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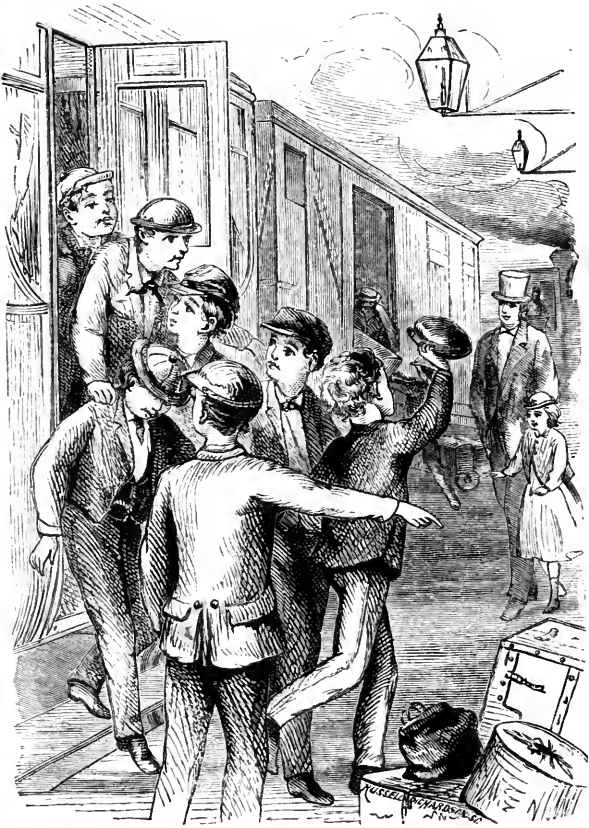

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SPRINGDALE STORIES.

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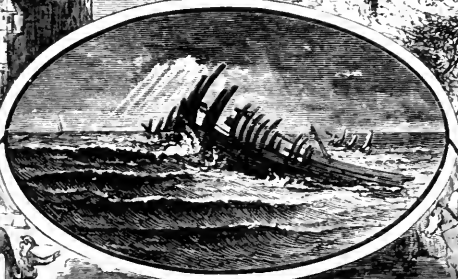

HERBERT.

LEE & SHEPARD;
BOSTON.

L. Humphrey Del

RUSSELL-RICHARDSON Sc

THE SPRINGDALE STORIES.

HERBERT.

BY

MRS. S. B. C. SAMUELS,

AUTHOR OF "ADELE," "ERIC," "NETTIE'S TRIAL," "JOHNSTONE'S FARM," "ENNISFELLEN."

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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO

THE BOYS AT HILLSIDE.

THE SPRINGDALE STORIES.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

1. *ADELE.*
2. *ERIC.*
3. *HERBERT.*
4. *NETTIE'S TRIAL.*
5. *JOHNSTONE'S FARM.*
6. *ENNISFELLEN.*

PREFACE.

THE story told in the following pages is a simple one of life at school, with its friendships, its struggles, and its jealousies.

Young folks are best taught the lessons of life by observing and analyzing the motives and actions of others who are passing before them, in scenes which are most familiar and interesting.

My young readers will find that a firm resolve to do right, a determination to obey and follow the precepts of the golden rule, is always rewarded, and that an effort to injure others, either for revenge or for personal benefit, meets with a speedy and certain punishment.

One should never attempt to rise upon the fallen fortunes of another; and still less should effort be made to retrieve a lost position by sacrificing another's good name.

CONTENTS.

HERBERT.

CHAPTER I.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

HERBERT STANLEY, a passenger on the express train from London, was on his way to Eton for his first term at school.

It was a sunny autumn afternoon. The distant river glistened like silver. The grass and growing crops looked velvet-green. The air was soft and warm; and notwithstanding a feeling of regret at leaving home, the little American lad, seated in a compartment of the car, was a very happy boy.

Eton came in view. A stretch of smooth, green fields sloped gently to the river, which

was spanned by a neat iron bridge. Windsor Castle, on the opposite shore, flashed its broad windows in the sunlight, and stood in stately grandeur, accepting the passing tribute of every honest English heart — "God save the queen!"

Reaching the station, the train was soon emptied of its passengers, and Herbert, glad enough to be released, hurried among them.

Cabmen, draymen, and porters bustled about in great confusion, and with the usual noise.

Herbert secured his "traps," as he described his baggage, signalled to a cabman, and was soon on his way to the college, dreading the ordeal of examination, but looking forward with great pleasure to his companionship with the students.

The examination was not so trying as he had anticipated. Dr. Russell, the head master, asked him a few easy questions, which Herbert answered readily, and told him

to take his place in Mr. Nowell's form, the fourth in the upper school, and appointed him a study and place in the dormitory at Mr. Kaine's house, where Herbert went at once, and entered into possession.

Then the first thing was to get his portmanteau and boxes in place; the next, to see about the fitting up of his study, which was unfurnished.

The wall paper, of a pretty pattern, looked neat and bright, and the window shades were in good order. These Herbert decided would do very well; but he must have curtains, a carpet, a lounge, chairs, and pictures.

By the time he had finished the inspection of his premises, and decided on what was needed, the tea bell rang, and he began to realize that he was a very hungry boy.

He started for the hall, following a group of boys who were laughing and chatting together.

"Holla! there's a new fellow," some one exclaimed, as they entered the doorway.

A broad stare greeted Herbert at this announcement, and he was beginning to feel very hot and uncomfortable, when a hand was slipped into his own, and a pleasant voice whispered, —

"I say, you new chap, sit next to me."

Herbert turned gratefully, and accepted the proffered seat.

"Don't mind their staring," said his new friend; "they only do it to plague."

So Herbert grew more composed, and looked steadily at two or three of the boys, who, finding they could not embarrass him, desisted.

"What's your name?" asked the boy by his side.

"Stanley — Herbert Stanley."

"I know of a boy by that name in America," said the English boy.

"I'm from America," replied Herbert.

"You are? Then you must be — Are you any relation to Lord Stanley?"

"Not much!" answered Herbert, regard-

less of grammatical rule; "he was only my grandfather's cousin."

"Only!" repeated his neighbor; "and I'm '*only*' *your* cousin. Your grandfather was my uncle."

"Well, I declare!" cried Herbert, greatly pleased; "then you're Arthur Montgomery."

"Precisely so," laughed the English boy; "and if you'd said, 'Well, I declare,' at first, I'd have known you were from America without the trouble of asking you."

"I say, you two," cried a boy who sat next to Arthur, "supper's half over, and you won't get any more to-night. Monty, that new chap hasn't had a mouthful."

"Eat your supper now, Stanley," said Arthur, laughing; "we'll talk afterwards."

"Ay, do," repeated the boy who had spoken before; "you'll need a smashing supper if Monty is to gabble at you."

"Ward, you should be re*ward*ed for that original remark," retorted Arthur.

"Three hundred and sixty-five," exclaimed

Ward. "Monty, my dear, if you can't invent another pun, pray remember the number of times you have perpetrated that one, and spare us."

"Ward," cried a voice from farther up the table, "who's the new chap?"

"A youth to Eton scholars all unknown,
Who looks with horror on our puns and mirth,
But Arthur Monty's marked him for his own."

Ward replied, with mock solemnity.

"Shut up, Tom," called Arthur. "He's my cousin, Brocket; his name's Stanley."

"And 'Stanley' was the cry!"

spouted Tom Ward, striking an attitude, and interrupting Arthur's introduction.

Arthur rolled up some bread crumbs, and threw the pellet at Ward, who instantly returned it.

Luckily for them both, this little by-play escaped the eye of the presiding master. Had he noticed it, they would have had one hundred lines each to write out.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNPLEASANT INTRODUCTION.

"I'LL take you over to the school-room, Herbert, and introduce you to the fellows," said Arthur, after supper; and locking his arm in his cousin's, they set forth.

"I want you to like Morton," he continued, speaking of his brother. "He's a queer fellow, but good as gold if you get the right side of him."

Which was rather an exaggerated account of young Lord Morton Stanley, who was an intensely disagreeable boy. He had recently come into possession of his title by the death of his grandfather; but the dignity of lordship had not improved him in the least.

He was a pale, sickly boy, with an over-

bearing, passionate temper, and suspicious disposition. The unfortunate lad inherited a disease of the heart, which he knew was likely at any moment to terminate his life, and for Herbert, as next of kin, and consequently his heir (for Arthur was a *half*-brother), he had always felt great dislike and jealousy.

Now Herbert, who had only spent a few months' of his twelve years' life, in England, was unaware of old Lord Stanley's death, and also of the fact that he was, next to Morton Stanley in direct succession, an heir to Stanley Manor; nor, had he known the facts, would he have much cared, for he had an American contempt for titles, and contemplated no other future than that of returning to his old home in Connecticut, and settling upon the estates left him there by his own grandfather. He was therefore entirely unaware of young Lord Stanley's feelings regarding him, and was honest in his answer to Arthur.

"O, I know I shall like him;" and then, with a hug at Arthur's arm, added, "It's so jolly to have cousins. I have none on mamma's side of the family; so I shall make the most of you and Morton."

"Me and Morton! You'd better put Morton first, young man, if you know on which side your bread is buttered," returned Arthur, with a laugh; "but here we are at the school-room."

Just as they reached the door, Arthur was called away by a master, and Herbert entered the room alone. It was a long, high room, with deep, panelled wainscoting, so high that a lookout from the windows above was impossible.

Long ranges of forms extended up and down the room in unbroken lines, except for the desks of the assistant masters. At one end of the room, on a raised platform, stood the head master's desk, and before it recitation forms for the higher classes. The

wainscoting was freely embellished with names carved deep into it, as were also the forms.

He had no time for further inspection. A pale, haughty-looking boy, in the centre of the room, caught sight of him, and called out, "Hallo, you little new chap! come here."

Herbert advanced.

"This is the Upper School: you don't belong here — do you?" asked the stranger, rudely.

"Why not?" replied Herbert, with a quiet smile.

"Why not? One would think you were a Yankee," said the other, with a sneer.

Herbert's cheeks reddened.

"I am not ashamed of my country," said he, boldly. "I am a Yankee, from dear old Connecticut."

"Bravo, bravo!" cried a number of the boys clustered around them.

But the one who had taken upon himself to question Herbert, without heeding the others, continued, —

"Then you had better walk out of here. This is a school for gentlemen's sons. We don't want any sneaking Yankees here."

Herbert's blue eyes flashed, and his ready hands were doubled for a blow that would have taught the English boy respect at least for a pair of Yankee fists.

Just at this point of the argument, Arthur Montgomery entered the room, exclaiming, as he saw the two together, —

"Ah, there you are, Morty. Have you discovered our cousin Herbert?"

"Who?"

"What?"

Herbert and Morton simultaneously exclaimed, and both for the instant dropped their attitude of defiance.

"Yes," resumed Arthur, seeing something was wrong between them, and anxious to have them friends, "it is our cousin Herbert Stanley, come from New England to climb the Hill of Science in the paths our forefathers trod."

"Bosh!" retorted Lord Morton Stanley. "I know what he's here for," he continued, sulkily: he's come to look after his chance of a remove to the peerage. He knows I have heart disease, and he's come to spy —"

"O, Morton, Morton, for shame!" exclaimed Arthur, hastily, while all the boys around, in very shame for the graceless young baron, hissed and groaned.

A genuine expression of angry amazement sprang to Herbert's face, hot tears filled his eyes, and his voice was loud and angry.

"I never thought of being heir to Stanley Manor. I am an American boy. I do not care a snap for your high titles; but I do care for my honor, and I will thrash you, Lord Stanley though you are."

"Thrash me!" cried Morton, laughing wildly. "I'll teach you;" and he threw off his jacket.

"A fight! a fight!" screamed the British school boys, forming a ring.

"Morton," cried Arthur, "you shall not fight. I will go for Dr. Russell."

"What is all this?" exclaimed a large, cruel-faced boy, — Nelson by name, — who had been silently looking on, throughout the dispute. "What are you vexing his lordship for, eh?" he continued, turning upon Herbert and hitting him a violent blow in the face.

Quick as a flash Herbert returned the blow; but his antagonist was nearly twice his weight, and much more used to fighting. Blow after blow fell with telling force upon Herbert's head and face. He could not have held out much longer, when the stern voice of a master interfered.

Nelson was severely reproved, and sent up for a caning, and Herbert was despatched to the doctor's, where his purple bruises were bathed and considerably reduced.

He did not return to the school-room, but went directly from the doctor's house to his lonely, unfurnished study.

There the weary, homesick feeling came

over him; and seated upon one of his boxes, the forlorn little lad wept bitter tears of disappointment. When the signal for bedtime sounded, an hour afterwards, with an aching head and fretful spirit, he sought his couch in the dormitory. He looked around, in hopes that some one of the boys who had spoken kindly to him might be a room-mate. But all the faces were strange except one, and that one was the last face Herbert would have liked to have seen there. Scowling with hatred and defiance, still smarting from the effects of the caning he had received, stood Warren Nelson. He was near the candle, and when Herbert began to undress he extinguished it.

Herbert instantly relighted it.

"Put that out:" exclaimed Nelson.

"I won't," said Herbert, flatly.

"O, you won't — won't you? You mean little Yankee. We'll soon see if you won't;" and he grasped the curtain stick, intending to give Herbert a severe blow.

But the boy, whose blood was now fully up, was determined to resist such unprovoked persecution. He snatched the stick from Nelson's hand, and struck him such a blow over the head that he was actually stunned for an instant, and during that time Herbert flung the stick from the window.

The house monitor now appeared on the scene, and ordered them both to bed, assuring Nelson that if there was any more disturbance in the room he should be reported.

The light was extinguished, and, alone in the darkness, Herbert knelt to pray, apparently regardless of Nelson's cowardly taunt, although he winced under it.

"O, you're a saint too — are you?"

And as he knelt there, a white-clad figure glided noiselessly into the room, and, kneeling beside him, stole an arm around his neck; and Arthur Montgomery's voice whispered, —

"Cousin Herbert, try to forgive Morton,

and forget what he said. He is very sorry, and ashamed too. Poor Morton!"

Herbert was touched by his cousin's affectionate advance. His better nature was moved, and his prayer, instead of being one of lip-service, was a penitent confession of faults and a sincere wish for divine help for himself and those who had injured him: with a blessing for all, including the dear ones at Ennisfellen, his heart-felt prayer was ended.

Arthur bade him good night, and slipped back to his room.

As Herbert got into bed, a voice near him whispered,—

"New boy, what's your name?"

"Herbert Stanley."

"Mine's Harry Caruthers. You're a plucky chap, and I like you. If Nelson hazes you again, I'll take your side."

"Thank you," said Herbert, gratefully. "Good night."

"Good night."

"What a dreadful boy that Warren Nel-

son is!" thought Herbert to himself, and turned over in a comfortable position for sleep; but instead of the sleep he desired, there came a still, small voice whispering that he himself had not been quite in the right. He had promised at home not to fight if he could possibly avoid it, and almost his first act had been to propose a fight with his sickly cousin. He had made no effort to control his temper. He had not tried to conciliate either Morton or Warren Nelson, and he had gained two enemies.

"Ah, well," sighed the contrite lad, "I have made a bad beginning in my new life. I must write and tell grandpa; and I must watch myself carefully, and try to control my temper."

With these good resolutions he fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

EXPLANATIONS.

ARTHUR MONTGOMERY was a very fine lad, honest and high-spirited, but extremely good-natured.

