



TALBOT BAINES REED

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THE FIFTH FORM AT ST. DOMINIC'S

EDITED BY

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KIRJASTUS „KOOL“, TARTU

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THE FIFTH FORM AT ST. DOMINIC'S

A School Story

by

TALBOT BAINES REED

Abridged and Simplified for the Use of Schools

by

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KIRJASTUS „KOOL“, TARTU

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PREFACE.

The bulk of the words contained in this text were taken from the collection of the 1500 most useful words in the English language, compiled by J. Silvet (Inglise keele pōhisōnavara), to which the reader is referred for a translation. To this stock were added some 350 further words and idioms, the majority of which were taken from the "General Service List" of the 2000 most useful words contained in the "Interim Report on Vocabulary Selection for the Teaching of English as a Foreign Language" (London, P. S. King & Son, 1936).

CHAPTER I.

The Notice-Board.

The four o'clock bell was sounding up the staircases and down the corridors of St. Dominic's school.

At the signal there was a general noise of voices and moving feet — twelve doors opened almost at the same moment, and next, five hundred boys poured out, filling the staircases and corridors, shouting, fighting, and laughing, free at last from the hard work of the last six hours.

The usual rush followed. Some boys, taking off their coats and rolling up their sleeves as they ran, made for the playground. Some, with books under their arms, hurried off to their studies. The heroes of the Sixth walked proudly to their rooms. The day-pupils hurried away to catch the train at Maltby. Others, less eager, stood about in the corridors with hands in pockets, regarding without interest their hurrying fellows, and clearly not knowing exactly what to do with themselves.

At the corner of the big corridor near the main entrance, the attention of the boys was attracted by the School Notice-Board, on which, from time to time, were fixed notices of interest to the school. On this afternoon (the first Friday of the Summer-Term), it was, as usual, filled with notices, each interesting in its way.

The first was in the handwriting of Dr. Thornley's secretary, and ran as follows: —

"A Nightingale Scholarship, value £ 50 a year for three years, will fall vacant at Michaelmas. It is for boys under seventeen. Explanations and subject of examination can be had any evening next week in the secretary's room."

The next notice was in the clear handwriting of the secretary of the Sixth Form Literary Society, and ran as follows: —

"This Society will meet on Tuesday. Subject for debate: 'That the Present Age is Degenerate', moved by A. E. Callander, opposed by T. Winter. Boys from the Senior Fifth are invited to come and listen."

This notice would not have especially interested the boys if the words had not been changed. Instead of "That the Present Age is Degenerate", the words were: "That the Present *Sixth* is Degenerate". Nobody knew who had made this change, which certainly caused great amusement

among the older boys, especially those of the Fifth Form. Many of the boys present said to each other that "there would be trouble about it", and then passed on to the next notice: —

"Wanted a Smart Fag. No Tadpoles or Guinea-pigs wanted. Horace Wraysford, Fifth Form."

Tadpoles and Guinea-pigs were the names given to two clubs in the Junior School, the mysteries of which were known only to their members, but which were not regarded with favour by the older boys.

As is usual in boys' schools, the young gentlemen of the Fifth Form at St. Dominic's were jealous of the older boys in the Sixth. This feeling was pretty strong. The Fifth were too near the heroes of the top form to obey their commands willingly. They would be Sixth Form men themselves very soon, and then, of course, they would expect the whole school to obey them. Just at the present time, too, the Fifth contained a group of fellows well able to fill the juniors with fear. There were in it one or two of the cleverest boys (for their age) at St. Dominic's; and, which was more important still in the eyes of many, they contained not a few of the best cricketers, boxers, football-players, and runners in the school.

Such was the company which gathered on this afternoon in their class-room, with closed doors, to

discuss "private and important business". About twenty boys were present. A few of the leaders will be described below.

That handsome, pleasant-looking boy of sixteen who is sitting there on a chair in the middle of the room, biting the end of a pencil, is the much-feared Horace Wraysford, the gentleman, it will be remembered, who is in want of a fag. Wraysford is one of the best "all-round men" in the Fifth, or indeed in the school. He is certain to be in the School Eleven in all great football matches, and may possibly win the Nightingale Scholarship next autumn, even though one of the Sixth is also trying for it. Indeed, it is said that he would be quite certain of this honour were it not that his friend Oliver Greenfield, who is standing there against the wall, with his head resting on a map of Greece, is also trying for it. Greenfield does not look nearly so clever a fellow as his friend. He is quieter and more lazy. Some say that he is selfish; and generally he is not especially liked by the boys in St. Dominic's. Wraysford, however, loves him very much indeed and says that he is far from being selfish, and is one of the best fellows in the school, and one of the cleverest. And Wraysford is prepared to fight any boy who says the opposite! That strong, ugly fellow is Braddy, feared by the Guinea-

pigs, and laughed at by the boys of his own class. The boy who is fastening a chalk-duster on to the collar of Braddy's coat is Tom Thornley, the Doctor's eldest son, who, one would have thought, might have learnt better manners. Last, not least (for we do not wish to speak of Simon, the fool of the class), is Anthony Pemberton, the boy now climbing on to a chair with the help of two friends. Anthony is lame, and one of the most feared boys in St. Dominic's. It is most dangerous to make him angry. He cannot box, he cannot run and catch his enemy; but he can *talk* and make the boys laugh at you. —

Later in the evening, two of these boys, Greenfield and Wraysford, sat together in the study of the former.

"Well, I see the Nightingale Scholarship is vacant at last. Of course you are trying for it?" said Wraysford.

"Yes, I shall; and you?" asked the other.

"Oh, yes; and I shall do my best."

"I do not intend to let you have it, however," said Greenfield; "I want the money to help me to go to Oxford."

"Just the reason *I* want to get it," said Wraysford, laughing. "But tell me, when is your brother coming?"

"This week, I expect."

"I wonder if he'll fag for me?" asked Wraysford.

Greenfield laughed. "You had better ask the captain about that. I can't answer for him. But I must go now. Good night."

Oliver and Stephen were Mrs. Greenfield's only children. Their father had died ten years ago. The elder son had, four years ago, been sent to St. Dominic's, where he was now one of the head boys in the Fifth Form. And now Stephen, too, was to come to the same school, although his mother did not at all like the idea of sending both her boys away from home.

CHAPTER II.

The Beginning of Work.

domitory
"Master Stephen Greenfield is to go to the headmaster's study at half-past nine," called out Mr. Roach, the school porter, putting his head into the common bedroom at seven o'clock on the morning following the former's arrival at St. Dominic's.

When the clock pointed to the half-hour, he ran off as fast as he could to the Doctor's study.

Dr. Thornley was a tall man, with small, sharp eyes. He looked up as Stephen entered.

"Come in, young friend. Greenfield is your name? You arrived on Tuesday. How old are you?"

"Nearly eleven, sir," said Stephen.

"Just so. Your brother has shown you over the school, and helped you to make you feel at home, has he not? Now let us run through what you have learnt at home."

And then the Doctor put Stephen through an examination, in which that young fellow did so well that at the end he heard that he would be placed in the Fourth Junior Class. Then the Doctor rang his bell.

"Tell Mr. Rastle to come here," he said to the porter who had appeared at the door.

Mr. Rastle, the junior boys' tutor appeared, and Stephen was handed over to him after shaking hands and promising to work hard and be a good boy.

The same day Stephen appeared in the Fourth Junior Form for the first time. He was put to sit at the bottom desk which belonged to Master Bramble. This young gentleman did not seem to like this when he learnt who his new neighbour was.

"I don't want you next to me," was his pleasant greeting.

"I can't help it," said Stephen. "I was put here."

"Oh, yes, because you know so little; that's why."

"I suppose that's why you were at the bottom before I came — oh!"

This "Oh!" was spoken in a loud voice, being caused by a dig from the friendly Master Bramble's inky pen into Stephen's leg.

"Who was that?" said Mr. Rastle, looking up from his desk.

"Now then," whispered Bramble, "tell tales, and get me into trouble — I'll pay you."

Stephen stood up.

"It was me," he said.

"It was *I*, would be better grammar," said Mr. Rastle, quickly.

Mr. Rastle was a young man with a reddish face, and a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. He no doubt guessed the cause of the disturbance, for he asked: "Was any one pinching you?"

"Say it was me," Bramble whispered angrily.

Stephen said: "No"; no one had *pinched* him; but he finished up his sentence with another: "Oh!", as the gentle Bramble gave him a sharp side kick on the foot as he stood.

Mr. Rastle's face darkened as he saw the action.

"Bramble," he said, "kindly stand on the form for half an hour. I should be sorry to think you were as unpleasant as your name might make one suppose. Sit down, Greenfield."

And then the class went on, with Master Bramble standing on his form, whispering promises of punishment to Greenfield all the time.

As soon as class was over, Stephen had to go and wait upon Loman, whom he had been ordered to serve in the position of fag.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Cripps the Younger.

Loman had not been at St. Dominic's very long. He had entered eighteen months ago, having come direct from another school. He was what many persons would call an agreeable boy, although for some reason or other he was never liked very much. He was clever, and rarely quarrelled with any one, and he had been known to do more than one kindness. But whether it was that he thought too highly of himself, or was too selfish, or not quite honest, he never made any very great friends at St. Dominic's. Since he had got into the Sixth and been made a monitor, he had quite lost the goodwill of his old comrades in the Fifth.

Wraysford and the elder Greenfield were especially angry with him. When Loman had heard from Oliver of the probable coming of Stephen to St. Dominic's, he had used his position as monitor to get this young gentleman as his fag, although he quite well knew that Wraysford wanted to have him. The two friends took no trouble to hide from Loman what they thought of his action. The latter, however, was very pleased with what he had done, and he kept his hand on the new boy to show the others what an important person he was.

Loman, Wraysford and Oliver *were* rivals in more matters than one. They were all three trying for a place in the School Eleven; they each of them wanted to rule the Junior boys; and besides this, they each of them hoped to get the Nightingale Scholarship next autumn. Loman could not help feeling very sad when he discovered that, although he was a monitor, he was less respected by the smaller boys than his two rivals.

For these and other reasons, Loman on the one hand and the two friends on the other did not feel especially friendly towards each other.

To Stephen, however, Loman was very kind. He helped him with his lessons, and gave him a large share of the good things to eat sent him by his parents. In his quality of monitor he made Bramble

stop worrying the new boy. The result of all this was that Stephen thought himself very happy to have fallen into the hands of so powerful a lord.

When he entered Loman's study after his first morning's work in class, the latter was very pleased to see him.

"Hullo, Greenfield!" he said; "how are you? and how are you getting on? I hear you are in the Fourth Junior; all among the Guinea-pigs and the Tadpoles. Which do you belong to?"

"I don't know," said Stephen; "the matter will be decided to-morrow."

"Have you any classes this afternoon?" Loman asked.

"No; Mr. Rastle has given us a half-holiday."

"That's very nice. I'm going to row up the river a bit after dinner; would you like to come with me?"

Stephen liked this idea very much, for he was very fond of boating. They lived near a river at home, he explained, and he always used to go with Oliver there. So, as soon as dinner was over, the two went down to the river and got into a boat.

"Which way shall we row?" asked Stephen, as he made himself comfortable in his place.

"Oh, up stream. Let us keep close in to the bank, out of the current."

It was a beautiful afternoon, and Loman rowed lazily up. Stephen admired the wooded banks of the Shar. The village of Gosset was reached after an hour's rowing, and here Loman told his fag to get out close to a small farm-house.

"Hullo," a thin old voice called down as they were walking towards the house. *near*

"Hullo, Jeff, is Cripps about?" replied Loman.

"Yes, he is in the house," replied the old man.

"All right! Make fast the boat. I want to see Cripps."

Cripps was the son of the old man whom Loman had addressed as Jeff. He was not exactly a gentleman, for he kept an inn at Maltby not wholly unknown to some of the boys of St. Dominic's who used to go there to play billiards and drink beer, although they were not allowed to enter places of this kind.

Besides this, Mr. Cripps was not an altogether honest person, and he often drank too much of his own beer. He found it profitable to be kind to schoolboys, and he would go a good bit out of his way to meet one. He always knew of something that a young gentleman wanted to possess. For these reasons, he was much liked by the young gentlemen, who willingly paid him whatever price he asked for the things he sold them.

Of all the young gentlemen he had got to know he seemed to like Loman best. The two had met at the farm-house a week ago, when Loman was kept there by the bad weather. Getting into conversation, Loman said that he wanted to buy a really good fishing-rod.

Strangely enough, Mr. Cripps had only a few days ago been asked by a friend of his, who intended to leave the country and go to London, whether he knew of any one who wanted a really good fishing-rod. It was not an ordinary, but a first-class rod. He had wished to get it for himself. And it would be cheap, he added.

"I tell you what I shall do, young gentleman," said he; "I'll bring it here with me next time I come. Of course, you can take it or not, as you like. I suppose you are sure to be up stream some day next week."

"Oh, yes," said Loman, "when can you bring it?"

"Well, I have plenty of time, and I want to help you. Suppose we say to-day week. I'll have the rod here, and you can try it."

"Thank you — have you — that is — about the price —"

"You mean, about what figure the owner wants for it? Well, I don't know exactly. Good rods are

never very cheap. You could get what they call a good rod for ten shillings, perhaps. But *you* wouldn't like that kind of thing."

"Oh, no; if it was a really good one," said Loman, "I wouldn't mind giving a good price. I don't want a bad one."

"That's just it. This one I'm telling you of is as strong as iron. And *you* know, as well as I do, these things are always all the better after a little use. My friend has only used it twice. But I'll find out about the price, and send you a line. May be two pounds, or three pounds, or so."

"I suppose that's about what a really good rod ought to cost," said Loman, who liked to appear to know what was what, but who was secretly frightened by the figure named.

"So it is. It's just a guess of mine, however; but I know for *me* he'll put it as low as he can."

"I'm sure I shall be very thankful to you," was Loman's reply.

"Not at all, young gentleman. I always like to be helpful where I can; besides, you would do as much for me, I'm sure. Well, good-day, Mr. — what's your name?"

"Loman, at St. Dominic's. You'll send me a line, then, about the price, won't you?"

"Yes, sir. Good-day, sir."

But Mr. Cripps had forgotten to send the promised letter, and to-day, when Loman came up to the farm-house to fetch the rod, the inn-keeper excused himself saying that he was very sorry; but his friend had been ill and not able to talk about business. He had been a little afraid from what he heard that he was not quite as willing to give away the rod as before. But Cripps had gone over on purpose and seen him, and got his promise that he should have it to-morrow certain, and if Loman would call or send up, it should be ready for him without fail.

At this moment, Stephen came up from the river to rejoin his school-fellow, and the two returned with the current to St. Dominic's.

