

look around or appear to share in the glee. He tried to assume the woe-begone expression worn in former rhetoric hours; and, though his answers were all prepared, he intentionally inserted some faults, so that their correctness might be unnoticeable.

At last the examination was finished, and the students gone. The professor spent the afternoon correcting papers. He worked unremittingly for some time, and becoming weary, got up to raise the window. He leaned out, gazing at the picturesque campus decked in all the beauties of summer. Looking at the evenly mowed lawn, he noticed two well marked footprints. On examining more closely, he saw something beneath half concealed in the grass. Now his suspicion was thoroughly aroused. He went out hurriedly and picked up the object, which proved to be Morris Richardson's receipt book.

"Can it be possible! I never dreamed that a student could be so little. If he found the questions, it can easily be detected on his paper now I have the clue. Doubtless, there were more than one. I'll try to find out."

After close inspection none of the papers revealed the fault except Richardson's. Thinking it useless to make a great disturbance about the affair, and that Richardson might possibly be the only guilty party, and resolving never to leave questions within the reach of such unreliable students again, the professor pinned the receipt book inside Richardson's examination paper, wrote beneath it, "This little book found under my window does not better your grade," and gave him an "E."

—1904.