Although three years younger than Morton, — or Lord Morton, as he insisted upon being called, — Arthur had great influence over his brother. Morton would yield to him more than to any other, and would always receive Arthur's condemnations of his misconduct very kindly, and would try to improve himself.

But all Morton's efforts for improvement were of himself, whereas Arthur always asked the Lord's help. He had great patience with Morton's whims, and his firmness in persist-

ing in the right, and keeping Morton from evil companions, was almost wonderful.

The secret of his influence over his brother was the great love he bore him. The two had been inseparable from their babyhood, and it was impossible that even the arrogant Lord Morton should daily encounter so fine a nature as that of Arthur without being benefited by it.

After the quarrel with Herbert, he sat alone, whistling softly to himself, and wishing that he could control his violent temper.

His altercation with Herbert had brought on an attack of pain in his heart, that was hard to bear, and his conscience troubled him about his ungracious behavior.

Arthur came in, and presently inquired, "Morty, what ever set you out so?"

"I thought he came to watch me," replied Morton, now heartily ashamed.

"What an absurd idea! when he didn't even know that grandpa was dead."

"Are you sure, Arty?"

"Yes. He said Lord Stanley was his grandfather's cousin; and besides, he has only been in England a few weeks. You remember Adele, his sister. She was at Stanley Manor when she was a baby, and a dear little thing she was too. Her mother took her to America two years ago, in the Europa. The vessel was wrecked, and all hands lost, but Adele was saved. Then just as they found out that she was alive, and went to claim her, she was stolen by a circus troupe, and only found again this last spring. They were all summer in Germany, and have but just come to England. I should think you would feel ashamed enough for the way you introduced yourself, and he such a nice, gentlemanly fellow."

"I'll apologize the first thing to-morrow, Arty. Don't scold me any more. I am really sorry and ashamed."

"That's right, Morty; you always come 'round right in the end. You do look pale, and I will not talk to you any more to-night;

but when the lamps are out, I'll slip around to No. 7, and tell Herbert you are sorry, and want to be friends with him."

"I wish Nelson hadn't pounded him so fearfully," said Morton, after a pause.

Arthur looked up quickly.

"If I were you, Morty, I wouldn't have a fellow like Nelson take up my side. He is a big bully and an awful coward. He wouldn't dare try to whip a fellow of his size: but wasn't Herbert spunky? What made Nelson fight for you, Morty?"

"I suspect he wants my influence to get him into the new boat club," replied Morton.

"Then I'd let him want," said Arthur, contemptuously; "for if such fellows as he join, I shall resign."

"O, I won't let him get in," said Morton, positively.

"I must say good night now, or I shall talk you to death," said Arthur, and went around to his room.

Morton's suspicion of Nelson's motive for striking in his defence was right.

Nelson wished to be admitted to the boat club of which Lord Stanley was president, and thought to ingratiate himself with him by whipping Herbert, though he knew Herbert had done nothing to provoke such treatment.

What he had failed in doing for Lord Stanley, he was now determined to do for himself and resolved to be revenged upon Herbert for innocently getting him a thrashing from the master.

How his resolve was kept we shall see, for his malicious spirit was not changed.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW SCENES AND NEW FRIENDS.

THE next morning, long before the signal for rising had sounded, Herbert was up and dressed, and had read his Bible verses and said his prayers.

The sun had just risen and glinted in through the dingy diamond-shaped panes of glass; but Herbert thought the beams as bright as those that came through the long windows at home. A peaceful feeling of good will had settled in his heart, and he was contented with everything, and therefore happy.

"I guess I'll take a look at the college buildings," he thought, and ran for his cap.

The house in which he was established

was not one of the college buildings, but belonged to Mr. Kaine, an usher in the school.

The dormitories within the college yard were occupied by king's scholars, or pupils who could not afford to pay for their tuition, and for whom the college was originally built and endowed. But connected with the institution were several houses like that of Mr. Kaine, where pupils of rank or wealth were boarded, and where they were not so subject to the college authorities as those within the walls. These pupils are called oppidans. They take their meals at the houses where they lodge, but the king's scholars breakfast, dine, and sup in the college hall.

The buildings of the college surround two quadrangles: the outer quadrangle, great court, or school yard, is enclosed by the chapel, schools, dormitories of the scholars, and masters' chambers, and has in its centre a bronze statue, of the royal founder of the college, Henry VI.

The inner or lesser quadrangle contains the library, hall, and various offices, and is bounded by the cloisters. The provost's lodge, an ancient tower, and a gateway connect the two courts. A massive stone wall surrounds the whole. To the east of the cloisters are the college gardens, to the north the play-grounds, and beyond them the cricket-fields.

The town consists principally of a single street, well paved and lighted, and having rows of houses or shops upon either side.

All of this Herbert heard of or saw during his morning walk; and he also peeped into the lower school, which the janitor was arranging for the day.

The room was long, like the upper school, but very low studded. Along each side extended a line of arches supported by pillars, and behind these were the seats of the scholars.

Herbert thought it a very unpleasant looking room. The janitor, a talkative, one-eyed

man, nicknamed Cyclops, informed him that it had formerly been the college stable. While he was speaking, the great bell in the tower began a loud clanging.

"What is that for?" inquired Herbert.

"For prayers; and you'll be marked for shirking chapel, if you don't hurry in."

"All right," said Herbert, and hurried around to the chapel door, where, spying his cousins, he joined them, and entered the church.

It was a goodly sight to see the six hundred Etonians kneeling with bowed heads, while Mr. Nowell read the prayers, asking the good Lord's blessing upon the young flock committed to his care. Herbert, to whom the services were entirely new, was very much impressed by them. The solemn grandeur of the church, the deep-toned voice of the clergyman, and the devotional attitudes of the boys, were awe-inspiring. It seemed as if he could not breathe freely until the

benediction was pronounced, and they were again in the open air.

"Herbert," said Morton, turning to him, and with an evident effort overcoming his pride, "I am sorry I was so rude to you yesterday."

"O, never mind it," answered Herbert. "I was very rude myself."

"Will you shake hands and be friends now?" inquired his cousin.

"Yes, indeed, gladly," was the quick reply; and Morton's proffered hand was grasped heartily.

"Hurrah!" cried Arthur, patting them both upon their backs; "that's something like."

"Yes," echoed a voice behind them; adding, —

> "For 'tis a shocking sight
> When children of one familee
> Fall out, and jibe, and fight."

Of course it was the incorrigible Tom Ward, whose abundance of fun and good

spirits never let him speak without uttering absurd quotations, poor puns, or other nonsense.

"Are you there, Noddy?" said Arthur, turning: "come here, and welcome my cousin to Eton."

Tom advanced, exclaiming, with a mock transport of rapture, —

"Most illustrious cousin, welcome, welcome, thrice welcome to these

> 'Distant spires, these antique towers,
> That crown the watery glade,
> Where grateful Science —'"

"O, get out, Noddlepate," cried Morton, pettishly: "one gets tired of such everlasting twaddle."

"Herbert," said Arthur, with a laugh, "Noddy isn't so much a donkey as you'd think: he's first in his form, and minds his p's and q's in school, I can tell you."

"That reminds me," exclaimed Tom Ward: "have you seen old Rusty yet?"

"Who?" asked Herbert, looking blank.

"Old Rusty."

"For shame, Tom!" cried Morton. "He means Dr. Russell, Herbert."

"Yes, I've seen Dr. Russell," Herbert answered. "I went at once to him when I arrived. He told me to enter Mr. Nowell's form."

"That's ours, the fourth," said Arthur. "Morton's in the upper fifth."

"You'll have to toe the mark here, Stanley," said Tom, in a low voice, as they entered the breakfast-room.

"Kaine is true to his name: he always has a rattan for your back,

'And a melancholy crack
In his laugh,'

that savors of a few hundred lines to be written out."

Herbert laughed heartily: he thought Tom Ward was the most irresistibly comical boy he had ever seen, for whatever he said was accompanied by such absurd airs and ridic-

ulous gestures, that even the masters were amused into smiling.

As the morning was the first of the half year, only a few general exercises were gone through in the school-room. And the lessons were assigned for the next day.

Herbert set about furnishing his room as soon as he was released from school duties. Arthur volunteered to accompany him to the different stores, and they set out on their business expedition — a novel one to Herbert.

A bright carpet was selected, and curtains to match, an easy chair, a lounge, and a couple of box ottomans for the two windows.

The shopkeeper then suggested bookshelves and a table, which Herbert thought he should need; but as he had only enough money to pay for the things he had ordered, he decided to write to his grandfather before purchasing further.

Arthur invited him down to the river to

the club-house; but Herbert thought he would write home at once, knowing how they would look for a letter at Ennisfellen.

"You can write in my study," said his cousin, kindly. "I'll be back in half an hour. Here's the key. Leave your unpacking till I get back to help you."

He started on a quick run for the river; but in a minute he halted suddenly, and called after Herbert, who had turned towards Mr. Kaine's.

"Herbert, Herbert, send my love and Morton's to the little one, and our regards to the others."

"All right," answered Herbert; "thank you;" and he watched Arthur out of sight murmuring to himself, "He's a splendid fellow."

Mr. Kaine's house stood at the head of Eton Main Street, and the windows of Herbert's study took in a complete view of the town, the college yard and buildings, the

groves and lawns, among whose shade and turf the Thames found

"His silver-winding way,"

the sunny hills, the picturesque bridge across the river, and the magnificent castle of Windsor in the distance.

"After all," thought the lad, as he lingered over the lovely scene, "Eton is not half bad, with such a view as this."

But it was not so much the pleasing prospect that made him happy, as the sunny smile and kind heart of his cousin Arthur.

CHAPTER V.

A JOKE CARRIED TOO FAR.

IN Arthur's study Herbert wrote the following letters :—

"ETON COLLEGE, Sept. 3.

"MY DARLING ADELE :

"It seems so strange to write to you ! for I never did before, except printed notes, when I was a little chuck, — I mean boy. I miss you so much ! and grandpa and grandma too. Adele, I was ever so long getting here, and was tired enough. I came in the cars from London. It is very nice here. The river is nice, but not like the sea at Ennisfellen. It is too small. I am going over to Windsor to-morrow to see the queen's castle. I can see it from here, but not so well as if I was

nearer to it. When I got here I found our cousins Arthur Montgomery and Morton, Lord Stanley. And the first thing, Morton picked a quarrel with me because he has heart disease. I shouldn't have tried to fight him, he was such a sickly looking coot, though I could have knocked him down as easy as nothing at all. But I did try to, and a fellow named Nelson struck me, and I went at him; but a master made us stop fighting. I was glad, for he was giving it to me like Hail Columbia. Please tell grandpa I'll try not to fight again. Morton and I made up to-day. I think Arthur is the best fellow I ever saw, next to Eric Hyde. There's a boy here, Tom Ward; he makes me laugh like everything, for he makes fun of everything and everybody in poetry. My study is nice, but there isn't much of anything in it yet.

"Good by, Adele. Tell Max not to let my pony eat too much grass, and not to give

Carlo any raw meat. Good by, with my best love.

"HERBERT NICHOLS STANLEY.

"P. S. I forgot to send you Arthur's and Morton's love."

"MR. KAINE'S, ETON COLLEGE, Sept. 3.

"DEAR GRANDPAPA:

"My letter to Adele will tell you all the news, and I shall only write business matters in this. I had to buy everything for my study, and have not got quite all the things yet, for I promised you that I wouldn't get into debt, and I haven't got any money now. I spent —

For my Carpet, ...	£5	0 *s.*
" Curtains, ...	1	0
" Easy Chair, ...	1	12
" Lounge, ...	3	2
" Ottomans, ...	1	8
Putting down Carpet, ...	0	2
" up Curtains, ...	0	1
Curtain Cord and Fixtures, . .	0	4
	£12	9 *s.*

"I want a table, and some shelves for my books. And I wish I could have some pretty pictures to hang on the walls, and a wash-stand to keep in my own closet, for there are only two in the dormitory, and six boys have to take turns at them. I want to get my room all fixed before you and Adele come.

"I'm placed at the bottom of the fourth form, Upper School, but I won't be there long. Arthur is there too, and he's two years older than I. Morton's up in the fifth, where I mean to be soon.

"With my dear love to grandmamma and yourself, your own boy,

"HERBERT NICHOLS STANLEY.

"P. S. I read my Bible verses, and say my prayers, and try to be a good boy."

When Arthur returned from the club, Herbert had sealed and directed his letters, and Arthur showed him where to post them.

Then, as a man had come to put down the carpet and fix the curtains, Herbert remained with Arthur, and began preparing his Greek translation for the next day. In about twenty minutes he closed the book.

"Can't you do it?" asked Arthur, looking up from his page.

"Why, yes," replied Herbert; "it's easy enough."

"You haven't done it?"

"Yes, and twelve lines extra; for I wanted to see if Hebron died."

"Not he," said Arthur with a groan; "he'll live to torment us all this term. But I say, Herbert, how can you read Greek so? I haven't got it half out, and we've read it before, too."

"My grandfather was a classical scholar, and he drilled me thoroughly out of school, while Mr. Upton, the master, did the same in school. I owe it all to them."

"Are you as good at Latin?"

"I don't know," said Herbert, modestly. "About the same, I guess."

"And you speak French and German. O, dear me! Are you stupid at anything?"

"Yes," said Herbert, frankly; "arithmetic. I've only got to Long Division."

"That's my forte," said Arthur; "I'm through Euclid. I'll tell you what, you help me in classics, and I'll help you in mathematics."

"All right," responded Herbert, deep in another lesson. His recitations were soon prepared, the exercises written out, and as nothing was left in the way of lessons, save mathematics, for the evening, and as Arthur was still digging away at his repetition, Herbert stole quietly from the room, and went around to his own study.

How inviting it looked now! The carpet was neatly tacked down, the curtains were looped back from the windows, and it needed but a few minutes' work to push the ottomans, chair, and lounge into their ap-

propriate places, to make a very snug, prétty little study.

There was a mantel-shelf and a nicely polished grate in the room, and Herbert thought he would build a fire in readiness for the first cold weather. So he went to the housekeeper, who agreed to find some one who would look after the sweeping and dusting of his room, the making of fires, and the mending of his linen, for the reasonable sum of three shillings per week; which was the more extremely generous in her, as she was required, by virtue of her office, to attend to such matters, and received an ample stipend from the master of the house, of which Mrs. Kaine took occasion to inform Herbert soon after the bargain was made, much to the wily old housekeeper's chagrin.

Returning to the room, he found Arthur waiting to help him unpack.

"First, we'll take the clothes," said Herbert.

So Arthur helped unstrap the box which

held his garments, and these were soon neatly hung in the closet.

"The linen is to go into one of those ottomans, I suppose," said Arthur.

"Yes, cart it along," replied Herbert, inelegantly, busily undoing the wrapper of a mysterious looking package, which he did not remember to have seen before. It contained a lovely picture of Adele, and the boy was delighted with it.

Arthur must admire it, of course; then the unpacking was resumed, with no other interruption than the examination of a new writing-desk, — "a present from grandpapa," — nicely fitted up and furnished, and having in its postal compartment a crisp new five-pound note "from grandma;" both of which presents excited Arthur's admiration.

The play box was not so readily emptied. But after a while it was ready to be taken with the other to the loft, there to remain until the next midsummer holidays.

"Well, I declare," cried Morton, enter-

ing, "what a nice cosy study! Here's Caruthers, Stanley, come, with a long face, to warn you against some dire misfortune."