Next day, Loman had classes all the afternoon. He therefore decided to send Stephen for the desired object.

"I want you to run up to the farm-house," said he to his fag, "to fetch me a fishing-rod the farmer's son has promised to get for me. Be quick back, will you? And ask what the price is."

So off ran Stephen, as soon as school was over.

The younger Cripps had the rod. And it would be cheap: only £ 3 10/—. Cripps himself would not want anything for his trouble.

After this, the inn-keeper and the boy got quite friendly. The former was greatly interested in hearing about St. Dominic's, especially when he understood that Stephen was a new boy. Cripps could remember the day when *he* was a new boy, and had to fight three boys in three hours the first afternoon. He was awfully fond of cricket when he was a boy. Was Stephen?

"Oh, yes," said Stephen; "I like it more than anything."

"Ah, you should have seen the way we played. I had a bat, my boy, that could send the balls clean over the school-house. You've got a bat, of course, or else —"

"No, I haven't," said Stephen. "I shall get one as soon as I can."

"Well, that *is* lucky! Look here, young gentleman," continued Cripps in his friendliest manner; "I like you, and you shall have that bat. It's just your size, and the finest bat you ever set eyes on. You shall have it. Never mind about the price. You can give me what you like for it. I wish I could make you a present of it. I'll send it up to you, and you can pay me when you like."

"But it will be awfully dear," Stephen replied. "I couldn't pay for it. My pocket-money is nearly all gone."

"Oh, never mind, not if you don't pay at all," replied the friendly Cripps. "You'll be having more money soon, I'm sure."

"Not till June," said Stephen.

"Well, leave it till June — no matter. But you may as well have the use of the bat now. Good-day, Master Greenfield, and I hope I shall see you and Mr. Loman again soon."

Stephen hoped so too, and went off highly pleased, with Loman's rod under his arm.

That evening Stephen was "tossed up" for the Guinea-pigs and Tadpoles. "Heads, Guinea-pigs; tails, Tadpoles." It turned up heads, and from that time Stephen Greenfield was a Guinea-pig.

On the afternoon of the next day, Stephen's bat arrived. It was addressed to "Mr. Greenfield", and, of course, taken to Oliver, who wondered much to receive a small-size cricket-bat in a parcel. Master Paul, his fag, who was present, was able to clear up the mystery.

"Oh! that's your young brother's, I expect; he said he had a bat coming."

"All I can say is that he must have more money than I have, to buy a thing like this. Send him here, Paul."

Paul ran away, and soon Stephen appeared, quite red in the face and anxious-looking.

"Is this yours?" asked the elder brother.

"Yes; did Mr. Cripps send it?"

"Mr. Cripps, the farmer?"

"No, his son. He said he would get it for me. I say, is it a good bat, Oliver?"

"Nothing out of the way. But, I say, young man, how much have you given for it?"

"Not anything yet. Mr. Cripps said I could pay in June, when I get my next pocket-money."

"What on earth has he to do with when you get your pocket-money?" demanded Oliver. "And besides, who is this young Cripps? He is a person of very doubtful character, isn't he?"

"He seemed a very nice man," Stephen replied.

"Well, look here! the less you have to do with men like him, the better. What is the price of the bat?"

"I don't know; it's one Mr. Cripps had when he was a boy. He says it's a beauty. I say, it looks as good as new, Oliver."

"You young fool!" said the elder brother; "I expect the fellow is telling lies. Find out what he wants for it at once, and pay him; I'm not going to let you run into debt."

"But I can't; I've only two shillings left," said Stephen sadly.

"Then I shall lend you the money for it."

Stephen promised to buy no more things of this kind without first asking Oliver, and at this moment Wraysford appeared, and Stephen left the room with the bat over his shoulder.

CHAPTER IV.

Stephen at St. Dominic's.

Stephen, before he had been a fortnight in the school, found himself very much at home at St. Dominic's. He was not one of those lively, interesting boys who take their class-fellows by storm, and rise to the top of the tree almost as soon as they touch the bottom. Stephen was not a very clever boy, either, and yet he succeeded in getting his footing among his comrades in the Fourth Junior, and especially among his fellow-Guinea-pigs.

He had fought Master Bramble six times in three days during his second week, and was to fight him again every Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday during the term. He had also taken the chair at one meeting against the monitors, and spoken in another debate on the same subject. He had given sweets in a most handsome manner to his special friends. This was pretty good for a fortnight. Add to this that he had remained at the bottom of his class all

the time, and it will easily be understood that he soon won the favour of his fellows.

This last cause of popularity, however, was one which did not please Stephen. He had come to St. Dominic's to work hard and to be liked by his teachers, and he felt very sad to discover that in neither aim he had been successful.

The first evening or two he had worked very hard at preparation. He had got Oliver to look over his French, and Loman had corrected the spelling of his essay. He looked out every word in his Latin text. And yet he remained at the bottom of his class. Other boys went up and down. Some openly boasted that they had had their lessons done for them, and others that they had not done them at all. Stephen, down at the bottom, felt very unhappy. He could not get up, and he could not get down, and all his honest work went for nothing.

He would have gone from bad to worse if Mr. Rastle had not helped him. That gentleman caught the new boy walking aimlessly down the corridor one afternoon.

"Ah! Greenfield, is that you? Nothing to do, eh? Come and have tea with me, will you, in my room?"

Stephen, who had started to run away as if shot on hearing the master's unexpected voice be-

hind him, turned round and said: "Thank you," very red in the face.

"That's right, come along." And the master took the boy by the arm and walked with him to his own room.

The sight of the cakes and the several kinds of jam on the tea-table made Stephen feel much happier.

"Make yourself comfortable, my boy," said Mr. Rastle. "Have you been playing cricket since you came?"

"Only a little, sir," Stephen replied.

And then he began a lively talk about this form of sport, by the end of which the tea was brought in, and he could start work upon the cakes.

Very soon Mr. Rastle turned the conversation round to Stephen's home. The boy gave him a full description of the old house and his mother, till the tears very nearly stood in his eyes and the cakes were almost forgotten.

"And how do you like St. Dominic's?" the master asked next. "I suppose you have plenty of friends by this time? And how do you think you are getting on in class?"

Stephen was most astonished at this question. If any one knew how he was getting on in class, Mr. Rastle did; and Mr. Rastle must know well

enough that Stephen was getting on very badly indeed.

"Not very well, I'm afraid, sir, thank you," the boy replied, not feeling exactly comfortable.

"Not? That's a pity. Are the lessons too difficult for you?" kindly asked Mr. Rastle.

"No, I don't think so — that is — no, they're not, sir."

"Ah! Your Latin exercise I thought was very good in parts to-day."

Stephen was very much surprised, and said in a trembling voice: "I copied it from Raddleston."

"Ah!" replied Mr. Rastle, laughing; "it's a funny thing, now, Greenfield, I knew that myself. No two boys could possibly have made the same foolish mistakes without the one copying from the other."

Stephen's astonishment was great indeed to see his master laugh at this matter instead of being angry.

"I'm very sorry I did it. I won't do it again, sir," he said.

"That's right, my boy. Raddleston is not the best pupil in the form, not by a long way. Much better do it yourself. I'm sure you know the correct answers. If, therefore, you had done the exercise yourself, you wouldn't have made those awful mis-

takes. Of course you can't expect to be perfect from the beginning; but if you continue to copy from Raddleston, do you see, you will *never* get on at all."

This little talk saved Stephen from becoming the worst pupil in his class. He still found his lessons difficult, and still kept pretty near to the bottom form; but he felt that his master took an interest in him, and that helped him very much in his work. He now and then put his difficulties before Mr. Rastle; and he always, when he did so, found the master ready and glad to help.

And so Stephen felt much better. He wrote happy letters home, for he knew that he had a friend among the teachers.

CHAPTER V.

In Difficulties.

As soon as Loman had time to examine his new fishing-rod he took it out of its leather bag and put the parts together.

Now, a boy's study is not the place in which to try out a long fishing-rod. It is far too small — but, happy thought! — the window! Loman held the rod out of the window as if there were a big river flowing past below. Suddenly he felt that the hook

had caught the ivy on the wall. When he tried to pull the rod in, the top part cracked. —

This unpleasant fact continued to trouble the unhappy Loman for many days. At length, he decided to return the fishing rod in its leather bag into the hands from which he had received it.

He, therefore, told Stephen to take it to the farm-house with a letter in which he said that he had changed his mind, and that he no longer wanted the rod, with many thanks for Mr. Cripps's trouble.

Stephen did as he was told and put both rod and letter into the hands of Mr. Cripps, who greatly astonished him by being very angry.

"Well," said he, when he had used all the bad language he knew, "well, do you take me for a fool?"

"I don't know what you mean," was Stephen's reply; "but, please, tell me, how much is that bat?"

"Bat? I had nearly forgotten all about it. Isn't it a beauty, now?"

"Yes, pretty well," said Stephen, whose friends had all spoken badly of the bat, and who was himself a little disappointed with it.

"Pretty well! I like that! I suppose you want me to take *that* back, too? Well, that bat is worth a guinea, but I say one pound."

"One pound?" said Stephen, surprised and frightened; "I thought it would be about seven shillings."

"You may think what you like, but that's my price. And if you don't like it — well, I shall let the headmaster know."

Stephen felt very uncomfortable. Though, to his knowledge, he had done nothing wrong, he did not wish the Doctor to be told of his dealings with Mr. Cripps. He hurriedly returned to the school, wondering what Oliver would say.

He told his brother the whole story that evening. The latter, of course, was very angry and called him a perfect fool. However, Stephen had reason to consider himself lucky to possess an elder brother at the school who was cleverer in such matters than himself. Oliver was determined the debt should be paid at once, without even waiting to write home. By borrowing ten shillings from Wraysford, the pound was completed and sent off that very night to Mr. Cripps; after which Oliver made his younger brother promise never to make such a fool of himself again.

It would have been well for Loman if he could have got out of his difficulties as quickly and

as easily. Having heard from Stephen how angry Mr. Cripps had been on receiving the returned rod, he had feared that the inn-keeper might some day arrive at St. Dominic's to explain the unhappy business to the Doctor and the whole school. He, therefore, decided to call at the inn himself, and to try, in some way, to settle matters, hoping that Mr. Cripps had failed to discover that the top part of the rod was cracked. He told Cripps that he was to get a present of a fishing-rod at home, and that, therefore, he had left Cripps's rod in its bag without even touching it. At this moment, unfortunately, one of his school-fellows arrived. When the latter heard them mention the rod, he called out: "Was that the rod you put out of the window, and which cracked when you pulled it in?"

Loman saw now that he could no longer hide the unpleasant fact from Cripps. He was forced to give the inn-keeper a written promise to pay not only the price of the rod, but £ 20 besides, together with £ 5 interest, that is £ 28.10/— in all. The boy, feeling sure to win the scholarship in September, left the house with a light heart as if he had paid off every penny of the debt.

A few days later, the school broke up for the summer holidays.

CHAPTER VI.

A Crisis.

When St. Dominic's opened again after the holidays, the preparations for the examinations began. Everybody who hoped for success began to study *edu* *hull* *like mad*. Cricket was over for the year, and football had not yet begun. Studies which used to be *tarabon* *did* very noisy now suddenly became very quiet. Books took the place of boxing-gloves, and pens of cricket-bats.

The fight for the Nightingale Scholarship natur- *loomulikut* ally was regarded with the greatest interest — not because it was worth £ 50 a year for three years. This was nothing to the fact that of the three candidates one was a Sixth Form boy and two Fifth Form boys. Of course, the Sixth Form boy *meidangi* *toonia* would win! Who ever heard of a Fifth boy beating a Sixth? And yet, in Oliver and Wraysford, the Fifth, as every one knew, possessed two very strong men. Loman was not liked even by his own class-fellows, but they could forgive anything now, if *andstanna* *enere ki nullusta di* only he made sure of the scholarship.

This was Saturday. On Monday, the examination would be over, and in a week the results would be known. Oliver Greenfield and Horace Wraysford had been working hard since the holi-

klama
days, generally together. Though each strongly desired to win the scholarship, each felt that it would not break his heart if the other beat him. At this moment, however, both felt that they had had enough of it. Oliver closed his book suddenly, and said: "I give it up; it's not a bit of use going on!"

Wraysford pushed back his chair slowly, and said, in a tired voice: "Upon my word, I think you're right, Oliver."

loskuma taanduma
"I think I had better retire, and leave you and Loman to fight it out."

"Don't be a fool, Oliver," replied Wraysford, half laughing. *not* "I'm no better than you are."

"Well," Greenfield continued, "I've forgotten almost all of what I knew. I was going over some of those terrible history dates in bed last night, and I couldn't remember one. Then I tried the map of Greece, but I was still worse there. Let us stop working now and row up the river instead."

news
"Just what I had been thinking. I'm willing, and it can't make much difference."

"I suppose Loman is working up to the last minute? But never mind, it will be all over on Monday; that's a comfort. Let's get young Stephen to come with us."

hoolikas oting

A careful search was made for the latter, but he was not to be found.

When Oliver and Wraysford appeared in boating flannels in the playground, the other boys loudly expressed their astonishment. *vafendama*

"You don't mean to say you're going out, you fellows?" Ricketts shouted at them. He was one of the *karik* idle ones of the Fifth.

"Yes, I do," said Wraysford.

"But the scholarship, I say?"

"That's not till Monday."

"I know; but aren't you working for it? I say, don't let them beat you! Hadn't you better work instead of going out?"

All the other Fifth Form fellows they met said the same to them. But they were quite determined, and went on their way. In the boat they talked little. At last, the farm-house came in sight. There were very few boats on the river, for the season was, in fact, at an end.

"Shall we go on or turn round?" asked Wraysford.

"Oh, let us turn back," replied Oliver.

Wraysford had just started obeying the order, when Oliver suddenly got up on his feet and pointed towards the farm-house. *osuturna*

Johnston
"Hullo! I say, there's something going on up there!" he exclaimed.

Wraysford looked round; something more lively than usual was happening outside the farm-house. Shouts and laughter were heard coming from a group of people near the door.

As they rowed up to the farm-house, Wraysford suddenly said: "That's Stephen."

"What?" exclaimed Oliver, "Stephen?"

"Yes, and — what *on earth* are they doing to him?"

revised
They at once climbed out of the boat and rushed to the place where the noise came from. In the middle of the group they noticed the unhappy Stephen being carried by three or four low-class fellows, one of whom was Cripps the younger. They were carrying the boy towards the water's edge with loud laughter. Beside them stood Loman, highly excited, and laughing like the rest of them. Poor Stephen, very unlike his usual self, appeared to be *fairly* completely frightened.

