

P'fesser Bartet made me learn that dance with him, but I just hate him."

Penrod was now almost completely mollified; nevertheless, he continued to set forth his grievance. "Well, they all turned around to me and they said, 'Why, Penrod Schofield, shame on you!' And I hadn't done a single thing! I was just standin' there. They got 'o blame *me*, though!"

Marjorie laughed airily. "Well, if you aren't the foolishhest——"

"They would, too," he asserted, with renewed bitterness. "If the house was to fall down, you'd see! They'd all say——"

Marjorie interrupted him. She put her hand on the top of her head, looking a little startled.

"What's that?" she said.

"What's what?"

"Like rain!" Marjorie cried. "Like it was raining in here! A drop fell on my——"

"Why, it couldn't——" he began. But at this instant a drop fell upon his head, too, and, looking up, they beheld a great oozing splotch upon the ceiling. Drops were gathering upon it and falling; the tinted plaster was cracking, and a little stream began to patter down and splash upon the floor.