"It's only to tell you to look out for Warren Nelson: he means you harm," said Harry, earnestly; while Tom Ward, coming up behind him, spouted with solemnity, —

"New boy, new boy, beware of the day;
When Nelson shall meet thee in battle array;
For —"

"The supper bell sounds!" exclaimed Arthur, interrupting him; and away they all clattered down stairs, as hungry as schoolboys usually are.

After supper, Herbert went to his tutor, Mr. Edwards, who was to push him along in mathematics; and when the lesson was over, the tired boy was glad to go to bed.

All was quiet in the dormitory, only, as he passed Harry Caruthers' bed, the boy made a signal for him to be watchful.

But, after saying his prayers, the bed felt so comfortable, the room was so quiet, and

Herbert so tired, that while resolving to remain awake for a while at least, he fell asleep.

Harry, too, soon succumbed to the drowsy god; and when the house monitor went his round, the deep, regular breathing in No. 7 convinced him that all was well.

But scarcely had the monitor reached his own room, when Nelson, who had slipped under the bed-clothes without undressing, arose stealthily, groped his way in the darkness to Herbert's bed, and seizing the thick counterpane, thrust it over the sleeping boy's head, holding it tight with one hand, while with the other he stopped his breath by pressing his hand close over the sleeper's mouth and nose.

Herbert was having a happy dream of home. Suddenly the scene changed: a house had taken fire, and he was within it. The smoke was stifling him. He could not escape; he could not breathe. Must he die? die so horribly, and all alone? Would no one come to him? He could not perish so! He

must escape! and struggling frightfully, he awakened from his dreadful dream to the cruel reality.

Even in his terror he knew the voice of Nelson, and heard him muttering savagely, "You'll get me another caning, perhaps, you little milksop." And then the cowardly boy laughed derisively at Herbert's violent efforts to free himself.

Meaning only to frighten him, he was so occupied in enjoying poor Herbert's terror, that he withheld the boy's breath longer than he himself had any idea of doing. So it happened that in his blind passion he did not see that the child's agonizing struggles became fainter and fainter, and not till the poor tortured body settled rigidly, and one convulsive shudder alone disturbed it, was Nelson aware of the great mischief that he had done.

Horrified, he withdrew his guilty hand. One low moan escaped the sufferer, and then a terrible silence ensued, broken only

by Nelson's subdued breathing, as he stood, guilty and horror-stricken, beside poor Herbert's breathless form.

Slowly he turned away. A dull sense of having done something dreadfully wicked, and for which he must be punished with awful severity, mingled in his mind with horror of his own wretched cruelty, remorse for the deed, and a sudden agonizing sense of pity for Herbert.

He laid his throbbing head upon Herbert's breast to listen for a heart-beat to belie his fears. But all was still. His hand came in sudden contact with the face, cold and rigid as in death.

"O, I am a murderer, a murderer!" he moaned in terror, starting at the touch. And the next instant, with a fearful shriek, he had burst from the room, and fled from the house, and on, and on, until the scene of his heartless deed was far behind, and he was lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE OR DEATH.

WARREN NELSON'S cry of terror ringing through the dormitory in the stillness of the night, aroused the sleeping boys.

Harry Caruthers, remembering his suspicions of Nelson, called instantly, —

"Stanley, Stanley, are you hurt?"

And receiving no reply, he hastened, with trembling fingers, to strike a light.

In Mr. Kaine's far-off study, that shriek of despair had also penetrated. He hurried to No. 7, joined by the monitor, who said from there the cry proceeded. They entered the room just as Harry flashed the candle-light upon Herbert's purple, swollen face.

"Good Heavens!" cried the master, starting back in horror, "who has done this atrocious deed?"

Then, without waiting an answer, he took poor Herbert's lifeless form in his arms, and carried it to his own room, where the doctor, summoned by a monitor, directly joined him, but with a hopeless face.

Arthur, white and terror-stricken, pleaded to be allowed to remain, when the other boys were sent back to their rooms.

"He is my cousin! he is my cousin!" he kept saying piteously, in a dull, aching tone.

And Mr. Kaine, in pity, let him stay.

"Sumner," said he, sternly, to the monitor, "go to No. 7, and learn what you can of this sad affair."

And Sumner went. But all that he could learn was of Nelson's muttered threats to "give that mean little Yankee a good scaring," and that Nelson was missing.

Which two simple facts seemed to point out the guilty one.

Shivering with fear, and horrified as they well might be, the boys of No. 7 clustered together, and talked, in breathless undertone, of the dreadful event.

All sympathized with Herbert, and all denounced the guilty Nelson.

"I wouldn't be in his shoes for all his lands and money," said Cyclops, the old porter, coming in to bring them a light. "Just think of him, young gentlemen, prowling and skulking, like a thief in the night, afraid to show his head, and always fancying the hangman's rope around his neck."

"Has — has — any one gone for him?" asked Harry Caruthers, with a shudder.

"Yes; Mr. Kaine sent runners out directly. Dr. Russell has come over from the Lodge, and brought a surgeon from London, who happened to be there," answered the old man.

"Do they think — is it of any use?" sobbed Ulric Carr, a mere child of eight, who was Warren's cousin.

"Mr. Kaine feared he was dead when he picked him up in here."

"O, it is too bad! it is too bad! he was such a nice, good boy," groaned another.

There was a movement in the hall outside, and Arthur entered the room. Even in that dim light the boys could see his face, white and drawn, and full of dread.

"Is he?—is he?"—asked Harry, with imploring face, afraid to finish his question.

Arthur answered slowly.

"Sir Matthew Hale, a physician from London, is there. He says Herbert is alive; but—"

"What? what? O, what?"

"He is afraid," continued Arthur, with a great sob, "he will either die or be an idiot."

All were silent. Consternation at Herbert's awful fate held each boy spell-bound.

Ulric Carr, the little fellow who had questioned the porter, pressed close against Harry, shivering with fear, and scarcely daring to draw his breath.

Harry put his arm around the child, and with bowed head, moved his white lips in a mute prayer for Herbert; and the little lad beside him, who by the sneers and taunts of the older boys, had been kept from asking the good Lord's blessing, folded his hands, and with a penitent sob followed Harry's example. And of all the prayers that were offered up that night, perhaps none were more acceptable to the good Lord than the heartfelt, contrite, sobbing petition of Ulric Carr, who prayed for Herbert's life and Warren's forgiveness.

Meanwhile, over the telegraph wires were flashing the tidings which would bring pitiful sorrow to Herbert's home. But after the message was sent, and the London physician had departed, Herbert showed signs of great improvement. Dr. Burrill, the college physician, did not agree with Sir Matthew's opinion; and as if to prove his wisdom, Herbert recognized him, and spoke, feebly, but not unnaturally.

"Where am I? What is the matter?"

Dr. Burrill bent over him, answering kindly, "In Mr. Kaine's study. You have been hurt. Do you feel any pain now?"

"Yes, doctor," answered Herbert, wearily, "here." And he raised his hands to his head and chest.

"I will relieve you," said Dr. Burrill, hopefully; "and now, my boy, you must be perfectly quiet. Sleep, if you can; but do not speak."

Herbert closed his eyes obediently, and was soon slumbering quietly.

Dr. Burrill signified his intention of remaining with him through the night, and Mr. Kaine kindly went around to No. 7, to tell the boys their room-mate was much better than they had dared to hope for; that he had recognized the doctor, and spoken sensibly, and if he continued to improve, might be with them again in a few days.

"And need I urge," he continued, somewhat severely, "need I urge again, after

this shocking barbarity, that the system of hazing and tricking new boys may be dropped, in *my* house at least!"

"O, Mr. Kaine!" exclaimed Harry, earnestly, "we none of us knew it; we would not have allowed it."

"Very well," said the master, "I believe you. But this new boy seems to have had a harsh reception here. His first greeting at the school was a cowardly taunt of being a Yankee, and then he was forced into a fight, and afterwards nearly murdered. Dr. Burrill says even now his life and senses hang upon a thread. And now, young gentlemen, I have this to say: I have travelled largely in America, and the Yankee boys of New England are brave, intelligent, honest, gentlemanly boys, with families and fortunes as good as your own. I hope you will remember this when we again have one among our number."

CHAPTER VII.

NELSON'S FLIGHT.

OLD Madame Conaut went out into her barn to give the Jersey cow her breakfast.

"*Santa Marie!*" she exclaimed, crossing herself, as she stumbled over something in the haymow; and up went her two hands in excess of wonderment, as she found her stumbling-block was a sleeping boy.

Stretched upon the hay, his clothes soiled and tumbled, his hair wet, and thrown back from his hot, troubled brow, worn and terror-stricken even in his sleep, lay Warren Nelson.

Not fifty miles from Madame Conaut's door Nelson Park lay smiling in the morn-

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ing sun, and within its stately mansion-house servants were moving, who would have looked with disgust upon the humble straw bed where rested the weary lad, and would never have imagined that there lay their young master, whose slightest tone of displeasure could lose them their places.

And old General Nelson, the father of the unfortunate youth, would have bowed his haughty head low in the dust could he have seen his idolized and only child fleeing in terror from the murderous work of his own hands.

Poor Warren! No mother's gentle words of guiding love had ever sounded in his ears. No one had ever talked to him of the sin of pride and waywardness. He had been allowed to kick his dogs and horses, and strike his servants; to order things done or undone; and his temper had been given unlimited sway, with the mistaken idea that it would make him brave and fearless.

Yet now, as old Madame Conaut knelt

above him, murmuring tenderly, "Poor lad, poor lad!" he opened his eyes upon her, with a look of such abject terror, that the old woman instantly exclaimed, —

"Never fear, lad; I will keep ye safe."

He gave a thankful sigh of relief.

"Don't ask me who I am, or what I have done," said he, with a shudder; "and if they come for me, don't, *O, don't* give me up!"

"Never fear; I'll keep ye. And will ye stay wi' me when Jim goes across the sea?"

"No," answered Warren, suddenly: "I'll go with him."

"But the money, the money!" said Madame, aghast at this sudden purpose.

"I've money enough to take me out of England. When is he going?" answered Warren, his old haughty manner returning as he spoke.

"To-morrow, sir," she answered, insensibly growing more respectful, yet full of wondering pity.

Warren Nelson drew forth his handsome gold watch.

"Keep this," said he, laying it in her hands; "I give it to you. Now I want some bread, and a hat to wear, and then I will follow Jim."

"I'll not take yer watch, lad," she said, giving it back; "and you're welcome to food, as we have it, and I'll give ye the hat. But I'm not sure as it's right to let ye go to France without the word to yer mother."

"I have no mother," interrupted Warren. "I'll write to my father when I get there, and I'll tell him to repay you if you'll be kind to me."

"Why don't ye go home to yer father, lad?" said she, simply.

"No," replied Warren, starting up suddenly, — and the terrified look returned to his eyes, — "I can only go away. If you will not help me, I must go alone."

"Well, well, child, if ye write to yer father when ye get there. France is not so far away, and Jim will stand by ye."

So it was arranged, and Jim Conaut left

England, and entered France, accompanied by General Nelson's son.

The old general, at home in his richly furnished library, sat with his head bowed upon his folded arms, trying to get over the shock he had received upon hearing the account of his son's cruel deed, and subsequent flight from Eton.

"It is all my fault," he kept saying to himself. "I never taught the lad to control himself. O, my boy, why do you not come to me?"

And why did he not?

He thought, poor lad, that he had been guilty of actual, though unintentional murder; and from the consequences of that he knew his father had no power to protect him.

General Nelson sent all over the country, east, west, north, and south, for his missing son. Large rewards were offered for information respecting him, and advertisements posted around in different towns, urging him

to return, and promising him kind treatment. All was of no avail.

The boy's heavenly Father was directing his steps, and teaching him lessons of humility and love that he would never have learned in his English home.

CHAPTER VIII.

HERBERT PLEADS FOR WARREN.

HERBERT was ill for a couple of weeks only, recovering rapidly, and "having quite a nice time of it too," as he declared, for his grandfather and Adele came down from Ennisfellen to take care of him; and Morton, Arthur, Harry, and little Ulric Carr spent all their spare time in his room.

Mrs. Kaine had kept him in the quiet part of the house, and sat with him a great deal.

Herbert, and Adele too, used to fancy she was like their own mamma, and loved to be with her. She would tell them stories of her girlhood; read to them, and always liked to hear of Ennisfellen, and their pets, of Her-

bert's home in America, of Adele's strange history, and of the grand old Castle Werniër, in Germany, where the happy summer months had been passed.

Adele, the loving, gentle little child, could not do enough for her dear brother. She was interested for his sake in everything pertaining to school life, and under Mrs. Kaine's kind supervision, made him a handsome blue velvet cap, ornamented with silver embroidery and tassels, to be worn at football, in which Herbert fondly hoped to distinguish himself before long.

And while the cap was in course of completion, many were the gentle admonitions which fell from the lips of Mrs. Kaine, in so pleasant a way that they seemed like stories to be treasured in the mind, rather than precepts, bits of good advice, and little lectures on morals and manners.

Although she said nothing, of course,—for she could not, — in defence of Warren Nelson's cowardly attack upon Herbert, she led

the children insensibly to pity the poor misguided youth.

And her gentle influence led Herbert to say to Dr. Russell, in the early part of his illness, —

"One thing I want to ask of you, sir, if you please."

"And that? my dear boy," said the head master kindly.

"If Nelson is found, sir, will you please allow him to return to school, and take no notice of his offence?"

"And do you really wish it?" asked the head master, with a scrutinizing glance.

"Yes, sir," answered Herbert, earnestly.

"Have you forgiven him?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are you sure you could set the example of kindness and charity? Could you take him by the hand and say, 'Be my friend'? and all this without once recurring to his ill behavior to you?"

"O, yes, sir," answered Herbert, look-

ing, with honest, unflinching eyes, straight into Dr. Russell's own. "I want it all forgotten. And besides, sir," he added, dropping his eyes and speaking low, "I was to blame too. I was hasty, and that made him worse."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger," quoted the head master, softly. "No words of Holy Writ indicate more of the Christian spirit than these. Remember them, my dear Herbert, in all your intercourse with others, and you will find that you yourself will be happier, and will avoid many of those little strifes and contentions which imbitter all social intercourse."

"I am pleased with your request," he continued. Warren shall return if he wishes, and you, my boy, if you will try, may be the means of leading the haughty, passionate spirit, kindly and gently, to the Source of love and peace."

After this Herbert felt quite happy. He

laid it to Dr. Russell's kind words; but the real cause was his own kind feeling towards the boy who had injured him.

"I wish he would come back," he often said, and was greatly disappointed that no news came of him.

When he was well enough to go about, Adele led him to his own little study.

What a transformation!

The modest straw carpet he had selected was gone, and a green Brussels, with handfuls of rose-buds thrown down upon it, covered the floor.

Green curtains hung at the windows, and a table, covered with cloth of the same color, stood in a corner, under a set of bookshelves, fitted with tempting books. The easy-chair was drawn up for him in front of the fire, but before filling it, he peeped into the closet, finding there excellent accommodations for his toilet. He threw himself into the easy-chair, remarking in a pleased, satisfied tone, —

"Well, this *is* nice."

"There comes grandpa with the pictures," exclaimed Adele. "And I have a present for you, Herbie," she added, unfolding to his admiring gaze a neat little French clock.

"Listen, now," she cried, gayly, holding up the timepiece; "hear it say, 'Be good, be good, be good, be good.'"