"Oh, don't! Please, Cripps!" he shouted; "don't let them; Loman — don't let them drown me!"

Loud laughter was the only answer.

It was just at this moment when they were ready to throw the boy into the water that Oliver and Wraysford appeared on the spot where the

fighting was going on. Their appearance was so sudden and unexpected that the fellows, even though they did not know who the two boys were, dropped Stephen on the grass.

Oliver at once sprang on Cripps who happened to be nearest; and before that gentleman knew where he was, Oliver had knocked him in the face so that he fell on the ground. Wraysford, on his part, attacked one of the other fellows, while Stephen did his share manfully with one of the others. *met himself*

The fight was sharp and short. A pair of well-trained athletic school-boys are equal any day to twice the number of half-drunk low fellows. In a minute or two the field was clear of all but Cripps, who appeared by no means willing to continue the fight single-handed. As for Loman, he had disappeared. *paar* *wordne* *pool-joo* *nuud* *was*

"What is all this?" asked Oliver, when at last he could find words.

"Oh, Oliver!" cried Stephen, "I'll tell you all about it. But let's get away from here."

"No, I won't go!" shouted Oliver, "not till I know what it all means. — You, fellow!" he added, walking up to Cripps, "you'd better speak, or I'll knock you down again."

Cripps, having given up the idea of continuing the battle, replied with a laugh: "Come, I say, **you do** do it well, you do! It was nothing but a joke — *nali* just a joke, young gentleman. We wouldn't have *biggest name* hurt a hair of the young gentleman's head. Ask Mr. Loman."

"He's gone," said Stephen. "But I say, Oliver, do come away. I'll tell you all about it later. Do come."

Cripps laughed: "Don't you believe all that young gentleman may tell you. He's a nice boy, but — well, he'd better mind what he says, that's all!"

"Look here!" said Wraysford, quickly walking up to him, "if you don't stop making those remarks, *marks* you'll be sorry for it."

usikan Cripps looked a moment at the speaker, and at the fist he held out. Then, without another word, he turned round and walked into the house, leaving the three boys standing alone on the river bank.

"Come on, now, both of you!" said Wraysford; "let's get back into our boat."

When they had rowed a short distance down stream, Oliver said to his younger brother: "Now tell me how it all happened."

Stephen, quite frightened by his brother's angry manner, told his story shortly and hurriedly.

"Why," he said, "you know I promised you never to go to Cripps again, and I didn't; but I thought I ought to see Cripps and give him back a bicycle-lamp which he lent me before the holidays. So I came up this afternoon. Cripps asked me into his house, and there were some fellows there, smoking cigarettes and drinking and playing cards."

"Was Loman one of them?" put in Wraysford

"I think so," replied poor Stephen, who did not really wish to betray a school-fellow, and who clearly had started his story in the hope of being able to keep Loman's name quiet. *reutma*

„Think so!" cried Oliver. "Why can't you tell the story straight out? Was he there or not?"

"Yes, he was. I did mean to tell the truth — only there's no need to get Loman into trouble."

"Go on!" said Oliver.

"They made fun of me because I wouldn't smoke and play with them. You know I promised mother not to play cards, Oliver. I didn't mind that, though; but when I wanted to go away, they — that is, Cripps — wouldn't let me. I tried to get away, but he stopped me, and they said they'd *make* me play."

"Who said so? Did Loman?" inquired Oliver, again. *jaule parine*

Köhklevaelt

"Why — yes," said Stephen, hesitatingly; "he and the rest. They held me down in a chair, and made me hold the cards, and one of them opened my mouth and shouted awful swear-words down into it."

vanderzonn

"What did Loman do?" asked Oliver.

"They all —"

"What did Loman do, I say?" again asked Oliver.

It was really no use trying to keep back anything.

"He pulled my ears, but not very hard. Really, I think it was only fun. Oh, and then they did a lot of things to make me feel uncomfortable, and they knocked me about because I wouldn't drink of their awful beer; and they swore, too."

"Did Loman swear?"

"They all swore, I think," said Stephen; "and then, you know, when I wouldn't do what they wanted, they said they'd throw me in the river, and then you fellows arrived."

"Did Loman tell them to throw you in the river?" asked Oliver, whose face had been growing darker and darker.

"Oh, no," replied Stephen, "he didn't, really! I think he was very sorry."

"Did he try to prevent it, then?"

"Well, no; I didn't hear him say —"

Oliver turned to Wraysford, and said: "Horace, I shall thrash Loman." *pleasure*

"All right," replied Wraysford; "You'd better do it to-night."

"Oh, Oliver!" cried Stephen, quite frightened; "it was all my fault, for —" *mine*

"Be quiet, Stephen," said Oliver, not unkindly. Then, turning to Wraysford, he added: "After tea, then, in the gymnasium."

"Right you are," was the latter's reply.

And then, without another word, they rowed quickly back and returned to St. Dominic's.

CHAPTER VII.

The Fight that didn't Come Off.

On reaching St. Dominic's the three boys discovered that the news of their afternoon's adventure had arrived there before them. Of course the story became terribly changed in passing from mouth to mouth.

When Oliver and his friend together with Stephen entered the school-house, groups of boys eyed them eagerly and whispered to each other as the three went by. It seemed quite a disappointment to not a few that the three did not appear

covered with blood, or as pale as sheets, or with broken limbs. No one knew exactly what had happened; but every one knew something *had* happened, and it would have been much more satisfactory if the heroes of the hour had had something to show for it.

The three boys spoke to no one, but walked into Oliver's room in complete silence.

"I must go and challenge Loman at once," remarked Oliver.

"Let me go," said Wraysford.

"Why?"

"Because if you go you'll have to fight him in his study. Much better wait and have it out in the gymnasium. I'll go and tell him."

Wraysford found Loman in his study with his books before him.

"Oliver Greenfield wants me to say he'll meet you after tea in the gymnasium if you'll come there," said Wraysford.

Loman, who was clearly prepared for the scene, looked up very angrily as he replied: "Fight me? What does he want to fight me for, I should like to know?"

"You know as well as I do," said Wraysford.

"I know nothing about it whatever; and what's more, I'll have nothing to do with the fellow. Tell him that."

Wraysford was much surprised at this unexpected answer.

"Look here," he said; "I didn't think you were such a coward."

"Think what you like. Get out of my study, and tell him I'll have nothing to do with him."

"I suppose you're afraid to fight me, either?"

"If you don't go at once, I'll report you to the Doctor," Loman shouted angrily in reply.

There was no use staying, and Wraysford returned to Oliver.

"He won't fight," he reported. "I suppose because he is a coward. You'll have to give it up this time."

When the Fifth heard that there would be no fight, this was a sad blow to them. In great sadness they had their tea, and they wondered if any set of fellows were as unlucky as they were.

Before Oliver went to bed, he had a talk with Stephen. He succeeded in putting before his young brother the position in which he had placed himself by going down to the farm-house and speaking to a man of Cripps's character.

"What I advise you to do is to tell the Doctor everything at once," he said.

"Oh, Oliver, I never could. I say, will you? You can tell him anything you like."

"I'll do it," was Oliver's brotherly reply. "I'll go and see if he's in his study now."

Oliver went straight to the Doctor's study. The door stood half open, but the Doctor was not there. He entered and waited inside, expecting that the headmaster would return; but no one came. As he left the room, he met Simon in the corridor.

"Hullo, Greenfield!" said that worthy member of the Fifth Form; "what have you been doing in there?"

"I want the Doctor," Oliver replied; "do you know where he is?"

"I saw him go upstairs a minute ago; that is, downstairs, you know," was Simon's most intelligent answer.

Without stopping to listen to such a foolish explanation, Oliver took his way down the corridor which led to Stephen's bedroom.

He had not, however, gone many steps when a boy met him. It was Loman. The latter saw him, and changed colour. Oliver for one moment stood still. Should he start a fight now? But thinking

better of it, Oliver passed his enemy with his eyes turned away, and went into Stephen's bedroom.

"He wasn't there. I'll see him in the morning," he reported to his brother. "Good-night, Stephen."

"Good-night, Oliver. I say, you are my best friend!" And as the boy spoke, there was something in his voice that went straight to his brother's heart.

"You are my best friend!" A pretty "friend" he had been, permitting his younger brother to get into bad company, and into bad ways. A "friend" indeed! Oliver went off to his own bed that night more dissatisfied with himself than he had ever felt before. And all through his dreams his brother's troubled face looked up at him, and his mouth repeated, in a trembling voice, again and again: "You are my best friend — my best friend!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The Scholarship Examination.

The next morning early, before breakfast, Oliver joined the Doctor in the latter's study and confessed to him Stephen's terrible crimes. He had clearly taken the right step in doing so. When it was all over, the Doctor said: "Well, Greenfield, you have done the right thing in telling me all this. Your brother seems to have been very foolish, but

I have no doubt he has got a lesson. You had better send him to me after morning service."

Oliver at once went off and reported to the grateful Stephen the result of his visit to the Doctor.

"I say," said Stephen, as they went along to the school chapel together, "I suppose you didn't say anything about Loman, did you?"

Monday "Of course not! He doesn't interest me," Oliver replied. "But look here, I'm not going to allow you to fag for him, or to have anything to do with him. You can fag for Wraysford instead if you like; he wants a fellow."

Before the morning was over, Stephen went to the headmaster, who talked to him very seriously. Stephen explained that he was very sorry for what he had done. When it was all over, he thanked the Doctor, and promised he should never have to talk to him for similar reasons.

"You must thank your brother for my not being a great deal more angry with you," said Dr. Thornley; "and I am quite ready to believe it will not happen again. Now, good-bye."

On the Monday following, Oliver and Wraysford rose after a good night's rest, hopeful once more for the examination that lay before them. Yet it seemed ages to them before the nine o'clock bell called them down to the Sixth Form room.

When the Doctor came in, he looked a little uneasy. He began by reading out the names for the different examinations; and then, turning to the class, he said:

"The Nightingale Scholarship candidates will be examined in this room. Before we begin, however —" and here the Doctor's voice began to tremble — "I want to mention a most serious matter. On Saturday evening, I had to leave my study for rather less than five minutes, shortly after five o'clock. I left the papers of questions for to-day's examinations lying on the corner of the table. On returning to my study, I discovered that one of the Nightingale Scholarship papers was missing. I wish to ask just this one question here: Does any boy present know anything about the missing paper?"

You might have heard a pin drop as the Doctor paused for a reply.

"No? I expected not; I am quite satisfied."

When the other boys had left the room, Oliver, Wraysford and Loman took their seats. Each of them was handed a paper. Hurriedly they looked over the questions, and it was interesting to observe the effect on their faces. Wraysford seemed disappointed, Loman was clearly frightened, only Oliver was perfectly quiet.

After they had started work, there was a perfect silence in the room, broken only by the sound of pens and by the ticking of the clock on the wall.

Loman soon appeared to be in difficulties, but the Fifth Form men were working on quietly and hard. When the clock pointed to three, the candidates handed in their papers, for better or worse. Oliver was the last, having made the best use possible of every minute.

"How did you get on?" asked Wraysford, as they walked out of the room.

"Not so bad as I feared; how did you?"

"Better than I expected," said Wraysford. "But, I say, did you see how unhappy Loman looked? I suppose he didn't do much."

"So I thought; but I hadn't time to observe him much."

When they entered the Fifth Form room, they were greeted with loud shouts of joy.

"If one of you wins the scholarship, it will be one of the best things that have ever happened for the Fifth for a long time," cried Ricketts.

"Oh, I say," said Simon suddenly, addressing Oliver, "wasn't it funny, that of the Doctor losing the paper? Just the very time I saw you coming out of his study, you know, on Saturday evening.

But, of course, I won't say anything. Only wasn't it funny?"

Oliver suddenly turned red in the face, and without a single word struck the speaker with his open hand on the forehead.

Was Oliver mad? or could it possibly be that —?

Oliver then hurried out of the room, leaving the others to wonder at the meaning of this unexpected and astonishing action.

CHAPTER IX.

A Turn of the Tide.

An earthquake could hardly have produced a greater shock than Oliver's strange action produced on the Fifth Form at St. Dominic's. For a moment or two they stood there completely silent with astonishment, and then there rose a sudden noise of tongues on every hand.

"What can he mean?" asked one.

"Mean! It's easy enough to see what he means," said another.

"I should never have thought Greenfield senior went in for that sort of thing!"

"Why — cheating!" replied the other.

"You're a liar to say so!" shouted Wraysford, walking rapidly up to the speaker.

The other boys, however, prevented a fight by holding Wraysford back.

"All I can say is," remarked Bullinger, who was one of Wraysford's special friends, "it looks uncommonly ugly, if what Simon says is true."

"I don't believe a word that fool says."

"Oh, but," began Simon, "upon my honour, I'm not telling a lie, Wraysford. I'm sorry I said anything about it. I promise I'll not mention it to anybody."

"You fool! who cares for your promises? I don't believe you."

Having returned to his study, Wraysford sat down in great sadness of mind to think the unhappy business over. He could not for a moment bring himself to believe that his friend could have stolen an examination paper. At first, he wanted to go straight to his friend's study to ask for an explanation. But he did not wish his best friend to think that he believed him capable of such a dishonourable action. He was angry with himself for allowing even the shadow of a doubt to enter his mind. Yet, as he sat there that afternoon, thinking about his friend's new trouble, he became more and more uncomfortable.

There was just one last hope left to Wraysford, namely that Oliver should come out anywhere but

first in the result. If Loman, or Wraysford himself, were to win, no one would be able to say his friend had cheated in the examination.

"It isn't true," he said to himself; "he couldn't do it. I'll never believe it of him."

At the same time, the rest of the Fifth were holding a sort of meeting to discuss the highly unpleasant matter. Simon was made to repeat his story once more.

"Did Greenfield say anything to you when he saw you?" some one asked.

"Oh, yes; he asked me if I knew where the Doctor was."

"Did you tell him?"

"Oh, yes; I said he had gone down to the hall or somewhere."

"And did Greenfield go after him?"

"Oh, no; he went off the other way as quickly as he could," Simon explained, feeling quite sure of himself.

It was a sad business; but there could be no doubt about it.

"I know this," said Ricketts, expressing what was passing in the minds of all of his class-fellows, "I should have preferred the loss of the scholarship to his winning it for the Fifth in this cheating

manner. I hope Greenfield will change his mind and confess, now it has all come out."

"If he doesn't, we promise him a pretty hot time among us," said Braddy; and this was their last word on this most unpleasant matter.

For it must be said of the boys at St. Dominic's — and the same may be said of all the other English school-boys — that, however foolish they may have been in other matters, however jealous of each other, however pleased with themselves, a point of honour was a point of honour which they all took seriously to heart. A cowardly or dishonourable action was a thing which nothing could excuse, and which they felt to be a crime against themselves.

