by previous experiences. One of the worst problems standing between him and graduation had been solved.

The nine o'clock gong sounded. Richardson had learned the questions almost by heart and his answers the same way. The professor looked around the room to see if all were ready and then wrote the Roman numeral "I" at the top of the blackboard.

Richardson, leaning forward, with well sharpened pencil in hand, was ready to write the answer before the question was written. No sooner did the first word appear than his countenance changed. It was not the word he expected to see, "Did we have the wrong questions?" he thought to himself. He leaned back and gave a sigh of despair that was almost noticeable. In a few moments, his anxiety was greatly relieved, however, when he recognized the third question instead of the first; and, as the other questions appeared on the blackboard, they proved to be the ones found the night before with the order slightly changed.

When the ten o'clock gong sounded, the professor reiterated the signal in a captain-like manner, "Ten o'clock and all's well."

Richardson heard Blake snicker behind him, but did not