"Thank you, little sister," said Herbert, with a laugh. "I shall have no excuse for doing wrong with such a constant reminder."

"And thank you, grandpapa," he continued, as Mr. Nichols came in with a large parcel. "I thought I had made a nice enough room of it, but now it is splendid."

"I'm *so* glad you are pleased!" cried Adele, dancing around; "and your cricket cap is done too, Herbie. How do you like it?"

She tossed the bright blue cap upon her glossy curls, and jantily poised her head for the cap to be duly admired. But the golden curls and fair, bright, innocent face flushing

beneath it claimed the whole meed of Herbert's admiration; and Arthur Montgomery, coming in at the moment, received the impression of his fair little cousin that through after years he always retained.

A merry time they had of it.

Mr. Nichols hung the pictures, which were bright and pretty. Adele placed some knick-knacks, with Arthur's help, upon the mantel "to set it off," as she said, and laughed with the others when Arthur asked, "Where?"

Mrs. Kaine came in with a bouquet of flowers from her garden, and Ulric Carr, in the name of the boys of No. 7, placed upon the table a little silver vase.

Lord Morton gracefully expressed his regret that Herbert's first ill usage should have been caused by himself, and assured him of the avowed sympathy of all the Etonians.

Arthur said nothing, but a very expressive hug of Herbert's arm betokened his sentiments, and Harry Caruthers' full-moon face beamed a happy smile upon all.

Tom Ward was also there; but the presence of Mrs. Kaine, Adele, and Mr. Nichols induced him to be very retiring in his deportment.

Only when Dr. Burrill looked in upon them to see how his patient was, his wit flashed out in reply, —

"Henceforth the patient must minister to himself,
Throw physic to the dogs: he'll none of it."

"Young man," said the doctor, a little put out, "you need a quietus."

"With a bare bodkin,"

retorted Tom, good-naturally, and to every body's amusement.

The happiest day must have an end; but Herbert thought that day spent with kind friends in his cosy study, the shortest he had ever known. It ended with fond farewell greeting, and the departure of Mr. Nichols and Adele for London.

CHAPTER IX.

FOOT-BALL.

THE bright October days at Eton were enlivened by the stirring game of foot-ball.

After the school exercises all the students would repair to the field, and there either watch with breathless interest the exciting sport, or else take part in the game.

A lively scene was the foot-ball field in the sunny afternoons, especially when the great event of the school year came off, the match between the sixth form boys and the school. Nothing could exceed the picturesque effect of the grouping of the various bands of combatants, as, trailing out after roll call in the upper school, they proceeded

to strip for business under the grand old elms.

The sixth form boys wore striped red and white jerseys, the school plain white, and both spotless white trousers, and for head-gear velvet caps of various tints, and trimmed with gold or silver cord.

Foot-ball is essentially an English game, and nowhere else played with so much pluck and zest. In his first "match," Herbert fairly trembled with excitement, so eager to be successful, and knowing full well the humiliation of defeat, and the great odds against which he played.

For the American game is entirely different from that played at Eton.

The players were drawn up in two lines: the sixth fellows, a compact band, some forty strong, were pitted against eighty of the school-boys. The ball was dropped on the ground between them: back of either line stood the "back players," whose business it was to catch the ball when first flung out,

run with it, and kick it back again. When a back player misses his drop, that is, kicks the ball along the ground, or is collared in the run, the forward players step in and the hot work begins.

Morton, Herbert, Harry, and Arthur were all in the game, Arthur among the back players, and he had promised Herbert to drop him the ball, when he got hold of it.

Morton, who was a splendid player, had expressed a fear that his cousin would be a "precious muff" in the game, and the three boys were determined to convince him of his error.

So Herbert watched the ball with breathless interest, and when it fell into Arthur's hands, darted away, far ahead of all the others, made a splendid run, and sent the ball spinning back to Harry, who sent it in again to Morton, and the young baron made a brilliant run, the three counting way ahead on the school side.

"Hurrah! hurrah for Stanley!" screamed the school.

"Who's that plucky little chap?" asked a fellow of the sixth.

"That's Stanley, Stanley, Stanley," was the eager reply in a dozen voices.

Herbert heard his name on all sides. His blood was up, every nerve thrilled with excitement; he grasped the ball, and darted away; but this time he was surrounded, collared, and thrown down, and on rising, half crushed to death, from the bottom of a huge pile of human bodies, he stood face to face with his first "scrimmage," and he knew that upon the manner in which he acquitted himself in that awful crisis would depend the opinion his schoolfellows would have of his pluck ever after.

The ball he had hugged closely, it being a point of honor not to suffer it to be wrenched from him, even when pressed to the ground.

The breathless boy had the right to the first kick; but the enforcement of this right

entailed the terrible duty of facing the kicks of the dozen or more big fellows who confronted him.

Here was the true glory of the game — to control the ball when a dozen pairs of legs were eagerly "letting fly." Herbert, who still grasped his hardly-won treasure, threw a glance around like a hunted panther; then seeing and seizing the right moment, he slipped through the grasp of the excited throng, and out into a more open part of the field. Again he was surrounded and thrown down, and again he rose, this time with his white jersey torn, dirt-stained, and covered with blood; but again he wrenched himself from the thick of the scrimmage, and hugging the precious ball tight in his arms, ran with and kicked it with unerring precision straight over the bar.

His shins were black and blue from the kicks he had received, and the blood was streaming from his nose; but Herbert was

only conscious of the great glory of having *won the game* against the sixth.

And the school-boys! they almost worshipped the little hero. They hurrahed until they were hoarse. They made a triumphal chair, and carried him above their heads. Lord Morton proudly said "my cousin," and every boy in the school talked of "that capital little fellow, Stanley, the American boy."

If any excuse were needed for their wild excitement, it might be found in the words of the famous Duke of Wellington, who, surveying just such a scene upon this very field, remarked, "It is here the battle of Waterloo was fought."

CHAPTER X.

IN THE FORM.

MR. NOWELL, the master of the fourth form, was an excellent master, and his boys were thoroughly taught. It would have gone hard with Herbert had the master of the Latin School at Bridgeport been less faithful to his trust; but as it was, the lad was well prepared for the hard Greek and Latin lessons assigned his form at Eton.

He learned readily, and frequently surprised Mr. Nowell by his brilliant recitations and flashes of great mental power. A few recitations sufficed to show how he would stand in the form; and he became as great

a favorite with his teachers as he was with the fellows of the school.

Tom Ward, the head of the form, was a happy-go-lucky sort of boy, who, whether well prepared or not, always managed to wriggle into a good recitation. The ingenuity of his replies, the sudden surprise they brought, and the patness of his application to a case, of new and ludicrous relations, were peculiarly pleasing to the master, after listening to the dull, monotonous, parrot-like recitations of some others; and he had not shrewdness enough to detect the lad's motive in bringing his ready wit to bear upon the question whenever there was a weak point in his recitation.

Arthur was slow and sure, and Harry Caruthers bright and quick, but easily confused, and not always, therefore, self-reliant.

The rest of the boys in the form, excepting Brockett, who was good-natured and lazy, were noisy, turbulent fellows, regard-

ing Mr. Nowell as their natural enemy, and shirking every possible duty.

Tom, Arthur, and Harry kept the first three seats; Brockett was somewhere in the middle of the form; and Herbert had been placed, as is customary with new boys, at the foot.

One day, in the school-room, a folded paper was passed from Ward to Brockett, exciting great mirth among all the boys who were privileged to see it. Herbert, who was hard at work upon a translation, made an impatient movement of head and hand when it passed to him, and another boy gained possession. Had Herbert known that it was the funny American song he had written out for Tom Ward the night before, he would have retained it; but unconscious of anything save a slight difficulty in his lines, he studied on.

Meanwhile so much disturbance was caused among the boys by the song that was going the rounds, that Mr. Nowell detected its

presence, and ordered it brought up to the desk, where he read, with some amusement, the history of the famous Ten Little Niggers, in Herbert's writing.

"Ten little niggers going out to dine,
One choked his little self, and then there were nine.

Nine little niggers crying at his fate,
One cried himself away, and then there were eight.

Eight little niggers slept until eleven;
One overslept himself, and then there were seven.

Seven little niggers cutting up sticks,
One chopped himself in halves, and then there were six.

Six little niggers playing with a hive,
A bumble-bee killed one, and then there were five.

Five little niggers going in for law,
One got in chancery, and then there were four.

Four little niggers going out to sea,
A red herring swallowed one, then there were three.

Three little niggers walking in the Zoo,
A big bear cuddled one, and then there were two.

Two little niggers sitting in the sun,
One got frizzled up, then there was one.

One little nigger living all alone,
He got married, and then there were none."

Mr. Nowell was quite provoked that Herbert — the "good boy" of the class — should set such an example to the others.

"Stanley," he called sharply, when he had perused the lines, "you show so great an aptitude for verses, that you may write me a hundred lines of Herodotus in verse."

"Sir?" exclaimed Herbert, rising from his seat with a bewildered look.

"Write out a hundred lines in verse," replied Mr. Nowell, testily.

"What for, sir?" asked Herbert, in a surprised tone, not meaning to be disrespectful, but because he was utterly unconscious of any offence.

"Because I tell you," thundered Mr. Nowell; "and you may take one hundred more for impertinence, which I never allow."

Without a word Herbert took his seat. He was astounded by the master's harsh

manner, which had been uniformly kind and gentle to him; and a hard, bitter feeling arose in his heart against Mr. Nowell for unjustly condemning him to punishment for nothing at all, as he thought.

The boys, excepting Tom Ward, knew nothing of the circumstances of the case; and Tom, whose one word would have set Herbert right, withheld that word, for fear of losing his place at the top of the form.

Herbert knew he must perform the obligation for Mr. Nowell, but resolved to wait until night, as there was to be a rowing match with Morton's club, to which he belonged. But as he was preparing to leave the school-room, Mr. Nowell, who fancied that the boy did not consider the punishment properly, resolved to deprive him of his afternoon sport, and therefore said, —

"Stanley, you may write out your verses here, while I am hearing the detentions and overlooking exercises."

"Very well, sir," replied Herbert. But he felt hurt anew at this unjustifiable detention, for it was customary to allow the extra lessons a longer time; indeed, the scholars generally suited their own convenience regarding them.

So he went out to dinner in a very moody frame of mind, not even smiling when Sam Brockett remarked, —

"What a racket you boys keep up! Be quiet, do: there's Stanley quiet enough. He's eating his dinner without opening his mouth." And when, amid the roar of laughter which followed this saying, Tom Ward cried out, —

"O, funny Sam Brockett!
Your wit, when you stock it,
Is bright as a rocket,
Just taking its start.
When slyly you cock it
At me, what a shock it
Sends through my vest pocket,
Right into my heart," —

even then Herbert's gloomy look did not relax. It took all the afternoon to write out

all the lesson, and arrange it in verse; and Herbert, when the merry voices came ringing up, was sorely tempted to rebel. But at last the task was finished, and the lines were in the master's hand. Then said Herbert, —

"Mr. Nowell, I do not wish to be disrespectful; but will you please tell me, sir, *why* I was punished."

"For writing comic songs in school," replied the master, coldly.

"But I never did, sir," said Herbert, quickly.

Mr. Nowell's reply was to hand to the excited lad the version of the little negroes, and to inquire if it were not his writing.

"Yes, sir; I copied it last night in my study. I did not bring it to school, and did not know it was here. I copied it for —" He stopped himself just in time to save Tom Ward his place; but he continued, "Mr. Nowell, the boy for whom I wrote that took it away last night; and he must have known that I was punished for nothing."

"Who was it?" asked the master; but seeing that Herbert disliked to tell him, he added, "Well, never mind. I am sorry I detained and punished you unjustly. You have behaved well, Stanley; and now, in token that we are friends, will you take a drive with me?"

Herbert was delighted, and ran for his cap. Mr. Nowell locked up the verses in his desk, and they afterwards proved, unexpectedly, of untold value to their originator.

The drive out of town was a pleasant one. Before their return to Eton quite an exciting incident occurred.

About ten miles from home they were overtaken by a sudden and violent shower; and they drove into an open barn, where a Jersey cow was quietly munching at her feed.

Now, could the cow have spoken, she could have imparted information to the minds of Herbert and his master which would have

greatly relieved their anxiety respecting Warren Nelson, for this was the barn where he had slept after that wretched flight from Eton; and nothing had, as yet, been heard from him by his school friends, or by the broken-hearted old general at Nelson Park.

But the cow could not speak, of course; she looked with mild-eyed pity upon the two intruders, and uttered a plaintive "moo-oo" for hay.

Herbert gathered some from the mow, and pitched it into her feeding-box, when a handkerchief fluttered down from the mow. It was a fine white handkerchief, much nicer than any occupant of the humble little cottage hard by would be supposed to own; and Herbert remarked funnily, that "the cottager's wife must be very dainty."

"But, hullo!" he continued, examining it; "here's a coat of arms; and O, Mr. Nowell, what *does* this mean?—'*Warren Nelson.*'"

"What!" cried the master, starting forward and examining the mark upon the hand-

kerchief; "yes, it must be his; we shall find him now, Herbert; we have the clew at last, poor lad!"

"O, I am so glad!" cried Herbert. "I have worried so and fretted about him. O, Mr. Nowell, let us go to the cottage; he may be there."

So out into the rain they went, and to the door of Madame Conaut's little house, where Mr. Nowell at once opened the subject by showing the handkerchief, telling her how it was found by them in her barn, and demanding information of the missing boy in the name of the authorities of the college.

This information the kind old woman was eager to give; for Jim's last letter lay upon the table, and Jim had written that the "chap" that went over to France with him was ill of fever, and he feared he would not recover unless attended to by his relations. "The truth is," wrote Jim, "he is of fine folks, and labor don't suit him; though he's tried hard — I'll say that for him. He's

been ailing ever since we got here, and working out in the rain last week, he got this fever."

She showed this letter to Mr. Nowell, who, with a face of great concern, asked for Jim's address; and getting it, and thanking Madame Conaut for her kindness to the lad, he sent Herbert for the horse, and they drove off rapidly in the rain.

"You will go for him, Mr. Nowell — will you not?" asked Herbert, excitedly.

"Yes, directly. I shall telegraph to the general to meet us at Calais."

"Us?" inquired Herbert, breathlessly.

"Yes: am I right in thinking you would like to accompany me?"

"O, sir, thank you," exclaimed the lad, joyfully; "but school!" he added in the same breath.

"It will not affect your standing," replied the master. "You can easily make up the time, and I feel bound," he added pleasantly,

"to make some reparation for my injustice to you this morning."

"That was nothing, sir; and I am so glad of it now! If it hadn't been for that, we wouldn't have found out about Nelson."

"That is it," said Mr. Nowell, philosophically; "the trifles of our daily lives are often the most significant of all circumstances affecting our future.

> "The little things, scarce worth recall,
> Whereof no visible trace remains,
> These are the main-springs, after all."

They drove rapidly back to Eton, sent the telegram to Nelson Park, and hastily packing their portmanteau, took the night train for London, and the morning boat for Calais, in France.

CHAPTER XI.

AT CALAIS.

"YOU must tread softly, gentlemen, if you please," said a pleasant voice in French; and a young girl led the way to Warren Nelson's sick room.

Mr. Nowell and Herbert followed.