Next morning, Oliver appeared as usual in his place. His class-fellows, however, took no notice of him, and they refused to answer his questions. Wraysford was the only one of his friends to remain faithful to him. After class he walked across the room to meet him.

"How are you?" he said.

It was a foolish remark to make, and it would have been far better to have said nothing at all. Oliver looked at him for a moment, and then, without answering the question, he walked somewhere else. Wraysford, on the other hand, was much hurt by this action. For the first time in his life he felt

that their friendship was growing cold, which made him very sad. The only person in the room who did meet Oliver on natural ground was Simon. Oliver walked up to him and said quietly: "I beg your pardon for hitting you yesterday."

"Oh," replied Simon, smiling, "it's all right, Greenfield. I never meant to let it out. It'll soon be forgotten."

No doubt, Simon did not know that this was the worst remark he could have made. Oliver for a moment felt like hitting him again; but he thought better of it and hurriedly left the room.

CHAPTER X.

The Result of the Examination.

At last came the day when the result of the Examination was to be made known.

When Oliver entered the class-room and took his usual seat in silence, no one spoke to him, many moved away from him, and nearly all gave him an unfriendly look. No one seemed to be interested in the lesson. The clock ticked on from ten to eleven, and from eleven to half-past, and every one was glad when the teacher at last closed his book. What ages it seemed before the Doctor's footsteps sounded in the corridor outside the Fifth!

At last he entered, and the class was perfectly silent. The Doctor walked up to the desk and opened his paper. Wraysford looked across the room to where his old friend sat. The latter was breathing hard. Wraysford could not help feeling very sorry for him.

The Doctor began to speak.

"The following are the results of the various examinations held on Monday. English Literature — maximum number of marks 100. 1st, Butler, 72 marks; 2nd, West, 68; 3rd, Maybury, 51; 4th, Simon, 23.

"Mathematics — maximum number of marks 80. 1st, Heath, 65; 2nd, Price, 54; 3rd, Roberts, 53.

"The Nightingale Scholarship. The maximum number of marks possible, 120. 1st, Greenfield, Fifth Form, 112 marks. And I must say I and the examiners are astonished as well as highly pleased with this really excellent result. I congratulate you as well as your class-fellows on your success."

A dead silence followed this statement. Those who watched Oliver saw his face first grow red, then turn pale, as the Doctor spoke. He kept his eyes fixed on the paper in the headmaster's hand, as if waiting for what was to follow.

The Doctor continued: "2nd, Wraysford, Fifth Form, 97 marks, also a very satisfactory result."

One or two near Wraysford shook hands with him. There was a general show of satisfaction to be observed, in strange contrast with the manner in which Oliver's success had been received. Still, every one was too eager to hear the third and final result.

"Loman, Sixth Form —" and here the Doctor stopped for three seconds, and his face darkened.

"Loman, Sixth Form, 70 marks."

This was the signal for loud shouts of joy that rose on all sides.

"Bravo, Wraysford! Hurrah for the Fifth! Ninety-seven to seventy. The Fifth wins over the Sixth! Splendid!"

"I was certain you'd win," said Butler to Wraysford.

"I have not won," the latter replied drily, and clearly not liking these congratulations; "I'm second."

"So you are, I quite forgot," said Butler; then turning to Oliver he added: "Allow me to congratulate you on your really splendid success. 112 marks out of 120! You could hardly have done better if you had seen the paper a day or two before the examination! Your class are very proud of you."

Oliver's only reply to this insult was to leave the room hurriedly.

"Surely the fellow will not be allowed to take the scholarship after this?" said Ricketts, when Oliver had closed the door behind him; "the scholarship belongs to Wraysford, and it is strange that the Doctor did not see through it all."

"Suppose you go and tell him now yourself," said Butler; "you could do it splendidly. What do you say?"

"I don't want to tell tales," Ricketts replied. "What I mean is, Wraysford ought not to be cheated out of his scholarship."

"There's no use our saying or doing anything," said Butler. "We should only make things worse. It's sure to come out in time, and till then it is our duty to keep quiet." —

Loman, who had felt quite certain of winning the scholarship, was now in great difficulties. On his last visit to Cripps, he had promised to call at his inn next Thursday with the news of the result.

"I shall have to invent some kind of excuse," Loman said to himself, as he sat in his study the afternoon after the results had been made known. He had been going from bad to worse the last month. Ever since he had begun regularly to visit

habtline
Cripps and the latter's questionable friends, the boy's low instincts had developed strangely. *arenema*

So Cripps had, next afternoon, the pleasure of welcoming his young friend under his own roof.

"I promised to call and tell you about the examination, didn't I?" Loman said in starting the conversation.

"Eh? Oh, yes. Upon my word, I'd quite forgotten."

"Well, you see, my memory was better than yours. The sad fact is, there's been something wrong about this examination. One of the candidates stole one of the papers, and so he got the scholarship by cheating."

"And can I make a pretty good guess," said Mr. Cripps, smiling, "which of the candidates that gentleman was?"

"No, it wasn't me, Cripps, really," said Loman. "Greenfield did it. He's a regular cheat. There's certain to be another examination, so that I'm sure of the money if you'll only wait."

"And how long do you want me to wait?" asked Cripps.

real jntnl
"Oh, till after Christmas, please, in any case. Do wait till then!" Loman begged.

"I don't see how I can," replied Cripps. "I'm a poor man, and have to pay my rent and all that.

Look here, young gentleman, I must have £ 10 down, if I am to wait."

"Ten pounds! I can't pay as much as that," said Loman. "I can give you five pounds; I've just had a note from home."

Loman took the note from his pocket and handed it over to Cripps, who seized it eagerly. *harrumph*

"Well," he said, "I suppose I'll have to wait for the rest. How long do you say — two months?"

"Three," replied Loman. "Oh, thanks, Cripps, I really *will* pay you then."

"But mind, if you don't, I shall walk straight to the headmaster. Don't make any mistake about that."

"Oh, yes, so you may," said the unhappy Loman, willing to promise anything in his eagerness to escape from his present difficulties.

Finally the matter was settled. Cripps was to wait three months longer; and Loman, although knowing perfectly well that he would not have the money by that time either, felt perfectly happy. Of course, he stayed for some time as usual and drank of Cripps's beer in the questionable company of several of the inn-keeper's friends. They played cards, and Loman had the extraordinary good luck to win three pounds from one of the fellows, which

task
sum he at once handed over to Cripps in further
payment of his debt.

"There's eight pounds of it paid already," he said to himself on his way back to St. Dominic's, quite satisfied with the afternoon's business; "and before Christmas more money is sure to arrive. It'll be all right, no doubt."

Indeed, it seemed as if cheating, lying, and playing cards would pay after all!

task
CHAPTER XI.

A Strange Prize-Day.

The long Christmas term went slowly on unsatisfactorily to everybody. It was unsatisfactory to Wraysford, who, not knowing whether to be ashamed of himself or angry with his old friend, decided to be miserable for the rest of the term. It was unsatisfactory to Stephen, who again and again spoke in favour of his brother, but did not succeed in putting him right. And, no doubt, it must have been unsatisfactory to Oliver, avoided by his fellows, forgetting almost the use of tongue and ears.

"Rastle," said Dr. Thornley one day, as the masters met for a five minutes' talk in the headmaster's study, "Greenfield in the Fifth is not well,

I'm afraid. I never see him out in the playground. I hope he is not overworking."

"Greenfield senior," replied Mr. Rastle, "appears to be unpopular just at present, but I don't know what his crime is."

"We must leave the boys to fight out their own quarrels," said the Doctor.

And so the matter ended for the present, as far as the masters were concerned. Some one might say, however, the Doctor ought to have questioned the boys about the reason of the Fifth's displeasure. In fact, it is strange that the Doctor had not long ago guessed who took the lost examination paper and punished the criminal.

Christmas Prize Day was always a great affair at St. Dominic's. Boys who were leaving made their last appearance before their old schoolfellows. Those boys who had won prizes during the last year were praised by their masters and cheered by their class-fellows, as well as by their sisters, and cousins, and aunts.

For ladies came to the Christmas Prize-Day; ladies and big brothers, and old boys, and the school governors, with the noble Earl at their head to give away the prizes. It was a great day. Everybody wore his sunday-clothes. There were flags and evergreens in the big hall, and a red carpet in front of

the centre table, on which the prizes, a pyramid of splendidly-bound books, were lying. The musical club were busy practising songs, and the dramatic set were doing the same with their play with which they intended to surprise the masters.

Altogether the end of the Christmas term at St. Dominic's was a busy time. Stephen and Oliver were very pleased when Mrs. Greenfield found herself unable at the last moment to come down and take part in the events of prize-day; for they did not wish their mother to discover how unpopular Oliver was with his class-fellows.

Well, the day came at last. The noble Earl arrived half an hour early and started a conversation with the Tadpoles and the Guinea-pigs. The mothers and sisters were running up and down the staircases and in and out of the studies, led proudly by their dear Johnnys and Bobs. Even Bramble appeared with a splendid grandmother, and would have been the proudest Tadpole alive if the dear old lady had not insisted on taking her grandson's *hand* instead of his arm, and walking him about instead of letting him walk her. Oliver and Stephen alone had not a single relative present to see them on this proud day.

At eleven o'clock a. m., the hall began to fill up. The noble Earl walked in greeted by loud

cheers and took his seat. The Doctor came in after him, and with him were the governors, the masters, and the examiners; and when they were all seated, prize-day had begun.

First Mr. Raleigh, the captain of the school, made a short speech in honour of a good old soul who lived three or four centuries ago, and left behind him the piece of ground on which St. Dominic's now stands, and a lot of money besides to build the school. Next similar speeches were made in Greek, Latin, and French.

Then comes the noble Earl. He is an old, old man, and his voice is weak and trembling, and scarcely any one hears a word he says. Yet how they cheer him, those small boys!

And now the Doctor comes to the table with the prize-list in his hand. It is arranged so that the small boys appear first, and the great events come last.

It is a great pleasure to the whole company to see the small boys of the First, Second, and Third Junior walk up to get their prizes. They look proudly up to where their relatives are sitting. Next the Fourth Junior are called up.

"General conduct," reads the Doctor from his list — "Watson." No one knows Watson, and so he walks up, takes his prize, and walks back again

without much excitement. But when the Doctor calls out Paul's name, and the latter receives "the second arithmetic prize", there rises a loud shout on all sides.

"Bravo, Guinea-pigs!" shouts one small voice somewhere near the door, which is greeted with laughter and cheering.

Bramble, however, is not at all pleased with this success of the rival club; he turns red in the face and tells his grandmother: "That fellow Paul is awful!"

He is much better pleased with the next result: "Third arithmetic — Padger."

Then does Bramble the Tadpole stand in his seat and cheer till his grandmother pulls him down by the tail of his jacket. When Padger has returned to his seat with his prize under his arm, everybody thinks that he is the last of the Fourth Junior on the list. But, no! there is one more prize.

"First Latin — Greenfield junior!"

This time there is a louder cheer than ever, for Stephen is a popular boy outside his own class. Oliver and Wraysford join in the cheering, and, of course, the Guinea-pigs shout at the top of their voices. When at last Stephen walks slowly back to his seat, the Doctor turns red and says: "If you boys will

make a little less noise, we shall get through the list a little more quickly, perhaps."

The result of this is that the prizes to the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Senior are presented to the winners in almost complete silence.

But now for the Fifth! If the Doctor expects the company to remain quiet during the next quarter of an hour he knows nothing about his own school.

"Fifth Form — (cheers) — French — (cheers) — Pembury — (cheers). English history — Pembury — (wild cheering)."

Cries of "Bravo, Tony!", "Bravo, Tony!" rise from various parts of the hall.

"First Greek prize — Wraysford."

Wraysford advances slowly, looking very serious. The moment he appears there rises a cheer — the mightiest of any yet. Everybody cheers, and then they stamp. Wraysford knows the meaning of this cheering as well as anybody, and he is not at all pleased with it. When the noise is over, the noble Earl at last holds out the book and says: "I have great pleasure, Wraysford, in handing you this prize. Your schoolfellows are all proud of you; I feel sure you deserve their good opinion. I wish you success, Wraysford."

Then the Doctor speaks again. "The next name," he says, looking at his list, "is that of the winner of the Nightingale Scholarship — (general movement) — and I may tell your lordship that the boy is, in the opinion of his examiners and myself, one of the most promising boys of his age that St. Dominic's has known. I will say only this before his face: Nightingale Scholarship — Greenfield senior."

A perfect silence follows the Doctor's speech. Oliver, with pale face, advances to where the noble Earl stands. His lordship, who is ready with a nice little speech, is clearly surprised by this unusual quiet. You might hear a pin fall as the old gentleman, without saying a word, puts the paper into the boy's hand, trying to find the words which the general silence has made him forget.

Oliver waits no longer than he can help. He takes the paper and turns to walk back to his seat.

It is at this moment that somewhere in the hall there rises a weak, almost whispered, hiss. Then, like the first whisper of a storm, it suddenly grows more and more angrily about the head of the unhappy Oliver. Then as suddenly it dies away into silence, and the presentation of the Nightingale Scholarship is at an end. The visitors, the governors, the ladies, the noble Earl, look at each other

greatly astonished and miserable. The only thing there is for the Doctor to do he does. He calls on the next name as quietly as he can, and goes on with the business of the day.

But there is no more cheering. The Fifth, and after them the Sixth, receive their rewards in silence. Even Raleigh, the captain, comes in and out almost unnoticed. And when at last the final name is called, every one feels glad that all is over.

The rest of the day brings no change — it seems no use trying to be merry. The visitors look tired, and the noble Earl leaves early. No one takes an interest in the singing of the musical club; the dramatic club does not even attempt to give their well-prepared play.

Then a great many mothers and aunts suddenly make the discovery that there is an evening train from Maltby, and at once leave for the station; and the boys begin their preparations for going home for the Christmas holidays.

CHAPTER XII.

A New Turn of the Tide.

Most of the boys found the three weeks of the Christmas holidays far too short. It was quite different, however, with Master Thomas Thornley,

of the Fifth, the hopeful son of the headmaster of St. Dominic's. He watched the last of his school-fellows go off with anything but joy. He saw before him nothing but three weeks' moving about in empty corridors and playgrounds, with nothing to do and no one to do it with. For the boy's mother was ill, which kept the whole family at home, and Tom's baby brother, though a lively child, was no fit companion for him.

Although the headmaster was his own father, Tom always spoke of him as the "Doctor", even when among his own relatives, and he did not at all like to be alone with him. Although he tried hard to avoid these unpleasant situations, it so happened that quite early in the holidays, he found himself face to face with the Doctor at dinner, and no third person present to help him.

"Tom," said Dr. Thornley, thinking about a subject he had been wanting to question his son about, "that was an extraordinary demonstration on prize-day, when Greenfield came up to get his scholarship."

"It wasn't me," said Tom, quite red in the face.

"My dear boy, I never supposed it was," said the Doctor, laughing. "But I am sorry to find Greenfield is so unpopular in the school. What is

the awful crime of which he is accused by his class-fellows?"

"I don't want to accuse him of anything," Tom answered.

"Tom," replied the Doctor, half angrily, "you are very foolish. I was not thinking of you, but of the whole school. Has he missed a catch at cricket, or a kick at football?"

"It isn't me!" once more replied Tom, wishing the meal was over.

The Doctor gave it up — there was no use trying to make Tom talk about the private affairs of his class.

When the boys returned from the Christmas holidays for the beginning of the new term, they were told that the Doctor had gone away for at least a fortnight because he was ill. To some of the boys this was sad news; others did not mind very much; and a third group were highly pleased. Among the latter was Loman of the Sixth.

He had spent uneasy holidays. He had feared to see Cripps every time he left his parents' house. For the time for paying off his debt had now come. Would Cripps really arrive at the school some day to tell the headmaster all about him? As long as the Doctor was away, it did not matter so much. And, besides, the examination for the Waterston

Scholarship, for which he was in, would be put off, which meant so much longer time for preparation.

On the first morning of the new term, Mr. Jellcott, the master who took the absent headmaster's place, spoke to the boys of the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth as follows:

"We shall begin our studies to-morrow. On Monday next, the examination for the Waterston Scholarship will be held. Three boys have handed in their names for it: Loman, Greenfield, and Wraysford."

Greenfield senior! Then Oliver *was* in for it after all! This was a great surprise to Wraysford, Loman, and all the rest. It had never entered the boys' minds that he would go in for it. Hadn't he got one scholarship already? And didn't every one know *how* he had got it, and how could the fellow now have the courage to try his luck in another examination? The subjects on which the questions were set were almost exactly the same, and if Oliver did not do as well here as he did there — and that was exceptionally well — it would be possible for anybody to say: "Of course — he couldn't steal the paper this time, that's why!"

On the day of the examination, the three rivals heard their names called out to come forward and take their seats at the front desk in the Sixth Form

Room. The Doctor's paper had not reached St. Dominic's till that very morning; indeed, Mr. Jellicott was opening the envelope when the boys entered the room.

Of the three, the happiest that morning was Wraysford — not that he was sure of success, but because, as he sat there, working hard himself and hearing Oliver's pen on his left flying quickly over the paper, he felt at last perfectly sure that he had misjudged his friend.

Loman at that moment did not look like winning the prize. He clearly was in worse difficulties than in the former examination. He tried first one question, then another, but without success. And at last, after writing a few lines, he laid down his pen and gave himself up to his own miserable thoughts. He must see Cripps soon; he must go to Cripps or the latter would come up to St. Dominic's, and then —?

At last Mr. Jellicott said: "Stop writing and bring up your papers." The examination was over.

Five minutes later Oliver, who had retired to his study, caught the sudden sound of an old familiar footstep in the corridor outside. Wraysford, not waiting to knock, opened the door and entered.

"Oliver, old man," was all he could say as their eyes met, "I have come to beg your pardon."

At the first word — the first friendly word spoken to him for months — Oliver started to his feet; and before the sentence was finished his hand was tightly holding the hand of his friend.

They laughed and talked, and might have done so for an hour, had not Stephen come in to inquire about the cause of their happiness.

"I deserve to be kicked," said Wraysford. "How could I ever make such a fool of myself as to think you guilty of stealing that paper!"

"Now you need not begin at that again," replied Oliver. "If I hadn't appeared so much offended when that fool Simon began about my being in the Doctor's study that evening, and if I had not struck him, it would never have happened."

"But any one might have known the fellow was telling lies."

"But he wasn't telling lies," said Oliver. "I *was* in the Doctor's study all alone that evening, and at the very time the paper went too. That's just the funny part of it."

"You were?" exclaimed both the boys, for this was news even to Stephen.

"Yes, of course I was. Don't you know I went to see him about Stephen and the trouble he had at the farm-house?"

"Oh, yes," said Stephen, "I remember quite well."

"Well, the Doctor wasn't there. I waited a few minutes for him, and then, as he didn't come back, I left, and met that young fool just as I was coming out of the door."

"And he has told everybody he saw you coming out with the paper in your pocket."

Oliver laughed loud at this.

"Upon my word, the fellow must have sharp eyes if he could do that! Well, I was deeply hurt when he came up after the examination and began to suggest that I knew all about the missing paper, in short, that I went in well prepared for all the questions."

"It would have served him right if you had killed him on the spot," remarked Wraysford. "But, I say, Oliver," he added in a more serious tone, "why on earth didn't you explain all this then and there? It would have made things so much easier for all of us."

"What!" exclaimed Oliver, greatly excited, "do you suppose, when the fellows all chose to believe that miserable idiot's story, I was going to move a

finger about what they thought? Oh, no! I'm not angry now; but, upon my word, when I think of that time —"

"How badly we all behaved in this matter," said Wraysford, quite red in the face with excitement. "But, it's all right now. I'll let them know —"

"Now, Wraysford, that's just what I won't have you do. If they can't think well of me without knowing the facts, I don't care for what they may believe. And now, Wraysford, I want to know how you did in the examination to-day."

"I wasn't doing much good, I'm afraid. How have you done?"

"Pretty well, I believe."

"I know you will win," said Wraysford. "But I think I could have beaten Loman."

"He seemed to be doing very badly. Do you know that I think that fellow is in a very bad way?"

"It's a great pity," Wraysford replied, "if he is, but it looks like it."

Some days after, the result of the Waterston Scholarship was made known. No one expected much of Loman. But which of those two others was to win? That was the question. Every one but a few felt sure it would be Wraysford, whom they regarded as the lawful winner of the Nightingale Scholarship last term, and whom Oliver was unable

to beat by fair means. If he should win after all, why should he have taken the trouble of stealing the paper and making himself the most unpopular boy at St. Dominic's?

"I have just received," said Mr. Jellicott that morning, before the Fifth and Sixth in the large hall, "I have just received from the examiners the report on the Waterston examination. The result is as follows: First — Greenfield, 108 marks, out of a possible 120; second — Wraysford, 96 marks; third — Loman, 20 marks."

The boys received the news in complete silence. But as soon as lesson was over, Oliver and Wraysford retired to the former's study to talk over the event of the day.

"I was certain how it would be," said Wraysford, clearly pleased with the result. "I wonder what the Fifth will say now?"

"I don't intend to take this money," Oliver replied. "You must have it."

"I!" exclaimed Wraysford. "Not by any means. You won it."

"But I went in for it only to show the Fifth what I could do without stealing the examination paper. After all, it's only twenty pounds. I've got the other scholarship, you know."

"What does that matter? I wouldn't have this money for anything. The fellows tried to make me think *I* was the real winner of the Nightingale Scholarship, and I was idiot enough half to believe it."

"Very well, then; I shall throw the money when I get it in the nearest fish-pond."

"All right," said Wraysford, laughing; "I hope the fish will enjoy it."

At that moment there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Oliver.

The door opened, and, to the astonishment of the two boys, Loman entered. Was it peace or war? Loman's miserable face and strange manner showed, however, that he didn't wish to fight his two rivals.

"Oh, Greenfield," he said, "excuse me. I was glad to hear you got the Waterston Scholarship. I know we've not been friends. But — but, Greenfield, I'm in awful trouble."

"What is it?" asked Oliver.

"Why, the fact is," replied Loman, gaining courage, "the fact is, I'm in debt. I've been very foolish, you know, playing cards, and all that. I say, Greenfield, *could* you possibly lend me eight pounds?"

"What!" exclaimed Oliver, "eight pounds to pay your debts?"

"Yes — I've been swindled by Cripps. You know what sort of man he is."

And here Loman, perfectly miserable, threw himself down on a chair and looked pitifully at the two friends.

"I could pay you back in a month or so," he went on. "Do lend it me, please."

Oliver looked at Wraysford, and Wraysford looked at Oliver; and then both looked at Loman. The sight of the unhappy boy there begging money of the very fellow who had least reason in all St. Dominic's to like him, was strange indeed.

"Wraysford," said Oliver, after a long pause, "have you any money on you?"

"I've three pounds," replied Wraysford, taking out his purse.

Oliver went to his desk and took from it a five-pound note which was there, his savings for the last year. This, with Wraysford's three pounds, he handed without a word to Loman. Then, not waiting to hear the thanks of the unhappy boy, he took Wraysford's arm and walked out of the study.

CHAPTER XIII.

Loman in Luck again.

Loman stood there for a minute or two after the two friends had left the room. To have got

through the interview like this, and find the money in his hand within three minutes of his entering the room — why, it quite took his breath away. Oliver was a funny fellow, and no mistake!

Strange to say, when Loman did come to himself he could not feel glad or grateful. He felt sorry for having come and asked such a favour of his worst enemy, and, stranger than all, he now hated Greenfield more than in the past.

Next, his thoughts suddenly turned to Cripps — and his hand closed over the money in his pocket: he would get clear of Cripps now in any case.

As soon as morning school was over, he took his hat and once more made his way to the well-known inn. He had to wait a long time before Cripps appeared. The latter did not receive the boy in a friendly spirit.

“What have you come here for?” he asked angrily.

“Here’s the rest of the money I owe you,” replied Loman, hurriedly. “You can now give me back the paper I signed last summer.”

Cripps took up the money, counted it and put it in his pocket.

“Give me the paper,” repeated Loman, suddenly turning pale with the terrible thought that after all he had not got rid of the villain.

"What do you want the paper for?" asked Cripps, laughing.

"Want it for? Why, Cripps —" and here Loman stopped short. "I've paid you all I owe you," he added after a short pause, his voice trembling.

Cripps only laughed — a laugh which almost drove Loman mad. The villain was going to play him false, after all. He had got the money, every penny of it, and now he was going to keep the paper which contained Loman's promise to pay the whole amount! Who would believe him that he had paid, when Cripps was still able to show the promise signed with his own hand?

Bitterly did the boy repent the day when first he had put himself in the power of such a villain. He felt himself ruined, and in a voice trembling with misery, he said to himself: "I must tell father all about it."

He then turned to go. Little he thought Cripps or any one would hear these words. But Cripps did hear them. His quick ear caught the words, and they had a meaning for him; for he might be able to swindle and frighten a boy; but having to do no longer with the boy, but with the boy's father, Cripps was sharp enough to know that was a very different matter. It was now time for Cripps to pull up.

He stopped Loman as he was going away, saying, with a laugh and in his old tones: "Don't leave so suddenly, young gentleman. What a hurry you are in! I was only joking. Tell your father, indeed! You shall have the paper, never fear."

"Oh, thank you, Cripps, thank you!" cried Loman, his voice trembling with joyful surprise.

"Upon my word, I might feel offended at your wanting the paper. As if *I* should ever try to swindle a young gentleman like you! No, no; we poor people are just as honest as you rich ones. No one can say I ever swindled any one."

"Oh, no, of course not," cried Loman. "I should like to see any one who did!"

Mr. Cripps, smiling sweetly, went to his cupboard, and after a good deal of search, he took out of it the small piece of blue paper he was looking for.

"Is that it?" cried the excited Loman.

"Quite so," said Cripps, opening it and reading out, with his back to the boy: "Three months after date I promise to pay George Cripps twenty-eight pounds and ten shillings, value received. Signed — E. Loman."

So saying, Mr. Cripps first tore the paper up into little bits, and then threw the whole into the fire before the eyes of the delighted Loman.

"Thanks, Cripps, thanks," said the boy. "I'm so glad everything's settled now, and I am so sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

"Oh, well, it has been a pleasure to me to serve you in this matter," said the honest Cripps. "And now that this business is settled I suppose you'll never come to see me again, young gentleman? You come only as long as you hope to get anything out of us poor people."

And here Mr. Cripps gave the boy a very sad look.

"Oh, no," said Loman. "I don't mean to stay away in future. I shall certainly come down now and then — really I will. Good-bye now."

And he held out his hand.

Foolish and wicked as Loman was, he was ready to forget the terrible past with all its miseries, and he remembered only that Cripps had torn up the paper. But, unfortunately, he had forgotten, too, about telling all to his father!

"Good-day, young gentleman," said Cripps, with a serious face.

Loman shook hands gratefully and left lighter in heart than he had felt for some time. But as he returned to St. Dominic's, the thought of Oliver, and of his debt to him, returned. He wished he had the

money that moment to throw back into the fellow's face.

It would be difficult to explain this feeling of Loman's. A dishonest person nearly always dislikes an honest one, and the more honest the one is, the worse the other feels in his own heart.

When the headmaster returned, Oliver and Wraysford left the Fifth and entered the Sixth, where they were given seats on the lowest form. The two friends rarely spoke to Loman, their new class-fellow, and Oliver never once mentioned the eight pounds; and, as time went on, like every one else, Loman felt the weight of his debt less and less, and was no longer greatly troubled by the fact at all.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Remarkable Discovery.

One morning, the Doctor was specially interested in the grammar of the Latin text which the class were reading.

"It is a very strange thing," he said, "that this very same mistake, if it is a mistake at all, should be found in a sentence of Caesar. But, unfortunately, I have forgotten how it begins. Has any one here a Caesar?"

"I have one in my study, sir," said Loman.

"Ah! Would you fetch it, Loman, please? I think I know exactly where the sentence may be found."

Loman rose and went for the book which he found upon his bookcase, quite covered with dust. Carefully brushing off the dust to give the book a less unused look, he returned with it to the classroom and handed it to the Doctor.

"Thank you, Loman. Now it is in the Fourth, no, the Fifth, Chapter," he said, turning over the pages. "Let me see — yes, not far from — ah!"

This last exclamation was uttered in a voice that made every boy suddenly look up and fix his eyes on the Doctor. It was clearly something more than an exclamation of pleasure on finding the desired sentence. There was too much surprise and too much pain in the word for that.

Was the Doctor ill? He closed the book and sat back in his chair. Then, suddenly, and with an effort, pulling himself together, he let his eyes once more rest on the closed Caesar.

"Loman," he said, "will you come and find the sentence for me. Turn to the Fifth Chapter."

Loman obeyed, much wondering why the Doctor should ask him, of all people, to come up and find the sentence. He went to the headmaster's desk.

and took up the book. The Doctor carefully watched him as he turned over the pages.