Had his heart been ever so hard against poor Warren, Herbert must have relented at the sight which met his eyes; but he had long ago forgiven the injury, and felt even a strong affection for the unfortunate lad, whom he had regarded with pity for so long a time, for "pity is," as the poet sings, "akin to love."

So, gazing upon the emaciated, fever-flushed lad, whose wild eyes had never lost

their terror-haunted look, and listening to his pitiful pleadings for mercy and forgiveness, it is no wonder that the tears sprang unbidden to his eyes. Kneeling beside the delirious boy, whose wild ravings were all of Herbert, he felt a love for him stirring within his breast, that was greater even than his affection for Arthur.

"O, Stanley, Stanley, I *didn't* mean to harm you. I *didn't! I didn't!* It was only to frighten you; only a joke, a joke," cried the sick boy, again and again, in pitiful pleading tones.

"Never mind, Warren; I'm here, all right. Don't you know me, Warren? I'm Herbert. You did no harm, after all," Herbert would reply, in soothing, tearful voice.

But Warren did not heed him: he went on incoherently.

"There is no blood on my hand. You are not dead, Stanley, and I am not a — O, father, father, you thought I would be so brave, and such an honor to you! poor

father! They are coming after me. *Don't, don't* give me up, old woman. I'll go with Jim; I'll give you my watch. O, *don't* let them take me. Father, father, don't let them!"

Poor Herbert tried in vain to soothe him, and old General Nelson, who had arrived, and entered in time to hear the last of his child's piteous ravings, was so troubled that they were obliged to remove him from the room.

For days Warren lay in the same unconscious state, furious with delirium, and suffering so much mentally, that Dr. Burrill, who had come to attend him, deemed it of the utmost importance that Herbert should be at hand to speak with him at the first conscious interval. Mr. Nichols and Dr. Russell gave the desired permission, and Herbert remained at Calais with the sick lad's father, while Mr. Nowell returned to Eton.

General Nelson had been a brave soldier. He was a haughty, proud, high-spirited man;

but his son's calamity had broken his pride, and the great danger in which the boy lay had taught the arrogant old man that neither self-esteem, nor pride, nor great wealth would bring back the idol of his heart from death's door.

Herbert's forgiving spirit touched him beyond expression; and the simple faith displayed in the lad's constant prayers for poor Warren brought him, at length to implore humbly of the great All Father, that his sinful negligence of spiritual welfare might not be visited upon the head of his son.

And the good Lord, who always answers prayer, although not always in the way which seems best to our short sight, gladdened the loving father's heart forever with divine love.

For Warren did not die, but was mercifully spared for His service.

One morning, after a night of feeble, fluctuating breathing through a deep sleep,

and when even Herbert scarcely dared to hope, he awoke to consciousness.

"Stanley," he murmured faintly, looking for the first time with a gleam of intelligence, "is that you? I thought —"

"Yes, dear Warren," said Herbert; and trembling with gladness, and leaning over with a look of unmistakable love, he pressed upon Warren's fevered lips a holy kiss of friendship, which was never violated.

And such a happy expression of peace as settled in Warren's eyes, no one, who saw it, ever forgot.

"Father," he murmured, faintly.

"My own boy, my dear, dear son!" exclaimed the general. "The merciful Lord be thanked for His goodness;" and for the first time in many years, the old soldier yielded to his emotion and wept tears of joy.

Warren was too weak and exhausted to talk. He fell asleep again directly, and

slept long and quietly, the great load having been removed from his mind.

When he awoke again, he wanted Herbert; and he showed what a change had come over him by begging the boy to forgive his taunts in Mr. Kaine's dormitory, and his nearly fatal joke.

"Don't ever think of it again, Warren," said Herbert, earnestly; "you suffered the most."

"I have suffered," said Warren, earnestly. "I want to see my father, Herbert, and then I would like you to read to me."

What passed between the lad and his father Herbert never knew; but half an hour after, when he entered the room, the old general sat on the bedside, supporting his son's head upon his breast, and Warren's arms were around his father's neck, in a fervent clasp, while traces of tears were upon the cheeks of both.

Herbert stole softly away. A sense of his orphan loneliness came over him, and for

the moment he would gladly have changed places with the suffering, penitent Warren for the blessing of a father's love.

The sweet-voiced French girl within the house was singing a Catholic hymn. He could not understand all the words, but somehow the little hymn, though not in his own creed, comforted him greatly. He remembered the good Lord's promise to orphan children, and how well it had been kept with Adele and himself.

From Jim they had already learned how Warren had set himself to work, lifting heavy rails, and laying sleepers for the new railway, until his delicate hands had become as rough as Jim's own; and how every Sunday he had stolen around to the little English chapel, in Calais, and listened with all his heart to the words of truth there uttered; coming away, however, with the same terrified, hopeless look always upon his face.

The French woman and her daughter had

been very kind to him; but Warren did not understand them, and would go off alone, and mourn over his misfortunes, suffering excruciating pain, meanwhile, from the fever that was coming on.

Now it was all over. He was getting well, and had learned to look for help where it is never refused. He asked his father's permission to give the two French people, and Jim and his mother, a handsome present, in token of his gratitude to them — a request the old general readily granted.

For Herbert he felt warm, fervent love, which was never obliterated.

Years after, when he was a minister of the gospel, he was never tired of telling how that one boy's gentle forgiveness and simple prayerful faith had influenced the lives of himself and his dear father for good.

"A little leaven leavens the whole."

CHAPTER XII.

TOM WARD GETS INTO TROUBLE.

"HOW bright and pleasant your study is, Herbert," said Nelson, throwing himself into the arm-chair, and removing his little cousin Ulric therefrom to his knee. "Isn't this cold, frosty weather?"

"Never mind," replied Herbert, deep in a letter from home. "It brings Christmas all the nearer, and — O, my! How nice! How splendid!" he added, flushing with excitement, and reading aloud — "'*You may invite to Ennisfellen, for the Easter holidays, your cousins, and any other four boys you may wish to have with you.*' Isn't that glorious?"

"Perfectly!" assented Warren; while the

book fell from little Ulric's hands, and he listened with breathless interest.

"Let me see," continued Herbert; "there's Morton and Arthur, Harry Caruthers, you, of course, Warren, and Ulric there."

"O, Stanley," exclaimed the little boy, "you are so kind!"

"And Tom Ward."

"I'll be delighted, if my father can spare me," said Warren, gleefully; for the boys had heard too much of the delightful pleasures of Ennisfellen not to be half wild over the prospect of being there.

Arthur had been on the continent with his father for a few weeks, and had not yet returned, but was expected daily. Morton, who, between Arthur, Herbert, Harry, and Warren Nelson, had become quite an agreeable companion, was pleased with the idea, and Harry Caruthers walked all around the school yard on his hands with his heels in the air, to work off the excitement caused by contemplating such a prospect. And Tom

Ward, who was the lively, funny boy of the class, how did he receive the good news? In a very strange way; but before hearing it he was in a stranger mood still.

Among the prizes to be awarded at the end of the term was one for a translation of Greek verses; and it happened to be a prize which Ward was very anxious to gain. Arthur, had been so long absent that Tom did not fear his competition. Harry, he was sure, could not do so well, and Nelson was in a higher form.

But Herbert would try for the prize, and try hard, and, notwithstanding his absence in France, would probably get it; for Herbert's knowledge upon the subject was much clearer and more thorough than his own.

He had brooded over this idea for some time, and at length came to the decision, that somehow, by hook or by crook, Herbert's theme should be destroyed. He knew this could not be done honestly, but did not care for that; he felt hard towards Herbert

for contesting his place at the top of the form, and especially hard because Mr. Nowell had selected the prize poem from the very lines which Herbert had once before written out for detention.

In vain Herbert said he had not the lines, and did not know what had become of them. Tom persisted that it was not fair, and that Mr. Nowell only did it to spite him.

Before receiving Herbert's invitation, he had decided to watch his opportunity, and, just before examination, to abstract the theme from Herbert's desk, when it would be too late to write another.

When Herbert came up with his letter, and tendered a laughing, happy request for Tom's presence, his rude reply was, —

"No, thank you; I've a better place of my own."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Herbert, completely taken aback, and adding angrily, "You might at least be civil, Ward."

"Don't put on so many airs, Stanley," re-

turned Tom, aggravatingly. "Other fellows have got places as well as you, and I've been obliged to refuse a number of invitations."

"You'll never have a chance to refuse another of mine," said Herbert, turning on his heel, and walking away. His feelings were deeply wounded, and Tom Ward's conscience was rather troublesome than otherwise.

Morton, when he learned of it all, was more indignant than Herbert himself, and became so very cool in his manner to Tom, that the latter avoided the company of the whole "Stanley crew," as he called the friends of Herbert and his cousin.

He looked anxiously forward for Arthur's return, intending to see him first; but although he accomplished this part of his design, Arthur took up his cousin's side, and, driven from his best friends, Tom mixed exclusively with a set of riotous boys, who, glad to have him with them, encouraged his ill feeling towards his former compan-

ions, and did all they could to augment the quarrel.

Herbert had a kind, forgiving disposition, and after the first blaze of feeling, would have readily made it all up; but this Tom's new faction would not allow. So, after resolving to seize the first opportunity of making friends with him, Herbert devoted all his spare time to the subject for the prize.

Ulric was his fag, and had the run of his study, and Arthur and Harry usually studied there, while Morton and Warren Nelson — now fast friends — would drop in for a chat about as often as was desirable, considering the amount of "cramming" to be done before the term closed.

The Christmas holidays came and went, and the boys, after flying visits to their homes, returned again, with lively accounts of their festivities, and new vigor with which to resume their studies.

It happened that, in one of the first lessons taken up early in the new year, a discussion

arose in the form about "suspended animation," and Mr. Nowell requested the boys to learn all they could outside upon the subject, and bring it in with their next lesson.

Sam Brockett and one or two others were growling over this requirement, not having the vaguest idea where to seek the desired information, and concluded to get Tom Ward to learn it for them. For Tom's champions, deeming him "awfully clever," bothered him continually for help upon this and that; and he, being in an unhappy state of mind on account of his wicked intentions respecting Herbert's theme, was driven almost to desperation.

"Suspended animation? Well, you are muffs! Go and look up mummies," said he, when they sought him in his study, and interrupted a brilliant passage he was working out in his verses.

"New *do* be pleasant, Tom: you're getting so glum lately, there's no pleasure in being friends with you," said Sam, lazily.

"And do tell us all about it; 'twill save us so much trouble, you're so clever, you know," said Chester, another boy, coaxingly.

"I'll never get rid of them until I tell them something, and I'll just give them a dose," thought Tom to himself.

"Suspended animation," he began, "may be illustrated by mummies. The Egyptians possessed the secret, and made mummies which would sleep for a thousand years or so, and then could be resuscitated, when they could disclose everything that had happened before they were done up as mummies. In this way their legends were preserved and handed down."

"How curious!" exclaimed the boys, with credulous eyes and wide open mouths taking in these startling facts.

"Yes," continued Tom, decidedly amused at the sensation he was creating.

"'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

"Never mind all that," said a boy whose

mind could not take in Shakespeare; "go on with your mummying."

"The secret process by which suspended animation was secured, continued, and interrupted at pleasure is now lost to us, more's the pity. Were it not so, we might awaken the mummies in our British Museum, and hear astounding revelations of the past."

"That will do for me," exclaimed Brockett, who of course did not believe a word of it; and he sauntered off to gain more reliable information from the college library.

But the boys who remained begged Tom to continue; so he went on.

"We have no means of discovering this mysterious power; but in some parts of America they have something which does as well as the ancient mummy for an encyclopædia. The climate there is so dry, that in many parts of the country people never die, but shrivel all up; and then the others hang them up in a warm, dry place, where they rest undisturbed until some one

wants information of the time in which they lived. Then they are taken down and dipped in oil, when they come to life, answer the questions, and are dried and hung up again. And it was in relation to this custom that the slang phrase, 'You dry up,' originated."

"Now, Ward," cried Chester, petulantly, "you don't expect us to believe all that stuff."

"If you don't believe it, go and look it up," answered Tom, smiling grimly, who knew very well the lazy boy would never take the trouble.

So Chester allowed his suspicion of "a sell" to die within his breast, and the next day, in school, amid roars of unchecked laughter, the form heard these startling revelations of ancient Egyptian and modern American customs; and from that day to the end of their school lives, the lads whom Tom Ward had hoaxed so easily were nicknamed "the mummies."

They were furious with Tom, of course.

They whipped him, and "cut him dead," and annoyed him in every conceivable way. Tom fell into disgrace with Mr. Nowell, who reproved him severely for thus misusing his talents and abusing the confidence of his schoolfellows.

But poor misguided Tom did not improve. He worked hard over his lessons, but in all other ways seemed possessed with mischief, and was continually in trouble.

Warren Nelson tried hard to help him to the right path from which he was wandering so far, and Harry often attempted to bring about a reconciliation with Herbert; but Tom was not quite so bad as to pretend a friendship where he intended to do an injury, and allowed himself to think the meanness of his act would not be quite so apparent if Herbert were his open enemy.

Alas, poor Tom! He had forgotten all about the Golden Rule.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MISSING THEME.

THE day before the Greek verses were handed in for examination, Herbert looked carefully over his paper for the last time, tied it neatly with blue ribbon, and laid it away in his writing-desk.

"We're going up the river," said Morton, looking into the room; got your verses done?"

"Yes," said Herbert, holding them up to view, and then laying them away again, and closing his desk.

"Then come with us," urged Morton; "it'll be the last chance this year, or this term, at least."

"I'm all ready," answered Herbert. "Morton, I do so want to get a double remove!"

"You'll get it, fast enough," said his cousin, confidently; "why, Arthur says Mr. Nowell never had such a scholar, and if you hadn't gone to Calais, you'd be in the fifth now."

Morton had never spoken so warmly, and Herbert grasped his hand with a squeeze which was intended to express his gratitude.

They walked arm in arm to the boat house, Herbert thinking how much Arthur had influenced the young lord, and never dreaming that his own example had been a source of great help to him.

Scarcely had they left the study when Tom, who had long waited the opportunity, stole into the room, abstracted Herbert's precious paper from the desk, which was unlocked, and carried it off to his own room.

Little Ulric Carr, knowing how Herbert secretly mourned Tom's lost friendship, had determined to make peace between them, and had gone around to Tom's room with that worthy object in view: the kind-

hearted little fellow loved Herbert dearly, and was very fond of Tom, too, who had good-naturedly helped him with his lessons very often, and was always ready with a merry story or a funny song to charm away the child's homesick turns. So his heart beat high with anticipation of the pleasure he would cause both his friends if Tom would only be kind.

So, when Tom reached his room with the neatly-tied, carefully-written poem, over which Herbert had spent such long and diligent study, and while he was feeling the utmost contempt for himself and his meanness, he spied Ulric deep in a book of travels he had just bought, and curled up on the broad window-seat, utterly unconscious of anything but the wonderful book he was reading.

As Tom gazed at the little fellow before him, an outrageous plan suggested itself to his mind, — to make Ulric destroy Herbert's verses, and hastily wrapping in a newspaper

the hated theme, asked Ulric to open the window and chuck it out.

The unsuspicious little lad, did as he was requested.

"Whew! what a wind!" he exclaimed, looking after it; "it's taken that old newspaper straight down to the river. Why, what was in it, Tom? Something white has fluttered out, and Lord Morton has seen it, and is making for it in the boat, and Stanley is running up and down the bank as if he was crazy."

Ulric turned around to Tom, and caught sight of a white, frightened face, that startled him.

"What is the matter, Tom? Are you ill?"

"No," answered the boy, who saw his evil scheme thwarted when almost complete, and knew the inevitable result would be his disgrace before the whole school, unless he could conceal his share of the deed.

"Ulric," said he, passionately appealing to the little fellow's sensibility, "do you really love me?"

"Yes, indeed I do, dear Tom," answered the child, clasping his hands.

"Then promise me solemnly not to say one word about that paper; promise," exclaimed Tom, eagerly.

"I promise, Tom," said Uric, simply; "but don't look so dreadfully. And now," he added, brightly, "I want you to make me a promise."

"Very well," said Tom, absently; "what is it?"

"I want you to be friends with Herbert Stanley," said the little boy, breathlessly, and looking as if his happiness hung upon the older lad's reply.

Tom started as if he had been shot.

"Don't you know that he would not look at me?" he asked, without thinking that Ulric knew nothing of what had been done. "He would not speak to me, much less be a friend."

"Indeed he would," said Ulric, positively.

"Well, well, I will think of it," answered

Tom; "but don't bother me now, Ulric; my head aches like all Jehu."

"I'm very sorry," said the sympathetic little fellow, pulling Tom's head down to him, and stroking it gently with his hand. "I'll charm it away for you."

This was more than Tom could bear.

"Run away, now, Ulric," said he, not unkindly. And as the child turned to go, he added, "You may have my book of travels, if you like it. Take it with you."

"O, thank you, Tom," cried Ulric, delighted with the gift; "but don't you want it?"

"I have no time to read it now. There, take it and run away."

Ulric took the book, and was soon deep in its contents in Herbert's study.

Presently Morton, Herbert, and Warren Nelson came hurrying into the room, all talking excitedly.

"You saw me put it here, Morton," said

Herbert, hurrying to the writing-desk on the table.

"Yes," said Lord Morton, positively.

"But it must have been a copy," persisted Warren.

"At any rate, it's gone," said Herbert, bitterly, showing the empty desk.

"What is it? What's the matter?" inquired Ulric, coming forward, book in hand.

"Only my verses," answered Herbert, ready to cry with disappointment.

"O, what a shame!" burst from Ulric's lips.

"They were taken from my desk here," continued Herbert, "within the last half hour."

"How long have you been in here, Ulric?" asked Lord Morton.

"Only a few minutes."

"Where were you when we went out?"

"I don't know when you went out; just before Herbert finished his writing, I went up to Ward's room."

"Ward's room!" interrupted Warren, hastily. "I thought it was his window. Did you see him throw anything out."

"O, Warren," exclaimed the poor little fellow, a suspicion of the truth darting across his mind.

"Ulric," cried Herbert, "what are you trembling and blushing so for? *You* didn't steal my verses."

"O, Herbert, no, indeed!"

"Then why don't you answer Warren's question?" asked Lord Morton, sharply. "Did Tom throw anything out of his window when you were in his room?"

"No," said Ulric, wanting to confess the whole, but kept from it by his promise to Tom.

"Ulric, you act very strangely. Did you see any one come into this room?" asked Warren, anxiously.

"No," said Ulric.

"Where did you get that new book?" in-

quired Lord Morton, who saw clearly that Ulric was not at his ease.

"Tom Ward gave it to me; but I shall take it back; I could not keep it now," said the poor little fellow, bursting into tears.

"Why not, little cousin?" said Warren, tenderly, taking him in his arms, and soothing him. "What has Tom Ward done?"

But Ulric would not speak; he only sobbed away, as if his little heart would break.

"Shall I take the book to Tom, and tell him you do not want it?" asked Warren.

Ulric sobbed an assent.

"Now let me dry your eyes, little boy; nobody thinks you would do Herbert any harm."

"No, indeed," said Herbert, kindly.

But Ulric would not be comforted. His sensitive nature was outraged. He had been made to injure his best friend, and had been deceived and tricked by one whom he had loved; and now suspicion of the mean-

est act he had ever known must rest upon him, though really innocent.

Meanwhile Warren sought Tom's study.

"My cousin desires me to return this book, which under the circumstances he cannot accept," said he, with a good deal of his own old, haughty manner.

"Did he," said Tom, hastily, "the little muff. Then I suppose he has peached."

"You may suppose what you please," said Warren, coolly; "but let me tell you, Tom, I consider it very dirty work for a fourth form boy to let a wrong suspicion rest upon the head of the youngest little fellow in the lower school."

"Do you? But really, suppose you retire," said Tom, with a cruel taunt. "I'm afraid you might *murder me!*"

"I'm afraid I might, if I staid," muttered Warren, between his white lips, for his temper was very hard to control, and Tom's sneer had fully aroused it; but he governed himself with great credit, and merely say-

ing, "However you may have succeeded in making Ulric promise not to disclose your vile act, it is known to us all. I saw the paper flung from your window, and we all saw the theme fall out into the river; and here, in further proof, is the blue ribbon with which it was tied. I know the ribbon, for I bought it." And Warren coolly picked up from the carpet the ribbon, which had become detatched from the paper.

"When you saw the paper flung from my window, what a pity your sight did not extend still farther, enabling you to see that it was *Ulric* who flung it out! And as to that bit of ribbon, I think the general impression will be, that you dropped it there, and picked it up again to shield your cousin," the guilty boy replied, with bravado.

"O, Tom, Tom," cried Warren, "how can I believe what you say, when you deny the truth to my face! and how dare you accuse my little innocent Ulric, who has always been so fond of you! Do you never remem-

ber the old days, Tom, the first of the term, when you were so merry and happy? Do you know how you have changed Tom? O, how unhappy you must be, to be reduced to such a position as you now occupy! Herbert has always loved you. He never did you any harm in his life, and why should you injure him? And Ulric, little, gentle, loving Ulric, who is now suffering for your fault, because he will not break a promise, how *could* you so cruelly deceive him? O, you cannot have thought of the harm you have done. But, Tom, come back to us; be one of us again. Herbert will forgive you, for you know, dear Tom, he forgave me a greater wrong than this."

Ah, Warren, "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

Poor Tom leaned his head upon the table, and groaned in misery. Herbert and Ulric he had wronged deeply, but his taunting words to the contrite Warren were more cowardly, he knew, than all the rest.

And here was Warren, gentle and humble, actually abashing himself before the lad who had taunted him with the fault long since repented of and forgiven.

"Warren, Warren," said he, with a heart-felt sob, "is it Herbert who has changed you so?"

"No," answered Warren, softly; "it is the Lord."

And Tom knew it, and felt it, from that moment.

"You will ask Him to forgive you, — will you not?" continued Warren, beseechingly. "You can never be good and happy, dear Tom, until He has blessed you."

With the traces of tears upon his cheek, Tom lifted up his head, and thrust out his hand to grasp Warren's.

"I will ask to be forgiven, Warren. Nobody has talked to me so since my mother died. Can you ever forget what I said to you, Warren? Can *you* forgive me?"

"O, Tom, do not think of it again. Six

months ago I would have said worse, I dare say."

Tom seized his cap. "I am going to Mr. Nowell, to tell him the whole story: he can call my theme Herbert's, or throw it out altogether. I would not take that prize now for all the gold in California."

So the lad, who really was of good stuff, after all, went up to the master with his story, telling bravely and faithfully all that had occurred.

"You have redeemed your character by this confession," said Mr. Nowell, kindly. "I have watched you, Ward, from the time you let Herbert suffer detention for a fault of yours. I have been much troubled lately by your general course of conduct, especially by your desertion of your old friends; but now that you come to me freely, and of your own accord, I can renew my trust in you, who have always been my favorite scholar."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom, humbly;

"and now may I give my verses to Herbert?"

"Why, no," answered Mr. Nowell, fumbling around in his desk; "but you may copy these," handing out a folded paper, "which are the verses written by Herbert on the same subject. Copy them neatly, unless he would prefer doing it himself, and tell him I do not think any one will have better lines than those. The boy is a genius."

Tom Ward rushed off with the translation, happier than he had been for months.

"Herbert," he cried, bursting into the study, "will you, *can* you ever forgive my shabby behavior? I have been to Mr. Nowell, and told him all about it. He had your old translation in his desk, and sent it to you and he wants me to tell you that no one else has a chance, side of you."

Herbert's readily extended hand was grasped and wrung by Tom, in his excitement, and the two boys looked straight into

each other's eyes, with the glad light of returning friendship.

Ulric, with his head upon Warren's shoulder, smiled through his tears, until Tom, seeing him, darted across the room, and, catching him up, cried earnestly, —

"Little Ulric, you must not hate me: can you ever forget how unhappy I have made you?"

"That's nothing, Tom; I am so glad you have made it up with Herbert!" said the sweet-tempered child.

Morton, too, congratulated the now happy lad, stiffly and formally, but with kind intentions. Tom never heard of his offence again from the lips of the lads he had wronged, and they were all too generous and truly honorable to let the affair be known outside. Even Harry Caruthers never heard of it.

The examination came. The prizes were awarded, and Herbert and Tom Ward were loaded with proofs of scholarship. Herbert

drew the prize for verses, but a similar book was presented to Tom, as a mark of his teacher's personal esteem. Tom Ward's book of travels, and an elegantly illustrated set of Bible stories, were bestowed upon happy little Ulric Carr, bearing the inscription, in Dr. Russell's own hand, for he knew the story, —

"Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."

Then the roll was called off, and each boy's new rank in the form given. The fifth form was headed by Warren Nelson, and Lord Stanley had gained a remove to the upper sixth. The fourth form record, in which we are most interested, was read up from the bottom, and after a long list of names and numbers came

Montgomery, *fourth*, Caruthers, *third*, Ward, *second*, Stanley, *first;* and Stanley and Ward, double removes to the upper fifth.

What a clapping of hands greeted this announcement! All Herbert's friends flocked

around to congratulate him; and as for Tom Ward, how they all laughed when, in a comical speech, he assured them that even mummies would applaud an upper fifth boy.

And after it all there was a confusion of farewell greetings to the masters, a general scattering to rooms and a general packing of portmanteaus, and a hurrying and scurrying hither and thither, and then a strange silence at deserted Eton, for all the boys were gone for the holidays.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

"HERBERT, Herbert, is that Ennisfellen?"

"O, Tom, look at the sea!"

"Where? where?"

"O, how glorious!"

"Isn't that a jolly place?"

"Say, Herbert, do you keep a boat?"

"Morty, isn't this jollier than Stanley Manor?"

And above all this Babel of noise, it's a wonder to me how they ever heard the guard's voice, crying out, "Ennisfellen;" for there they were actually, seven laughing, happy boys, in one railway carriage, and all talking at once, as the train drew up at the

Ennisfellen station; and then out they all tumbled together, landing safely on the platform, and beginning another confusion of inquiries.

"Do you see any of your people, Herbert?"

"How are we to get to the house?"

"Where shall we have our traps put?" &c.

Until, seeing Lord Morton talking gracefully with Mr. Nichols, and Herbert hugging Adele, they were seized with schoolboy shyness, and stood around quietly, while Mr. Nichols came forward to welcome them to Ennisfellen, and Adele shook hands shyly, and hoped they would have a good time.

Then they drove up to the mansion-house, Lord Morton, Arthur, and Ulric, with Mr. Nichols and Adele, while Herbert went in the other carriage, with the others.

No wonder the boys were charmed with Herbert's home. The broad, gravelled driveway was in full sight of the beautiful German Ocean. The waves came rolling to the

shore, tumbling over one another, and breaking, with a heavy surge, far up on the white beach. Off from the shore they were glittering with sunbeams, and little flecks of white foam bumped merrily together. At Flamboro' Head great jets of silver spray leaped over the rocks, and beyond it white sails came slanting down in the sunlight.

The park, orchard, and gardens of Ennisfellen looked fresh and bright in their spring verdure; and the old mansion-house, with its verandas and long, arched windows, seemed to promise good times, and merry-makings untold, to the eager young guests, who, with outstretched heads, were taking in all the delights of the place.

"Grandmamma, grandmamma," screamed Herbert, catching sight of her as the carriages reached the steps, "I'm top of my form, and I've got a double remove!" and he sprang into her arms, burying his shaggy curls in her neck.

"The lamb!" exclaimed old, black mauma, Adele's faithful nurse.

But her "lamb" looked vastly more like a young lion, so tall and strong, and with such a curly yellow mane.

"I'm so glad you are well, now, dear grandmamma!" Herbert said fondly; "we'll try not to let you get upset again; and now I want to show you my friends. Morton, please come here." Morton advanced with the others.

"This is Lord Stanley, grandmamma," Herbert continued, presenting them; "and here are Arthur Montgomery, Tom Ward, —who has been top of the form all the year, and now has a double remove, —Harry Caruthers, Warren Nelson, and Ulric Carr. And now, grandmamma, we will go up stairs, if you please, and make ourselves ready for luncheon."

So they all went clattering up stairs, making more noise that had been heard in the old house for years; calling to each other

from their sunny rooms, planning amusements and excursions enough to fill a vacation twice as long as their own.

When they came down to lunch, their appetites seemed already to feel the effects of the bracing sea air. The lads had travelled all night, and were content to spend this their first day in or near the house. Arthur and Ulric devoted themselves to attending Adele, and won her everlasting friendship by the praises they lavished on Fido, a huge greyhound her grandpapa had given her at Christmas, and Gypsie, her Shetland pony, scarce bigger than the dog.

"We can play croquet to-day, for a while; it's dry enough," said Morton, spying the balls.

"But first," urged Tom, to whom the sea was almost a novelty, "let us go down to the beach."

So away went the whole party, Herbert insisting Adele must go too, and Mr. and

Mrs. Nichols, for a long time watched the happy, excited children upon the shore,

"Following up and fleeing the white breakers,"

and making footprints in the sand, which the waves soon overwhelmed and washed away.

The old people were glad to see Herbert and Adele so happy, and glad to have companions for them, for Flamboro', the nearest village, was a mere fishing hamlet, and there were no little neighbors around to visit Adele.

"What is that great rocky highland?" asked Morton of his cousin at the beach, and pointing as he spoke to a huge mass of chalky rocks extending into the water about five miles to the south of them.

"That's Flamboro' Head," answered Herbert; "and we are going there to-morrow."

"It is tremendously high, and full of chalk pits and caverns. I've read about it," cried Tom. "How I should like to go there!"

"It's very dangerous, and you'll have to

be ever so careful," said Adele, warningly. "Grandpa says he shall give you a guide." But telling the boys that the exploit was dangerous made them all the more eager to undertake it, until they forgot it for the time in croquet. Then Adele went in, and Ulric followed her; and the two busied themselves with pictures and quiet games, while the boys played cricket on the lawn.

Mrs. Nichols became much interested in the gentle little Ulric, and the child told her much of his history, which was sad enough, poor little fellow!

When he was six years old, he had a kind father and mother, and five dear brothers and sisters, older and younger than himself. Now they were "all in heaven," as the child said, simply, with a quiver of his thin lips, and swimming tears in his large blue eyes. His guardian had no home, and sent him to school, at his tender age, to get him out of the way. Warren was very kind to him, and so were the other boys; but he was not

happy at school. The larger boys in the lower school plagued and teased him, and it came out that they were in the habit of beating him cruelly, though Warren and Herbert knew nothing of it. He was such a frail, delicate-looking child, that Mrs. Nichols became alarmed as well as interested, and wrote to General Nelson and to Ulric's guardian for permission to keep the boy at Ennisfellen, and let him study with Adele until he was older, and strong enough to bear the brunt of school life.