Loman, as he held the book, suddenly turned deadly white, and closed it quickly, as if between the leaves there lay a scorpion. Then again, seeing the Doctor's eye fixed upon him, he opened it, and, with trembling voice, began to read the sentence.

"That will do. Hand me the book, Loman."

Loman hurriedly took a paper from between the leaves and handed the book to the Doctor.

"Hand me that paper, Loman!"

Loman hesitated.

"Obey me, Loman."

Loman looked once at the Doctor, and once at the Caesar; then, with a deep sigh, he threw the paper down on the desk. The Doctor took it up.

"This paper," he said, slowly — "this paper is the missing paper of questions for the Nightingale Scholarship last term. Loman, remain here, please. The other boys may go."

The boys, astonished and surprised by this unexpected discovery, slowly rose to obey the Doctor's order, leaving Loman alone with the headmaster.

The boy was deadly pale as Dr. Thornley turned to him and said, slowly: "How do you explain this?"

Loman lowered his eyes and made no reply.

"Answer me, please. Can you explain this?"

"No."

"Did you ever see this paper before?"

"No."

"Do you know how it came into your Caesar?"

"No."

The Doctor looked long at him as he said once more: "Loman, are you sure you are telling me the truth? You know nothing about the paper — never saw it before this moment?"

"No."

"You knew the paper had been stolen from my desk?"

"Yes."

"Had you any reason for believing any boy took it?"

Loman hesitated a few seconds, and then replied: "Yes. I did think Greenfield senior had taken it. All the boys thought the same. He was seen coming out of your study that evening, and he gained so many marks in the examination."

"And why didn't you speak about it to me?"

"I did not wish to get any one into trouble."

"And you really believe that Greenfield took the paper?"

Loman looked up at the Doctor for a moment and answered: "Yes."

"Do you suppose he put the paper in your Caesar?"

"I couldn't say; but I don't see who else could?"

"That will do, Loman; you can go. Kindly leave the paper and the book with me."

As Loman turned to go, the Doctor stopped him with one more question.

"You know, I suppose, that the questions which the candidates had to answer were quite different from those on this paper?"

"Yes," said Loman. "I mean — that is," he spoke hesitatingly, and, taking up the paper from the desk: "I see by this paper they were quite different."

There was something so hard in the headmaster's voice as he dismissed the boy that Loman felt very uncomfortable as he slowly walked to his own study.

On the next morning, the Doctor spoke to the Fifth and the Sixth in the big hall as follows: "I wish to say a few words about what happened yesterday morning, which must be fresh in your memories. I mean the sudden discovery of the lost examination paper for the Nightingale Scholarship. The boy in whose book it was found is present here, and he has told me on his honour he never saw the paper before, and does not know how it came into

his book. When a boy makes a statement to me on his honour, I accept it as such —”

“Greenfield senior,” went on the Doctor, “is perfectly clear of the accusation raised against him. You boys will be interested to hear that the questions which he answered so splendidly in that examination were not the questions which appeared on the lost paper at all, but quite new ones, which I wrote down on the morning of the examination itself.”

This explanation *did* interest every one, and especially the Fifth who felt very sorry for what they had thought of and done to Oliver since that unhappy day of the scholarship examination. They failed to agree, however, on what to think of Loman’s part in this extraordinary business.

So the school went on with the work of the term in an uneasy state of mind, wishing that something would turn up to end the miserable affair of the lost paper one way or another.

CHAPTER XV.

Missing.

One evening about a week after those events, Mr. Rastle entered Oliver’s study and said: “Will you come to the Doctor at once, please? I’m afraid something has happened to Loman.”

Oliver was out in the corridor in a moment and hurrying with the master to Dr. Thornley's study.

Oliver had never been fond of Loman; but there are times when one forgets whether one is fond of a person or not, and Oliver felt as if he would give anything now to be sure —

When he entered the headmaster's study, he saw Dr. Thornley standing behind his desk, holding a letter in his hand.

"Greenfield," he said, the moment the boy entered. "When did you see Loman last?"

"Last night, sir, in my study."

"Are you and Loman great friends?"

"No, we are not great friends."

"May I ask, Greenfield," said the Doctor, "why he was in your study last night?"

"He came to — to ask me about something; he made me promise not to tell any one."

"Greenfield," said the Doctor, seriously, "Loman has disappeared from St. Dominic's. Why, I cannot say. It is your duty to tell me everything which might serve to explain this fact."

"He came to borrow some money," Oliver replied.

Now there was nothing for Oliver but to tell all he knew of Loman's money difficulties, of his going

to Cripps's, and of his having borrowed money before.

"Do you suppose Loman was in debt at the time of the Nightingale Scholarship examination?" the Doctor asked when Oliver had finished his report.

"I have no idea," replied the boy, wondering what that had to do with Loman's disappearance now.

"You wonder why I ask this question," said the Doctor, reading the boy's thoughts. "This letter will explain. I received it just now. It is from Cripps."

In this letter Cripps informed Dr. Thornley that Loman had borrowed of him £ 28.10/—, which he had not yet repaid. Loman also had played him false over a rod Cripps had sold him; the boy had cracked it and then tried to return it without saying a word. At the end Cripps threatened, if he did not get back his money, he would come to the school and make a disturbance.

"It is clear," said the Doctor, "this letter has something to do with Loman's disappearance."

"Yes," replied Oliver, "he was awfully frightened of you or his father getting to know about it all, sir."

What little could be done at that late hour was done. It was discovered that the missing boy must have left St. Dominic's that morning when every

one supposed him ill in bed. A telegram was sent to his father, and the reply came back that the boy had not gone home, and that Mr. Loman was on his way to St. Dominic's. At the Maltby railway-station no one had seen or heard anything of him.

Those who had hoped that Loman might return before night were disappointed. Bed-time came, and no signs of him. Later his father arrived, who had a long talk with the headmaster. Everything that could be done at that time of night was done. The Maltby newspapers were informed, and the police.

Early next morning a search was begun in every direction. Mr. Cripps, among others, received the honour of a visit from Mr. Loman who, greatly to the astonishment of the worthy inn-keeper, asked for his son's note, which he paid without a word. Cripps was much surprised at this unexpected piece of business. Now that Mr. Loman had paid every penny he did not like the look of Mr. Loman at all, and he liked it less before the interview ended. For Mr. Loman, who was a barrister by profession, put his man that morning through an examination which once or twice drove Mr. Cripps into a corner. Mr. Loman wanted to know exactly how often his son had visited the inn — when was he there last? What had he done during his visits? Had he played

cards? With whom? With Mr. Cripps? Had he lost? Had Cripps won? Where had he expected to get payment from in the end?

When Mr. Loman had finished the examination, he told Cripps that he would hear from him again. Altogether, Cripps had hardly ever passed such an uncomfortable morning.

Meanwhile the other searchers, among whom were Oliver and Wraysford, were busy. For a whole day there came no news of the missing boy. No one could be found who had seen him or heard of him. The night came, and with it most of the searchers returned, sad in mind and perfectly tired out. The whole school was strangely silent. Not a sound could be heard in the corridors or classrooms. Nothing but the heavy rain, which now began to fall on the roof and windows of the old schoolhouse.

Where was he now? the boys wondered, and how was it with him?

"Has Greenfield returned?" asked the Doctor of Wraysford.

"Not yet," replied the latter. "We went together as far as the cross-road, and then back by the river."

"He ought to be back now," said the Doctor. "And in this rain, too!"

"Perhaps," said Wraysford, "he may have heard something."

It was an encouraging suggestion. If it could but be true!

"He would have telegraphed," said Mr. Loman.

"There is no telegraph office in that neighbourhood," said the Doctor. "The only thing for us to do is to wait as patiently as we can."

They waited another hour; but Oliver did not return. The night became more and more stormy. The cold February wind whistled among the chimneys, and the hard rain beat pitilessly at the windows and on the road outside. The Doctor rose and looked out. It was a sorry sight. The rain had turned to snow, and the wind was fast growing into a gale. The trees round the house bent and sighed under its force.

"It is a terrible night," said the Doctor. "Those two poor boys!"

No one else said anything. The gale grew worse and worse. Boys in their common bedrooms sat up and listened to the noise of the wind. And that silent party in the headmaster's study never thought of going to bed. Midnight came; but no Oliver, no Loman — and the storm as terrible as ever.

Suddenly there came a soft knock at the door which made every one look up as it opened. It was Stephen in his pyjamas. He, like every one else, had been waked up by the noise outside. Oliver was the monitor of his room; and now for the first time the boy missed his elder brother. With trembling lips and beating heart he jumped out of bed and hurried downstairs. There was a light in the Doctor's study; and there he went.

When he was told that his brother had not returned, he begged to be allowed to go and look for him. It was only the Doctor's command that prevented him from his purpose. But nothing could make him return to his bed; so Wraysford fetched him an overcoat to keep out the cold.

One, two, three o'clock came, and still nothing but the storm. Stephen moved closer up beside Wraysford, and the elder boy, as he put his arm round the younger, could feel how the latter's heart was beating and how his whole body was trembling.

"You're cold, old boy," he said, kindly.

"No, I'm not," replied the boy, the tears rising to his eyes; "but don't talk, Wraysford, I —"

The next moment Stephen, with a sudden cry, had jumped to his feet and ran towards the window.

"Some one called!" he cried.

CHAPTER XVI.

Found!

The little company of watchers sprang to their feet and listened as Stephen hurriedly opened the window. The rain poured into the room, but no other sound but that of the storm could be heard. Stephen, paying no attention to the weather, stood with his head out of the window, listening. It must have been a false hope after all —

“A mistake, I fear,” said Dr. Thornley. “Greenfield, I think you had better close the window. It will be daylight in —”

He had no time to finish his sentence, for with a sudden exclamation and a shout of “There it is again; come Wraysford!” the boy had jumped through the low window into the garden.

Wraysford followed at once; and so did Mr. Rastle and Roach, the porter. Wraysford had lost sight of Stephen for a moment, but he heard him shouting a few yards off.

“No use shouting,” he said, “against the wind. What did you hear?”

“Some one shouting. I’m quite sure,” replied the boy, running on.

Suddenly, there came on the wind from somewhere what sounded like a boy’s voice. At once all

four hurried on and were soon lost in the storm. But they had hope. They ran down the garden path, shouting as they went.

Yes, there was the call again, and nearer! Thank heaven! Theirs was the right direction. On they went, once more. Another shout! Nearer still!

"Oh, be quick!" cried Stephen. "Where does it come from? Come, Wraysford, quick!"

Suddenly, the shout rose again. The two boys ran on as well as they could against the storm, and in another moment a loud shout told those behind that the two missing boys were found!

Oliver and Loman were lying under a tree, the former without his coat which he had thrown round his trembling and now senseless companion.

It was no time for words either of joy or of explanation. Mr. Rastle and Roach carried Loman, and Oliver was helped by Stephen and his friend.

"Is it far?" asked Oliver in a weak voice.

"No, old man; that light there is St. Dominic's — we're just there." —

It was some days before the true story of that terrible night could be told by Oliver. Late in the afternoon, as he had just decided to turn back, he said, he heard from a farmer's boy that he had seen a stranger that morning under a tree about a mile

off. When Oliver reached the spot described, the "stranger" had disappeared. As it was getting dark, he turned back to return to St. Dominic's, when, suddenly, he saw on the other side of a field the figure of a boy getting up from the ground and moving quickly away. It was Loman! Oliver ran after him, calling to him to stop, but the boy paid no attention to these shouts. He continued to run as long as he could, and then, like a hunted animal, he broke down and fell to the ground.

Oliver told only very few all that had happened when finally he reached Loman. At first he thought that the boy had gone out of his mind, for he refused to return to the school. He would rather die than go back, he said. He had a right to go where he chose, and no one should stop him. Oliver let him talk on, not attempting to reply, and avoiding all show of using force to keep him back.

This wise policy did not remain without effect. In time the poor fellow, who was really suffering more from hunger — he had not had any food since the afternoon before — than from anything else, became more quiet and gave up further resistance. Oliver told him, in as few words as he could, of the unhappiness which his disappearance had caused at St. Dominic's and to his parents. He begged him to return quietly, promising forgiveness for the past,

and that all would be made right if he would only come home.

"You're not telling me the truth," was Loman's reply to all this. "You know I stole that paper."

"Oh, don't talk of that!" cried Oliver. "Do come back!"

"You know — can't you get me something to eat?"

There was a cottage a few yards away. Oliver half led, half dragged him to its door. They were able to buy some food, which the hungry boy ate eagerly. Then followed a talk, far more satisfactory than the last. Loman declared himself willing to go back to St. Dominic's with Oliver. The latter refused to listen to Loman's explanation, begging him to wait till he got back, and then to tell all to his father, not to him. But the poor boy was not to be put off. And so Oliver heard all that sad story beginning with the return of the cracked rod to Cripps. How the inn-keeper had used this fact to drive the boy from one foolish action to another. How drinking, low company, card-playing, and running into debt and other wicked habits had followed. At last, his only hope of getting free from Cripps was the winning of the Nightingale Scholarship — which was the cause of his stealing the paper.

"Poor fellow!" said Oliver, feeling truly sorry for him. "But, I say, do let us go back; it's getting late, and it looks as if it might rain."

"I *must* tell you the rest, Greenfield, please. After the Nightingale examination things were worse than ever. I had given Cripps a written promise to pay in September. Of course, I couldn't pay when the day came, and I had to tell all sorts of lies to make him wait longer. I paid the debt off bit by bit. I then tried to work for the Waterston examination; but you know how bad the result was for me. That very day Cripps had sent word to threaten to tell the Doctor everything if I didn't pay what I still owed. I had paid off the whole sum except eight pounds. You know, Greenfield, who lent me that."

"I'm thankful we were able to do it," said Oliver.

"I took the money down to Cripps and paid it him; but when I asked him to give me back the paper, he laughed at me. I nearly went mad, Greenfield, at the thought of not being clear after all. At last he brought out what I thought was the paper, and tore it up before my eyes. I was so grateful that I really felt happy. But then came the discovery of that miserable examination paper in my Caesar. And then came Cripps's final villainy. He

had never really torn up the paper which I had signed, and now demanded the whole sum. I was unable to prove that I had already paid it all. This last move really drove me half mad. I could only think of running away and hiding myself somewhere. I had no money. I came to you with a lie to borrow a pound, so that I might go somewhere by train. You couldn't do it, and so I had to walk, and — oh! Greenfield, what shall I do now?"

"My dear fellow," said Oliver, laying his hand on the unhappy boy's arm, "we'll go back together, and I can promise you'll find nothing but kindness and forgiveness when you get back. I wish you could have seen your poor father's face last night."