The day seemed to fly away "in no time at all," as Arthur said at dinner.

"What a splendid place this is to live in!" cried Harry Caruthers, across the table. "I feel like a different fellow in this bracing air; my father won't know me when I go home, I shall have gained so."

"Nor mine," said Arthur. "He took me to the Continent for my health last term," he continued to Mr. Nichols; "and while we were there papa lost a box of gold sovereigns

in the Zuyder Zee, off Holland. One would think that money lost there would never be found; but a chap from New York went down there with a diver, and found the box, which had our crest and papa's name on it, and actually returned it to us by the Count D'Orsay, with the money untouched."

"That was a rare occasion of honesty," exclaimed Mr. Nichols; "but it was merely what was right, after all; but did you never learn the name of the lad?"

"Yes, sir; the count sent his name; it was — what was it Morty? you must remember."

"Eric Hyde," answered Morton.

"Why, that's our Eric!" cried Herbert and Adele in a breath.

"And he wrote all about it to me, too," said Herbert, "but didn't tell me the name on the box; if he had I should have known."

"He is travelling in Germany now, with Dr. Ward and his cousin Johnny Van Rassel Geur."

"And that's the chap that came down the Lucerne slide on horseback," cried Arthur, excitedly, regardless of his pronouns; and he told Johnny's ridiculous adventure.

"Then, of course, Herbert and his sister had much to tell of Castle Wernier, which seemed a subject of which they could never tire, and Eric, and Nettie, and Allan were described and discussed.

In the evening, Adele, who was learning music, played on the piano, and Morton accompanied her with his flute, making very pleasing harmony. Then they had a little singing, and Mr. Nichols summoned the servants, and read a chapter, and said prayers, and the boys bade "good night," and they all retired early to be fresh for the Flamboro' excursion next day.

CHAPTER XV.

FLAMBORO' HEAD.

FLAMBORO' is at once the most striking and most celebrated headland upon the eastern coast of England.

For miles around, its high, white, perpendicular limestone cliffs rise conspicuously from the blue waters, glaring in the sun throughout the day, and flashing the night-light from its high, white tower through the long hours of storm and darkness.

The lads at Ennisfellen were prepared for thrilling adventures; such stories as they had read of its chalk pits, its mysterious caverns, and reported stories of smugglers' retreats! and the sail across the inlet was in itself a

great treat to these British school-boys, who were born with all an islander's love of the sea.

Mr. Nichols had engaged a small yacht, its pilot, and a guide, who professed an accurate knowledge of the intricate paths among the precipices, pits, and caverns.

The "English Queen" lay moored within sight of the breakfast-room windows, and the English lads stood in various attitudes of expectancy, waiting around, while Mrs. Nichols and Adele helped Max to put up some luncheon, for they were to "make a day of it," as Herbert had suggested, and the good lady had no idea of letting her young guests go hungry.

At last, when the baskets would hold no more, the eager throng departed.

"Remember to be very, very careful; and keep together; be sure to keep together," was Mrs. Nichols parting caution.

"And bring me home some pretty bits of

chalk for my grotto," cried Adele, "and some garnets, if there are any there. I *do* hope you will have a good time!"

"I wish you were going," said Arthur, heartily.

"O, grandmamma could not spare me," answered the sweet-tempered little girl, who really would have liked to have joined them.

"I'll stay with you then," Ulric volunteered. But this Adele would not allow, and he went off with the others.

The "English Queen" received her load of luncheon hampers and happy hearts. Adele's "*Bon voyage!*" was borne after them by the winds, and the merry crew sent their voices floating back in an old school song.

Out spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a brave spoken man was he:
"I've a wife and a child in New York city
And to-night they will weep for me."

CHORUS.

For the ocean waves do roar,
And the stormy winds do blow,
And we poor sailors will go skipping to the top,
With the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below,
With the land lubbers lying down below.

Out spake the mate of our gallant ship,
And a brave spoken mate was he:
"I have a sweetheart in Newburyport,
And to-night she will pray for me."

CHORUS. For the ocean waves, &c.

Out spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a brave spoken cook was he:
"I love my pots, pans, kettles, and my life
Better than the bottom of the sea."

CHORUS. For the ocean waves, &c.

Three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she;
And the last time that she went three times around
She sank to the bottom of the sea.

CHORUS.

For the ocean waves did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,

And the jolly, happy sailors went skipping to the top,
With the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below,
With the land-lubbers lying down below.

The weird song was highly applauded, and the skipper taught them one he had learned in Louisiana — a song with which the boys were so delighted I will transcribe it here. [They pronounced all syllables ending in y, *ee.*]

There sails a good ship in the North Country;
She goes by the name of the Brave Galantee;
As she sails along the lowland, she sails along the lea,
I fear she will be taken by some Turkish galley.

CHORUS.

As she sails along the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
Louisiana lowlands, low.

Then up spake a boy, and to the captain said,
"O, what will you give me, if I will destroy?"
"O, I will give you gold, and I will give you store,
And you shall have my daughter fair when we get to the shore."

CHORUS. As she sails along, &c.

The boy bared his breast, and away swam he;
He swam till he came to the Turkish galley;
And some were playing cards and some were throwing dice;
The boy he bored an auger-hole, and drowned them in a trice.

CHORUS.

As she sails along the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
Louisiana lowlands, low.

And then Peter Grey's misfortunes were narrated, of which the account of his being "scal-pī-ed by the bloody In-jī-en" so tickled Ulric that he almost fell overboard with laughing.

But now they were approaching the lime-stone cliffs, and sat almost transfixed with horror, listening to the pilot's story of a party who had ventured among the caverns without a guide, and had perished miserably, as was supposed, for they had never been found.

"There are some pits o'er three hundred feet o' depth," said he, "an' one in them could ne'er be foind e'en if the dreadfu' chalk sides

would give o'er th' horrible trick o' sliding doun an' burying a body aloive."

"There is no danger for my party if we keep together, I suppose," said Mr. Nichols, nervously.

"O, no, indeed, grandpapa," interposed Herbert: "the fishermen say it's as safe as the hall to any one who knows the way."

"And we will all be very careful, sir, as Mrs. Nichols suggested," said Morton, pleasantly.

They were obliged to land north of the village of Flamboro', as farther down the coast the cliffs arose abrupt and inaccessible. So the "English Queen" was headed in to the quiet little fishing harbor, and her passengers and crew landed at the wharf, and set out on foot for the remaining two miles of their journey.

A pleasant enough walk they had through the queer hamlet, with fishermen launching their boats, or mending their nets on their knees, fisherwomen walking about with loads

of fish upon their heads, and little fisher-children building houses in the sand, or racing barefooted with the breakers that came rolling in with a heavy, resounding roar.

Suddenly an exclamation was heard from Ulric, and turning, they saw the little boy, in a rapture of delight, kneeling upon the ground and examining some delicate moss.

"For Adele's grotto," said he, laughing, as they came up: "what is it, Mr. Nichols?"

"Arctic moss, and the most beautiful specimen I ever saw," Mr. Nichols replied; and he showed Ulric how to take it up and preserve its perfect form.

"Adele will be delighted," said Herbert. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Such a delicate velvety green! and those golden stalks and scarlet stars!" cried Morton; "it is as lovely as a flower."

Harry and Arthur now came up with handfuls of shells, colored pebbles, and bits of rock from the beach: these they deposited in Tom Ward's basket; and after duly ad-

miring Ulric's pretty moss, they followed Herbert, who imagined himself quite a geologist, and went about chipping pieces off all the rocks he could find, with the little hammer, which he always carried with him on excursions.

"What an immence stretch of woods!" Tom Ward remarked to Mr. Nichols, pointing to the thick forests extending south from Flamboro' as far as the eye could reach.

"It is over twenty-four miles in length," said the old gentleman, and he went on to tell them, while the boys listened with interest, that at no very remote period all Yorkshire must have been an immense wold, for in its limestone caves naturalists had found fossil specimens and bones of many wild forest animals now unknown; that as late as the reign of King Edward I. there were bears, beavers, and wolves, and before that period wild boars and wildcats; that now there were to be found there the fox, badger, polecat, marten, otter, hedgehog, and hare.

"Not to mention the Norwegian rat, which is reported to have swum across the North Sea, and to have extirpated the honest old rats of Great Britain," interposed Tom Ward.

Higher and higher they went, climbing up the chalky pathway, until the peaks of Cross Fell, Shunnor Fell, Great Whernside, and Peny Gant came into view; and at last Ingleboro'; and then the guide produced a long rope, which he said the boys had better bind about them. But this idea was scouted by all.

"A, weel," said the guide, "ye may do wi'out, but ye maun e'en keep close togither, an' ne'er go ramping off, or ye'll be in a pit, young gentlemen, an' none can tak' ye oot; Leord save ye!"

Here Mr. Nichols interposed the trite old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and requested them to make a safety line of the rope.

So, after the manner of Alpine travellers, each boy knotted a part of the rope around his waist, the guide attached one end of it to his belt, and Mr. Nichols, following the boys' example, brought up the rear.

Now, as they went on, the boys saw the wisdom of following good advice, for the path became very difficult; limestone, that looked a firm foothold, crumbled and slid away as they stepped upon it, and now and then a sudden turn would disclose a gaping fissure at their very feet; and before long they came to a ridge so narrow that all were obliged to crawl on hands and knees across. Morton's face was white, and his head so giddy he could scarcely see; and little Ulric trembled so that Mr. Nichols blamed himself severely for letting the child, so young and delicate, accompany them. Even Herbert and Warren Nelson, the hardiest of the party, drew a long breath of relief when they were safely over, and Harry, Arthur, and Tom were much lighter

hearted when the guide promised to take them home by a better way.

And thus on and on till the light-house tower was far beneath them, and the fishing hamlet hidden below the rocks. Then they stood upon the topmost point of the great limestone cliffs of Flamboro' Head.

Before them lay the blue North Sea, behind them the Yorkshire Wold, and on either side long stretches of barren rocks, and the rolling, tossing, seething waters. Ennisfellen, in its fresh spring beauty, seemed to nestle confidingly between the rocks and the sea, like an "oasis in a desert," as Tom remarked, adding, "That's original, you know."

"What land is most directly before us, now, across the water?" asked Harry.

"Germany," answered Mr. Nichols. "Hamburg is almost in the same latitude."

"Look sharp, Herbert!" exclaimed Tom Ward, seizing a ship-glass, and pointing it

off to the east; "look sharp; perhaps you can see the castle."

"I wish I could," said Herbert, with a laugh; "it is the dearest old place I know."

"I should think we might see Holland," said Lord Morton; "it's only one hundred and fifty miles from here, I believe."

"Two hundred," corrected the guide. "There be folks wha say they saw't; but it ne'er was known to moy eyes."

"Grandpapa," cried Herbert, "the man down in the light-house there told me once that he saw the sea serpent here in the ocean. Do you think it was?"

"No, my boy. I have no faith in the monster."

"But how many people have said they have seen it, sir!" said Tom.

"Ay, that is true; but scientific men have no belief in mere reports. No bones of its frame have ever been found, and nothing has thus far, to my knowledge, been discovered to prove its existence."

"I ne'er saw tha long serpent that-i-loight-house keeper saw," said the guide, in his queer dialect; "but I ha' seen tha ither one, wi' long arms loike tha branches o' the trees."

"O, tell us, tell us!" cried the boys eagerly; "tell us about it."

That was just what the man intended to do, and what he always did when on the top of Flamboro', with an attentive audience.

His story and subsequent language we will translate into readable English.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SEAMAN'S YARN, AND A SUDDEN DESCENT.

IT was a pleasant group upon the old rocks of Flamboro' — the boys' happy and laughing faces upturned to the tall guide; all seated around on the rocks, eager to hear the story of the prodigious sea serpent; the guide with a mysterious air of something wonderful to come; and Mr. Nichols, enjoying the excursion full as well as the boys, smiling benignly upon all.

With a gratified glance the sailor began his story.

"I was once voyaging with my brother to Cayenne; and on that voyage, between Madeira and Teneriffe, we encountered the ter-

rible monster. It measured from sixteen to eighteen feet in length, without counting the eight formidable arms, covered with air-holes, that encircled its head."

"What color was it?" said Tom, interrupting him.

"Brick red," answered the guide.

"Did it have 'eyes for to see'?" inquired Tom again, mischievously.

"I'll tell you if you will keep quiet, young gentleman," said the guide, crossly.

"Keep still, Tom — can't you?" cried the other boys, all eager to hear the seaman's yarn.

"Its eyes were level with the top of its head," continued the guide, "and were the wickedest eyes I ever saw. They stuck way out and glared at one in a frightful way."

"He too muchy solly, one piecie eye;
Lookie sharp, so fashon, aller same my,"

said the irrepressible Tom, with a comical side glance at the guide.

The boys laughed, for they could not help it; and the guide, suspecting they were laughing at his story, grew sulky, and refused to "go on."

"Now, Tom, you're too bad," they cried, and began pelting him with bits of limestone.

"Please go on, Mr. Guide!" said Ulric; "he'll be quiet; won't you, Tom?"

Something, Tom did not know what, but something about the little earnest face, upturned to his, made a strange shuddering feeling creep over him; it might have been a dim presentiment of the terrible thing that was to happen, or it might have been a thrill of remorse at the unconscious memory of the wrong he once did the gentle little child; at any rate, it had the effect of sobering him at once, and he sat down quietly, drawing Ulric into his lap.

The little fellow leaned back wearily against Tom's shoulder, and the guide continued his story.

"The monster's mouth was like the beak of a parrot, and two feet wide. Its body was one great mass of flesh, that must have weighed four thousand pounds."

"O, my!" and "Good gracious!" from the English boys, and a genuine "Whew-ew!" from Herbert, told the gratified sailor that his tale was getting marvellous.

"My brother instantly stopped the vessel, and notwithstanding the animal's huge size, we tried to capture him. A slip-knot was made ready, muskets loaded, and harpoons prepared in all haste. At the first balls fired, the monster dived beneath the vessel, and came up on the other side.

"We fought him for a long time with musket charges and harpoons. He would dive, and come up again to the surface, stretching out his long arms to seize us. This lasted for two or three hours, but we continued following it.

"My brother declared he would capture it at any risk, but was afraid to venture a boat

out, for the monster would have drawn it under water easily with one arm. At last a shot hit it, which seemed to hurt it. It grew quieter, and the water around was all stained with blood.

"A boat was lowered, and the sailors in the ship caught the creature with the slip-knot; but the rope glided along its slippery sides till it reached the fins at its end: these kept the knot in place. The men in the boat came to our aid, and we attempted to haul the creature aboard. It was just clear of the water, when its own enormous weight made the rope cut right through its flesh. The monster fell back into the water, and drew down the boat-load of brave sailors. The boat was smashed to atoms; but we picked up all the men alive."

"And couldn't you catch the thing again?" asked the boys.

"No, for it sank directly; but we had the fins and hinder portion aboard;" said

the guide, going back to the ridge for the luncheon baskets, which had been left there when the party crossed.

"It must have been a kraken," said Warren. "I have several stories and pictures of them in a book of old Norse tales."

"It's very like an old *Nurse* tale to me," said Tom, with a laugh; "one of those frightful monsters which were threatened to catch and swallow me if I didn't 'be a good boy.'"

"Do you believe it, grandpapa?" Herbert asked.