Loman held out no longer; and, indeed, it was high time to think of moving, for it was getting dark and rain was already beginning to fall. The two boys were able to travel in a farmer's cart for some of the distance. When at last they had to get out and walk, they were wet to the skin and so cold that they could hardly move.

It was now completely dark, and the rain mixed with snow was being driven in their faces. They decided to take the short cut across the fields to St. Dominic's. "Short cut" indeed! It was a strange name for the road those two boys took that terrible night. Oliver could never remember afterwards all

that happened during those few hours: the terrible storm, the hopeless losing of their way, Loman's growing weakness which made him from time to time beg to be allowed to lie down and sleep.

Oliver knew that to allow this would have meant Loman's certain death. At any price the latter must be kept moving. At last the storm got the better of them. A few minutes longer, and both might have been lost, when suddenly there appeared a light before them. All Oliver could do was to shout. He had no strength left to drag his companion farther, and leave him he would not. He shouted, and the reader knows who heard that shout and what the answer was.

For four weeks after that night, Loman lay ill with fever. At last he got better, and better still. He left St. Dominic's, and his schoolfellows saw him no more. Only one of them shook hands with him at the door of the old school as he went. That boy was Oliver Greenfield.

CHAPTER XVII.

Good-bye to St. Dominic's.

St. Dominic's has remained unchanged to this day, and only last season won a great cricket-match. Their captain was a fellow called Stephen Green-

field. He is a big fellow, much loved by the whole school.

The big cricket-match was a famous event for more reasons than one. The chief reason, of course, was the victory of the old school; but another reason, almost as important, was the large number of "old boys" who appeared in order to watch the efforts of the "youngsters".

There was Tom Simon, for example, smoking an unusually big cigar and looking very foolish. Then there were a number of fellows whose names cannot be mentioned here, who had come over from Oxford, or Cambridge, or London for the day, and who talked and laughed a great deal over old times. But among the heroes of the day were two friends who walked about arm-in-arm, and who appeared far more at home in St. Dominic's even than the boys themselves. One of them was the big brother of the captain. He rowed in a boat of his university the last year he was at Cambridge, and since then he has become a barrister. People say, Oliver Greenfield is a rising man, and that the world may hear of him again.

The other was Wraysford, a teacher of students at his university, and, in the opinion of the boys, almost more learned than the old Doctor himself.

No one enjoyed themselves on that day more than these two, who walked about and visited every spot and corner of the old place — studies, corridors, class-rooms, the big hall.

When the match is over, and the victory won, the visitors begin to leave. Among the last to go are Oliver and Wraysford. They have stayed to dine with the Doctor. Stephen comes with them to the station. On the way they pass the well-known inn.

"Hullo! what's become of Cripps?" asks Wraysford.

"Oh! he's gone," says Stephen. "The police would not allow him to remain, and he disappeared suddenly. People said that he was wanted by the police for some bit of swindling or something of that kind. What's the last news of Loman?"

"He is coming home," replies Oliver. "I had a letter from him a week or two ago. He says the four or five years of farming in Australia have done him good, and that he is in perfect health again. He has been reading law, and means to go into his father's office."

"I'm glad he's coming home," says Wraysford. "Poor fellow! I wonder when he'll come to this old place again."

A silence follows, and Oliver says: "When he does, we must all come down together and make a pleasant party."

"Well, old man!" says Stephen, taking his brother's arm, "if it hadn't been for you, he —"

"Hullo! I say! there's the train coming!" exclaims Oliver. "Hurry up, or we shall be late."

Vocabulary.

CHAPTER I

chapter ['tʃæptə(r)] peatükk
notice ['noutis] märke, teadaanne, kuulutus
staircase ['stækeis] trepp; trepikoda
corridor ['kɔridə:(r)] koridor
St. Dominic's (School) [sint'dominiks]
signal ['signəl] signaal
(to) shout [ʃaut] hüüd(ma)
sleeve [sli:v] käis, varrukas
to make (for), suunduma
study ['stʌdi] õppimine; töötuba
hero ['hiərou] kangelane
the Sixth = the top form (or class)
day-pupil one who does not live in the school
Maltby ['mɔiltbi]
eager ['i:ɡə(r)] agar
main [mein] pea(mine)
entrance ['entrəns] sissekäik
to attract [ə'trækt] külgetõmbama, veetlema, paeluma
term [tə:m] kolleegiumi aeg (The year has three terms.)
Dr. = Doctor ['dɒktə(r)]

Thornley ['θɔ:nli]
secretary ['sekrətəri] sekretär
Nightingale ['naitiŋgeil] name of the person who gave the money for this scholarship
scholarship ['skɒləʃip] stipendium, abiraha
vacant ['veikənt] vakantne, tühi; to fall v. = to become v.
Michaelmas ['mi:kəlməs] mihklipäev (29. sept.)
explanation [eksplə'neiʃən] seletus
examination [igzæmi'neiʃən] eksam
literary ['litərəri] kirjanduslik
society [sə'saiəti] selts(kond)
debate [di'beɪt] sõnalahing, vaidlus
age [eidʒ] ajastu; vanus
degenerate [di'dʒenərit] degenerereerunud
move algatama
Callander ['kæləndə(r)]
to oppose [ə'pəuz] oponeerima, vastu rääkima

senior ['si:njə(r)] vanem
 (The "Senior School" contains the older boys.)
amusement [ə'mju:zmənt] meelelahutus, lõbu
smart [smɑ:t] tragi, terane
fag [fæg] õpilane, kes teenib vanemat õpilast; to fag = act as a fag
tadpole ['tædpoul] konnapoeg
guinea-pig ['ginipig] merisiga
club [klʌb] klubi
Horace ['hɔ:ris]
Wraysford ['reizfəd]
junior ['dʒu:njə(r)] noorem
 (The "Junior School" contains the younger boys.)
mystery ['mɪstəri] saladus
favour ['feivə(r)] heasoovlikkus, meelehea
jealous ['dʒeləs] kade
pretty ['prɪti] kaunis; üsna
to obey [ə'bei] sõna kuulma
willingly meelsasti
group [gru:p] salk, rühm
cricketer ['krikitə(r)] one who plays "cricket", a ball-game
boxer ['bɒksə(r)] poksija
to discuss [dis'kʌs] arutama
all-round ['ɔ:l'raʊnd] igati osav
Oliver ['ɒlɪvə(r)]
Greenfield ['ɡri:nfi:ld]
Greece [ɡri:s] Kreeka
selfish ['selfɪʃ] isekas

Braddy ['brædi]
to fasten [fɑ:sn] kinnitama
manners elukombed
Simon ['saimən]
Anthony ['æntəni]
Pemberton ['pembətən]
lame [leim] lombakas
dangerous ['deɪndʒərəs] hädaohtlik
to box poksima
former ['fɔ:mə(r)] eelmine; endine
Oxford ['ɒksfəd]
captain (of the school) = senior boy, or leader
Stephen [sti:vən]
head boy = leading b.

CHAPTER II

Master = title of young boys
headmaster ['hed'mɑ:stə(r)] koolijuhataja
Roach [routʃ]
porter ['pɔ:tə(r)] väravavaht
arrival [ə'raɪvəl] saabumine
tall [tɔ:l] suur, kõrge, pikk (inimene, puu jne.)
Rastle [ræsl]
tutor ['tju:tə(r)] (järelleaitaja) õpetaja
to hand over üle andma
Bramble [bræmbl] (bramble = kitsemuraka-põõsas.)
to greet [ɡri:t] tervitama
dig [dɪg] torge

to whisper [ˈwispə(r)] sosis-
tama

grammar [ˈgræmə(r)] gram-
matika; õigekeelsus

to tell tales ära rääkima,
välja lobisema

reddish [ˈrediʃ] punakas
disturbance [disˈtɜːbəns]

mürgel, korrarikumine

to pinch [pɪntʃ] näpistama

kick [kɪk] jalahoop

to darken [ˈdɑːkən] sünges-
tuma

punishment [ˈpʌnɪʃmənt] ka-
ristus

class = lesson

to wait (upon) (kedagi) tee-
nima

Loman [ˈloumən]

CHAPTER III

Cripps [krips]

agreeable [əˈɡriəbl] meeldiv

rare [rɛə(r)] haruldane

to quarrel [ˈkwɔːrəl] riidle-
ma

kindness [ˈkaɪndnis] lahkus

monitor [ˈmɒnɪtə(r)] õpila-
sest-abiõpetaja

goodwill [ˈɡudˈwɪl] heasoov-
likkus, heatahtlikkus

comrade [ˈkɒmreɪd] seltsi-
mees

latter viimane

rival [raɪvl] võistleja

I cannot help (doing) ma ei
või parata

to discover [disˈkʌvə(r)]
avastama

share [ʃɛə(r)] osa

to worry [ˈwʌri] tülitama;
piinama

hullo [hʌˈlou] hallo

get on edasi saama

boating = rowing in a boat

stream [striːm] jõgi; vool

current [ˈkʌrənt] vool

wooded = covered with
woods

Shar [ʃaɪ(r)] (name of the
river)

Gosset [ˈɡɒsɪt]

all right [ˈɔːlˈraɪt] hea küll

to address = to speak to

inn [ɪn] kõrts, trahter

wholly [ˈhoulli] täiesti

billiards [ˈbɪljədz] piljard

beer [biə(r)] õlu

altogether [ˈɔːltəˈɡeðə(r)] pä-
ris(elt)

profitable [ˈprɒfɪtəbl] kasu-
lik

to go out of one's way enda
harjumustest loobuma

to possess [pəˈzes] omama

rod [rɒd] vits; ritv

ordinary [ˈɔːdnri] tavaline

(I'll send you) a line = a
short letter

thankful [ˈθæŋkful] tänulik

not at all mitte sugugi

inn-keeper kõrtsmik

on purpose meelega, kavat-
setult

call (at), (on) külastama
 sisse astuma
without fail [feil] tingimata
to rejoin [ri'dʒɔin] uuesti
 ühinema
bat [bæt] kriketinu
lucky ['lʌki] õnnelik
to make a present of kin-
 kima
to toss up [tɒs'ʌp] for liisku
 heitma (by throwing a
 coin ([kɔin] raha) in the
 air)
heads = the side of the coin
 showing the king's head
tails = the other side of the
 coin
it turned up = the result
 was
parcel [paɪsl] pakk
Paul [pɔ:l]
to clear up selgitama
out of the way erakordne
doubtful ['daʊtful] kahtlane
to tell lies valetama
debt [det] võlg
to lend, lent, lent laenuks
 andma

CHAPTER IV

fortnight ['fɔ:tnait] kaks nä-
 dalat
lively ['laɪvli] elav, rõõmus
not... either ka mitte
to succeed in... [sək'si:ɪd]
 toime saama
get one's footing jalad alla
 saama

to take the chair koosolekut
 juhutama
meeting ['mi:tiŋ] koosolek
sweets, pl. maiustised
popularity [pɒpju'lærɪti] ül-
 dine lugupeetavus
aim [eɪm] siht, eesmärk
successful [sək'sesful] edu-
 kas
preparation [prepə'reɪʃn] et-
 tevalmistus
to get a person to do sun-
 dima kedagi
to look over läbi vaatama,
 kontrollima
French [frentʃ] prantsuse-
 (keelne)
spelling õigekirjutus
essay ['eseɪ] kirjand
Latin ['lætiŋ] ladina(keelne)
text [tekst] tekst
openly avalikult
to boast [bəʊst] hooplema
aimless ['eɪmlɪs] sihitu
ah! [ɑ:]
eh? [eɪ]
come along = come with
 me
jam [dʒæm] moos
description [dis'kripʃn] kir-
 jeldus
by this time = now
to astonish [ə'stɒnɪʃ] häm-
 mastama
Raddleston [rædlstn]
astonishment [ə'stɒnɪʃmənt]
 hämmastus

CHAPTER V

to examine [ig'zæmin] eksa-
mineerima; uurima
to flow [flou] voolama
hook [huk] konks
ivy ['aivi] eefei, luuderohi
to crack [kræk] murduma
to change one's mind üm-
ber otsustama
bad language sõimusõnad
to take (a person) for...
arvama, pidama
how much is...? = what is
the price of...?
disappointed [disə'pointid]
pettunud
guinea ['gini] = 21 shillings
to his knowledge = as far
as he knew
dealings, pl. ['di:liŋz] tehin-
gud
to consider [kən'sidə(r)] ar-
vama, pidama
to determine [di'tə:min] ot-
sustama
to settle [setl] õiendama
unfortunate [ʌn'fɔ:tʃunit]
õnnetu
interest intress
to break up lahti saama

CHAPTER VI

crisis ['kraisis] kriis, pööre
glove [glʌv] kinnas
candidate ['kændideit] kan-
didaat

to make sure of enesele kind-
lustama, võitma
to give up loobuma
upon my word ausõna!
to retire [ri'taiə(r)] taandu-
ma
to go over kordama
dates aastaarvud
up to the last minute viimse
minutini
flannels ['flænəlz] flanell-
püksid
idle [aidl] laisk, tegevusetu
I say! kuule!
season hooaeg
going on = happening
what on earth mis pagana
pärast!
low-class adj. alamast kihist
to drown [draun] uputama
appearance [ə'piərəns] ilmu-
mine
to attack [ə'tæk] kallale tun-
gima
manful ['mænful] mehine
athletic [əθ'letik] tugev
drunk joobnud
single-handed ükski
as for, as to mis puutub
to disappear [disə'piə(r)] ka-
duma
joke [dʒouk] nali
remark [ri'mɑ:k] märkus
fist rusikas
come on! lähme!
bicycle ['baisikl] jalgratas
cigarette [sigə'ret] pabeross
card [ka:rd] kaart

to betray [bi'trei] reetma
 make (a person do some-
 thing) sundima
 to mean kavatsema
 to inquire [in'kwaiə(r)] jä-
 rele pärima
 to hesitate ['heziteit] kõhk-
 lema
 to swear, swore, sworn
 [swəə(r), -ɔ:(r), -ɔ:n] van-
 duma
 swear-word vandesõna
 to knock a person about ke-
 dagi tuuseldama
 to prevent [pri'vent] takis-
 tama
 to thrash [θræʃ] peksma
 fault [fəʊlt] süü
 gymnasium [dʒim'neizjəm]
 võimla

CHAPTER VII

to come off teostuma
 adventure [əd'ventʃə(r)] seik
 to eye [ai] silmitsema
 disappointment
 [disə'pɔɪntmənt]
 pettumus
 limb [lim] liige
 satisfactory [sætɪs'fæktəri]
 rahuldav
 to challenge ['tʃælindʒ] väl-
 ja kutsuma
 to have it out tüli lahen-
 dama
 scene [si:n] stseen
 and what is more ja pealegi

nothing whatever [wə'tevə(r)]
 mitte midagi
 coward [kauəd] argpüks
 either ['aiðe(r)] ka
 blow [blou] hoop
 set rühm
 brotherly vennalik
 worthy ['wəði] väärikas
 upstairs ['ʌp'steəz] (trepist)
 üles
 downstairs ['daʊn'steəz] tre-
 pist) alla
 intelligent [in'telidʒənt] in-
 telligentne, arukas
 to think better of ... ümber
 mõtlema, teisiti otsustama
 company ['kʌmpəni] selts-
 (kond)
 dissatisfied [di'sætɪsfaid] ra-
 hulolematu

CHAPTER VIII

to confess [kən'fes] üles tun-
 nistama, pihtima
 crime [kraim] roim
 lesson õpetus
 service ['sɜ:vɪs] jumalatee-
 nistus
 grateful ['greɪtful] tänulik
 chapel [tʃæpl] kabel
 similar ['similə(r)] sarnane
 hopeful ['həʊpful] lootus-
 rikas
 ages ['eidʒɪz] ilmatu kaua
 uneasy [ʌ'ni:zi] ebamugav;
 mures
 to read out loetlema

to pause [pəʊz] peatuma
 satisfy ['sætɪsfai] rahuldama
 to observe [əb'zəʊv] tähele
 panema
 to tick [tik] tiksuma
 to hand in ära andma, üles
 andma
 to greet [gri:t] tervitama
 Ricketts ['rikɪts]

CHAPTER IX

tide [taɪd] tõus ja mõõn
 earthquake ['æɪkwɛɪk] maa-
 värise mine
 to produce [prə'dju:z] toot-
 ma, esile kutsuma
 on every hand igal pool
 to go in for... harrastama
 to cheat [tʃi:t] petma
 liar ['laɪə(r)] valetaja
 uncommon [ʌn'kɒmən] eba-
 tavaline
 to steal, stole, stolen [sti:l,
 stəʊl(ə)n] varastama
 capable of ['keɪpəbl] (a dis-
 honourable action) (eba-
 ausa teoga) hakkama saav
 dishonourable [dis'ɒnərəbl]
 autu
 anywhere ['eniwɛə(r)] kus-
 kil(e)
 somewhere ['sʌmwɛə(r)] ku-
 hugi
 to prefer [prɪ'fɛə(r)] eelis-
 tama
 to come out avalikuks saa-
 ma

a pretty hot time raske elu
 to take to heart südamesse
 võtma
 cowardly ['kauədli] argpüks-
 lik
 faithful ['feɪəfʊl] truu
 nothing at all [ə'tɔ:l] mitte
 midagi
 to grow = to become
 to let out välja lobisema

CHAPTER X

footstep ['fʊtstep] samm
 to breathe [bri:ð] hingama
 various ['vɛəriəs] mitmesu-
 gune
 literature ['lɪtərɪtʃə(r)] kir-
 jandus
 maximum ['mæksɪməm]
 ülemmäär
 mark [mɑ:k] (hinde)punkt
 Butler ['bʌtlə(r)]
 Maybury ['meɪbəri]
 mathematics [mæθə'mætɪks]
 matemaatika
 Heath [hi:ə]
 Roberts ['rɒbəts]
 as well as nii hästi kui ka
 to congratulate
 [kən'grætʃuleɪt]
 õnnitlema
 dead silence surmavaikus
 statement ['steɪtmənt] lause,
 teadaanne
 to turn pale, etc. = to be-
 come
 satisfaction [sætɪs'fækʃən]
 rahuldus

contrast ['kɒntrɑːst] vastu-
olu

bravo ['brɑː'vɒu]

hurrah [hu'raː]

drily, adverb; **dry**, adjective
kuiv(alt)

congratulation
[kəŋgrætju'leiʃən]

õnnitlus

insult ['ɪnsʌlt] solvamine
to see through a thing aru
saama, mõistma

to cheat out of ... petmise
teel ilma jätma

in time aegamööda

to invent [ɪn'vent] leiutama,
välja mõtlema

questionable ['kwɛstʃənəbl]
kahtlane

instinct ['ɪnstɪŋkt] instinkt,
vaist

to develop [dɪ'veləp] are-
nema

cheat [tʃɪt] petis

rent [rent] üür, rent

£ 10 down 10 naela sula-
rahas

note [nəʊt] paberraha, pan-
gatäht

to seize [siːz] haarama

eagerness ['iːɡənɪs] agarus

by that time seks ajaks

extraordinary [ɛkstrə'ɔːdnri]
erakordne

good luck hea õnn

payment ['peɪmənt] tasu

in payment of ... tasuks

to pay tasuma

after all [ɑːftə'rɔːl] siiski

CHAPTER XI

prize [praɪz] auhind

prize-day lõpuaktus

miserable ['mɪzrəbl] õnnetu

to put a person right kellegi
au taastama

to avoid [ə'vɔɪd] vältima

to overwork ['əʊvə'wɜːk] üle
töötama

unpopular [ʌn'pɒpjulə(r)]
mittesallitav

for the present ['prezənt]
seks korraaks

to concern [kən'sɜːn] puutu-
ma

to question usutlema

displeasure [dɪs'pleɪə(r)] pa-
hameel

criminal ['krɪmɪnəl] roimar

affair [ə'fɛə(r)] sündmus

to cheer [tʃiə(r)] elagu
hüüdma, hõiskama

governor ['gʌvənə(r)] eest-
seisuseliige

noble [nəʊbl] suursugune,
suurest soost

earl [ɜːl] krahv

evergreen (plant) ['evəɡriːn]
igihaljas

carpet ['kɑːpɪt] vaip

pyramid ['pɪrəˌmɪd] püramiid

musical ['mjuːzɪkl] muusika-

to practise ['præktɪs] harju-
tama

dramatic [drə'mætɪk] dra-
 maatiline
play näidend
event [i'vent] sündmus
Johnny ['dʒɒni], form of
 John [dʒɒn]
Bob [bɒb], short form of
 Robert ['rɒbət]
to insist on [in'sɪst] nõudmi-
 ses kindlaks jääma
to walk a person kedagi
 kõnnitama
a. m. ['ei 'em] = *ante meri-*
diem enne lõunat
cheer elaguhüüd
to be seated istuma
Raleigh ['reɪli]
century ['sentʃəri] sajand
conduct ['kɒndəkt] käitu-
 mine
Watson ['wɒtsən]
excitement [ɪk'saɪtmənt] äre-
 vus
arithmetic [ə'riəmətɪk] ar-
 vutamine
Padger ['pædʒə(r)]
jacket ['dʒækɪt] jakk, kuub
at the top of their voices
 = as loudly as possible
to present [pri'zent] anne-
 tama
now for ... nüüd ... juurde
Pembury ['pembəri]
Tony ['təʊni], short form of
 Anthony
to advance [əd'vɑːns] ette-
 poole astuma
to stamp [stæmp] trampima

to hold out ulatama, välja
 sirutama
to deserve [dɪ'zɜːv] pälvima,
 ära teenima
movement ['muːvmənt] lii-
 kumine
lordship ['lɔːdʃɪp] kõrgeau-
 line lord
quiet [kwaɪət] vaikus
hiss [hɪs] sihin
about = round
presentation [prezn'teɪʃən]
 annetus
visitor ['vɪzɪtə(r)]
to call on ... hõikama
reward [ri'wɔːd] tasu
unnoticed [ʌn'nəʊtɪst] tä-
 helepanematu
to attempt [ə'tempt] kat-
 suma
discovery [dɪs'kʌvəri] avas-
 tus

CHAPTER XII

Thomas ['tɒməs], the short
 form is Tom
companion [kəm'pænjən]
 seltsiline
situation [sɪtju'eɪʃən] seisu-
 kord, olukord
demonstration
 [demən'streɪʃən]
 meelevaieldus
to accuse [ə'kjuːz] süüdis-
 tama
to miss a catch = miss to
 catch the ball

Waterston [ˈwɔɪtəstən]
to be in for (an examination) eksamile minema
to put off edasi lükkama
Jellicott [ˈdʒelɪkət]
to go in for an examination
 eksamile minema
courage [ˈkærɪdʒ] julgus
exceptional [ɪkˈseptʃənəl]
 erakordne
that very morning samal
 hommikul
to misjuge [misˈdʒʌdʒ] va-
 lesti otsustama
to give oneself up to ... an-
 duma
to catch a sound kuulma
old man = dear friend
to start to one's feet = to
 stand up suddenly
tight [taɪt] tihe(dalt), kõ-
 va(sti)
guilty [ˈɡɪlti] süüdi, süüd-
 lane
to offend [ɔˈfend] solvama
funny [ˈfʌni] imelik
to suggest [səˈdʒest] vihja-
 ma, mõista andma
to go in = to take an exami-
 nation
it serves him right on talle
 paras
tone [toun] toon
then and there = at once
to choose to believe uskuda
 suvatsema
idiot [ˈɪdʒət] idioot, totter
 isik

I was going to move = I
 wished to move
to behave [biˈheɪv] käituma
it looks like it näeb nii välja
lawful [ˈlɔːfʊl] seaduslik
to talk over arutlema
not by any means = by no
 means, ei milgi tingimusel
to matter tähendama
not for anything ei milgi
 tingimusel
pond [pɒnd] tiik
to enjoy [ɪnˈdʒɔɪ] nautima
to gain [geɪn] võitma
to swindle [swɪndl] tüssama
pitiful [ˈpɪtɪfʊl] hale
pause [pəʊz] vaheaeg
to have money on one raha
 kaasas kandma
purse [pɜːs] rahakott
savings, pl. [ˈseɪvɪŋz] kokku-
 hoitud raha

CHAPTER XIII

interview [ˈɪntəvjʊː] jutuaja-
 mine
within [wɪˈðɪn] sees(pool)
and no mistake tõesti
to get clear of ... lahti
 saama
to make one's way = to go
villain [ˈvɪlən] kelm
to play a person false [fɔɪls]
 petma
to repent [rɪˈpent] kahet-
 sema
to ruin [ruɪn] laostama

misery ['mizəri] viletsus
 to pull up peatuma
 never fear! ära karda!
 joyful ['dʒoɪful] rõõmus
 to be offended at... haa-
 vuma

cupboard ['kʌbəd] kapp
 to look for... otsima
 quite so! just nii
 value ['væljuː] väärtus
 to tear up katki rebima
 to stay away eemale jääma
 now and then aeg-ajalt
 wicked ['wɪkɪd] õel
 dishonest [dɪ'zɒnɪst] ebaaus
 to dislike [dɪs'laɪk] mitte
 sallima

CHAPTER XIV

Caesar ['siːzə(r)]
 to go for a thing asju tooma
 minema
 bookcase ['bʊkkeɪs] raama-
 tukapp
 exclamation [eksklə'meɪʃən]
 hüüd
 to utter ['ʌtə(r)] kuuldavale
 tooma
 effort ['efət] pingutus
 to pull oneself together en-
 nast kokku võtma
 deadly ['dedli] = like death
 scorpion ['skɔɪpjən] skor-
 pion
 that will do sellest piisab
 to sigh [saɪ] ohkama
 to lower ['ləʊə(r)] alan-
 dama

to dismiss [dɪs'mɪs] ära
 saatma
 state of mind meeleolu
 to turn up = to appear
 (suddenly)

CHAPTER XV

there is nothing for... but
 to... ei aita midagi muud
 kui
 disappearance [dɪsə'piərəns]
 kadumine
 to inform [ɪn'fɔɪm] teadus-
 tama
 to threaten [ə'retn] ähvar-
 dama
 telegram ['telɪgræm] tele-
 gramm
 police [pə'liːs] politsei
 note = written promise to
 pay sum by certain time
 barrister ['bærɪstə(r)] advo-
 kaat
 by profession [prə'feʃən]
 elukutselt
 meanwhile ['miːnwaɪl] vahe-
 peal
 cross-road risttee
 to encourage [ɪn'kʌrɪdʒ] jul-
 gustama
 suggestion [sə'dʒestʃən] ole-
 tus
 if it could but be... kui see
 võiks ainult olla
 to telegraph ['telɪgraɪf] tele-
 grafeerima
 neighbourhood ['neɪbəhʊd]
 naabrus

to whistle [wɪstl] vilistama
 chimney [ˈtʃɪmni] korsten
 pitiless [ˈpɪtlɪs] halastamatu
 gale [geɪl] = strong wind,
 storm
 to bend, bent [bend, -t] pain-
 duma
 pyjamas, pl. [pəˈdʒɑ:məz]
 ööülikond
 overcoat [ˈouvəkəʊt] palitu

CHAPTER XVI

watcher = one who watches
 false = wrong
 yard [jɑ:d], a measure of
 length = 3 feet = 0.914 m
 path [pɑ:θ] rada
 senseless [ˈsenslɪs] mee-
 märkusetu
 asleep [əˈslɪp] = sleeping
 to pay attention to... tä-
 hele panema
 to hunt [hʌnt] jahti pidama,
 taga ajama
 to go out of one's mind =
 to become mad
 show paiste
 policy [ˈpɒlɪsi] tegutsemis-
 viis
 resistance [rɪˈzɪstəns] vastu-
 panu
 forgiveness [fəˈgɪvnɪs] an-
 destus
 to drag [dræg] vedama
 to declare [dɪˈkleə(r)] sele-
 tama, avaldama

to put a person off kellestki
 lahti saama
 habit [ˈhæbɪt] harjumus
 villainy [ˈvɪləni] kelmus
 move vôte
 to hold out vastu panema
 cart [kɑ:t] vanker
 short cut lühike tee
 hopeless [ˈhouplɪs] lootusetu
 weakness [ˈwi:knis] nõrkus
 to get the better of... võitu
 saama
 fever [ˈfi:və(r)] palavik

CHAPTER XVII

victory [ˈvɪktri] võit
 old boy = former pupil of
 a school
 youngster [ˈjʌŋstə(r)] =
 young boy, young one
 unusual [ʌnˈju:ʒuəl] ebata-
 valine
 cigar [sɪˈɡɑ:(r)] sigar
 Cambridge [ˈkeɪmbɪdʒ]
 London [ˈlʌndən]
 learned, adj. [ˈlə:nɪd] õpe-
 tatud
 to enjoy oneself lõbutsema
 to be wanted (by the police)
 (politsei poolt) otsitama
 Australia [ɔ:ɪsˈtreɪljə]
 to read law õigusteadust õp-
 pima
 if it hadn't been for... kui
 ei oleks olnud
 hurry up! tee ruttu!

Hind 70 senti.