"Not exactly as it was told. They undoubtedly saw something, for they sent the report and a drawing of the kraken — you were right, Warren — to the Museum. But you must see, all of you, that so huge a monster is highly improbable. Fishermen on the Canary Islands say they often see them, about six feet long, at high tide, but are afraid to catch them. What they do see is

probably huge masses of *algæ*, or other sea-weed."

"Well," said Herbert, who was very much interested in natural history, "if there ever was, or is now, such an animal, to what class does it belong?"

"The Cephalopods," replied Mr. Nichols. "And your huge kraken is neither more nor less than a species of the common cuttle-fish, whose bone Adele gives to her bird."

"*Sic transit gloria mundi*," cried Tom, with an absurd flourish of his arms; "and *sich* a transit as my hat has made!" he added in the same breath, as a gust of wind caught it and bore it over the cliff.

Morton sprang forward to grasp it, but missed his foothold, and fell.

The rope, which had been detached from their waists and laid upon the ground by the boys, in some way had become twisted around Tom's feet and Ulric's.

Lord Morton clutched it to save his fall; but the treacherous rope slipped over the

rocks, Morton's weight bore it down, and Tom and Ulric were hurled over the cliff, and down to the depths of a dreadful abyss.

It was done in a second. No one could save them, though all sprang for the rope.

A shriek of despair from the doomed ones, and an answering one from their comrades above on the cliff, reverberated among the strange rocks and caverns, and then a silence ensued more appalling even than the wild, weird yell that had echoed from the mouth of the cavern beneath.

CHAPTER XVII.

HERBERT GOES DOWN THE CLIFF.

FOR an instant the party on the cliff were stricken with consternation, senseless and motionless. The next minute Warren was away, swift as an arrow, to recall the guide, while the others, lying flat on the ground, crawled to the edge of the cliff, and looked over to see — *what!* — they dared not think.

No traces of the unhappy lads were visible.

"Stand back, boys," exclaimed Mr. Nichols, excitedly. "Stand back where there is no danger of your falling, and holloa as loud as you can. I will listen here."

So the boys crawled back, arose carefully,

and then sent forth such a shout in unison, that the mountain rocks seemed to let loose a thousand buried voices, ringing and clanging in all directions.

But Mr. Nichols, lying far over the cliff, and listening eagerly, heard no answering holloa.

Arthur, in a paroxysm of grief, threw himself down, exclaiming, "My brother, my brother! I shall never see you again. What shall I say at home!"

And Harry, in a dull, hazed way, said slowly, —

"You are Lord Stanley now, Herbert."

"O, Harry, hush!" cried poor Herbert. "How can you talk so?" then, as a bright thought struck him, "Arthur, Arthur, your whistle!"

Arthur sprang from the ground, and drew out from his jacket breast a silver whistle, which he always wore suspended around his neck by a strong silk cord. This he put to his mouth, and blew a sharp, penetrating, pro-

longed whistle; then listening intently, they all heard, faint and far away, but distinct and clear, an answering note of the same kind.

"Morton is alive. Thank the Lord!" Arthur exclaimed, excitedly.

"Hark!" cried Mr. Nichols.

They listened. Three short, sharp tones came up from below.

"That must be to let us know they are all three alive," said Mr. Nichols. "God bless him! he's a thoughtful lad."

Meanwhile Warren Nelson had caught up with the guide, and informed him, with breathless eagerness, of what had happened at the cliff.

"Three lads fallen over, and taken the rope with them!" exclaimed the man, thunder-stricken. Then, with unusual prudence and promptitude of thought, he added, "Sit right down here laddie, and get your breath, and listen to me."

Warren sat down, and listened intently, while the guide went on.

"You must follow this path straight down the cliff, until you come to the little brook with the falls. Cross the brook, take the path beside it down into the ravine, and you will find a hut. Within it are coils of rope and a hunter's horn; bring back one coil and the horn. Can you do it?"

"Yes," answered Warren, readily, standing, and turning to follow the path.

The guide eyed him keenly, to see if he showed any signs of fear.

"You must cross the ridge twice," said he.

"I have crossed it once, and know how," answered Warren, eagerly: "don't detain me."

"When you get the horn, blow a loud blast, and then hurry up to the cliff," said the guide.

Then, with great swiftness, he ran past Warren, and down on the other side of the mountain.

Warren was surprised that he did not return to the party on the cliff, but imme-

diately concluded that he had gone for help.

"At any rate," said he to himself, "the things I am bound for are certainly needed; and here goes for them."

So he hurried along carefully and quickly; the ridge he crawled over almost on a run; he leaped across the brook, ran along the path, which was almost as firm and smooth as a road, down into the deep ravine with the high limestone rocks on either hand, and the thick, tall forests above. On a little farther he went, and there was the hut.

And there were the coils of rope and the mountain horn; but besides them there also was a large, fierce bloodhound, which stood up and watched the boy attentively.

Warren spoke kindly to him, and the dog wagged his tail, as if pleased to see him; but when the lad advanced to the rope to take it, a low growl assured him it was not safe to make the attempt.

A pistol lay before him on a rude table,

and his first idea was to shoot the noble animal. But this he could not bring himself to do, for the dog was merely doing his duty in guarding the treasures left in his care.

Warren saw that he was chained, and had advanced to the full limit of his chain; and if some contrivance could be found to make the rope fall towards himself, it would be out of the dog's way.

So, peering about, he spied a long pole, with which he skilfully threw down the rope, then, picking it up and grasping the horn which hung near him, darted away, leaving the dog howling with rage, and tugging fiercely at his chain, eager to follow the bold marauder.

And Warren was afraid that he would follow him; he ran down the path a few steps, and then leaping into the brook, which was here quite shallow, he turned towards the cliff, and putting the horn to his mouth, blew a loud, clear, ringing blast, that started the echoes for miles around.

Then he started up the stream as rapidly as was possible, remained in the water for a few rods, then gained the path, and bounded over the rocks, until he came to the ridge. This he was obliged to cross very slowly and carefully, for the horn and the heavy coil of rope greatly embarrassed his motions.

Meanwhile his precaution of running into the water had probably saved his life; for the dog burst his chain, and followed his track down to the stream, but was at once baffled by the lad's prudent forethought. He rushed wildly up and down, but did not find the tracks until the brave lad had gained his friends on the cliff.

The guide was there before him. He had some rubber straps in his hands, quite long and wide: these he was inflating rapidly: they were life-preservers. Beside him lay another coil of rope and a trumpet similar to the one Warren had procured.

The lad's appearance was hailed with an eager shout from the excited group.

"Warren, Warren, one of us is to go down with a basket and a horn. They can't be got away until eight o'clock to-night, when the tide turns. They are all alive."

"That's a mercy!" panted Warren; then, hearing a savage bark in the distance, he exclaimed, "Guide, there's a bloodhound after me."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the man. "I forgot the dog! It's a mercy he didn't kill you."

"Hero! Hero! Hero!" he shouted, going forward to meet the advancing dog; "come here, sir."

The dog came up to him, and the guide, after patting his head, and telling him it was all right, sent the intelligent creature back to the hut.

"Now," said the guide, uncoiling the rope, "one of you lads must go down with the directions. Who will volunteer?"

"I," and "I," and "I," exclaimed each of the boys in a breath.

"No," interposed Mr. Nichols; "three lives are already in jeopardy; I will not consent to hazard a fourth. I will go down myself."

The guide shook his head. "You are too heavy, sir: we could not hold you."

"Grandpapa," said Herbert, stepping forward, "I think it is my place to go. The boys are my friends, and came here at my suggestion. And besides, I am best acquainted with the rocks, for I have been down among some of the caves, with the fishermen."

"But he is the youngest of us all," urged Warren. "I am not at all afraid to go down on the line. Let me go, sir."

"The little chap is the lightest," said the guide, significantly, "and he seems plucky."

"And there is no other way of attempting the rescue?"

"None. And there are three of them down there."

"Then, Herbert, my boy, you may go; and

God bless you, and keep you, and bring you safe back to me."

The rope was adjusted around the heroic boy, who stood quietly, very pale, but with a steady, courageous light in his blue eyes.

"I am only doing my duty," said he, cheerfully.

"Now," said Mr. Nichols, who had been talking with the guide, "listen."

"You are to descend this cliff, which is nearly perpendicular; and when you reach the foot, you will be upon an open, chalky passage. When you strike the passage, blow upon the horn I shall attach to your shoulder one loud, long blast, like this."

Here he blew upon the horn, and a whistle note came up in response from below.

"They will answer you," continued he. "If they are upon that passage, we can haul them up. If they are down the cliff at the left, you can all follow the path around to Flamboro'. But if they are down

the other one, on the right, all you can do will be to climb as high as possible, and wait for a boat to come at high tide, unless you can manage to get them up on the chalk way. If you find them in the left cavern, blow twice; if in the right, three times. And be sure, if they are in the right cavern, to remain on the chalk cliff until I lower the life preservers. And if they are there, you had better take the precaution to bind yourselves with a rope to the copper ring riveted in the flat rock; you will readily find it, and get upon the rock, or you will be washed off by the breakers. If you want rope, blow four times. Be cool and careful."

"Yes," said Herbert, "I understand."

"Here, Herbert," exclaimed Warren; "I've written down the guide's directions for you; and here are some magnesium-wires you can burn there if it is very dark: has any one some matches?"

"Yes," responded Harry, producing a little flat tin box of wax taper lights.

"That's a good idea," said the guide. "Now, young gentleman, if you are ready."

Herbert turned to Mr. Nichols.

"Grandpapa, I shall do my best to save them. If any thing happens," — here the brave lad's voice trembled, — "give my dear love to Adele and grandmamma. I have asked the Lord to take care of me."

"He will, my boy; we will all ask him," said Mr. Nichols, the tears stealing over his cheeks. And there on the cliff they knelt with uncovered heads, while Herbert's grandfather prayed for the lives of the three lads in the cavern, and that of his own dear boy. Then Herbert began his perilous descent.

Painfully the first few steps were watched; then the high beetled crags hid him from view.

Breathlessly the party above slowly paid out the lad's life-line.

It seemed ages to them; and they had run out over two hundred feet of the line,

when one long, loud trumpet note was upborne from the chalk way.

"Thank God! Thank God!" exclaimed one and all, with a grateful shout.

"He's the bravest little lad in the kingdom," said the guide.

In a brief time, two short, quick blasts were heard.

"The left cavern," cried all. "They are safe."

"But they have eight miles yet to travel, poor lads, and it must be most dark down there already."

"We'll go down the Flamboro' and meet them," cried Warren; "but first, boys, an English cheer."

Such a cheer, with whistle and trumpet chiming, rang out from those glad hearts that the boys below heard and answered it.

Then the party on the cliff started rapidly for Flamboro'.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RESCUE.

WHEN the lads fell over the cliff the rope saved their lives, for it caught twice, thus breaking their fall, and they were thrown finally into a soft bed of crumbled chalk.

"Is any one alive?" asked Tom, faintly, recovering from the shock.

"I am," answered little Ulric's trembling voice; "are you much hurt, Tom?"

"I don't know yet, Morton!"

A low moan was the only answer.

Tom crawled to his side. Lord Morton lay face downward, and both arms were twisted under him; one was broken in two places.

He groaned in agony as Tom turned him over and examined the hurt, saying, "His arm is broken. It must be set. But what on earth can I set it with. You haven't got anything in your pockets, Ulric?"

"My clappers," said the child.

"The very thing. Give them to me, and your handkerchief. Now, Morton, poor fellow, you must bear the pain. There! now the clappers, Ulric, quick! that is it: now your handkerchief and mine. There you are, Morton. I'll make a sling of my belt for you. There you are again. Now see if you can stand on your legs."

Lord Morton found he could stand and walk. The pain in his arm was severe, but he bore it well, and thanked Tom for the prompt treatment which greatly relieved the pain.

"Now, Ulric, see if you are all right; your arms are, at any rate."

Ulric attempted to rise, but sank back with a cry of pain.

"My ankle!" he moaned.

"Perhaps it's only a sprain," suggested Tom. "Let me see it. That is all. Morton, let me have your handkerchief and necktie. Ulric, you poor little chap, I must pull it in place, and it will hurt awfully: now be brave."

The child's white lips quivered, but not a sound escaped them, while Tom skilfully twisted the bone in place, and quickly and firmly bound it with the handkerchief and two long neck-ties.

"Now you are all right, I believe; and I am not hurt at all, to speak of; but I say, boys, oughtn't we to be thankful for our lives? Just look up there where we came from."

They did look up, and shuddered at the fearful height.

"I suppose they are hallooing to us," said Lord Morton; "but we cannot hear anything, the sea makes such a noise."

But even while he spoke they caught the ringing note of the silver whistle.

Morton eagerly seized his, and answered it.

"Blow three times," said Tom; "one for each."

"Do you think, Tom, they will ever get us up?" said little Ulric.

"Yes, dear," answered the lad, drawing the child to him and hugging him close. "I think, with your brave cousin Warren, and Morton's brother, and our dear Herbert, the attempt, at least, to rescue us will be made."

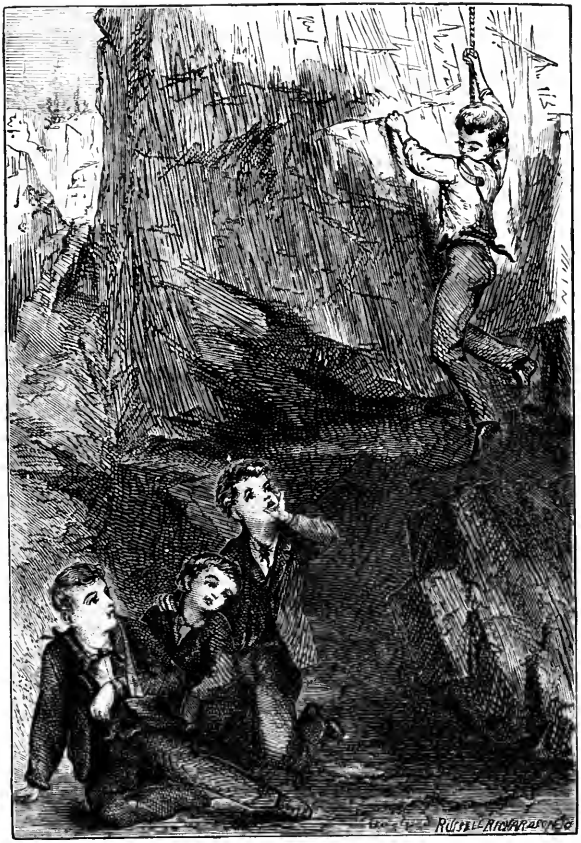
"But it's growing so dark, Tom!"

"Yes, little one; but I suppose God will take care of us in the dark as well as in the light," said Tom, gently. "Shall I ask him?"

"Yes; do," answered Ulric, creeping closer to the lad; and Morton, too, bowed his head reverentially.

And there in the gathering darkness sat the suffering lads, every minute seeming an hour to their excited nerves.

At last, when it seemed that hours and



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hours had passed over their heads, a shout was heard above them. Herbert was there; and they were saved.

Late at night the party returned to Ennisfellen, where they had long been anxiously awaited.

Herbert was, of course, the hero, though Warren was lauded upon his courage in twice crossing the ridge alone, and in facing the fierce dog, who would have torn him to pieces had not the lad outwitted him.

And to Tom's ready skill in bandaging, the doctor declared that Lord Morton owed the favorable condition of his arm. The lad had also carried little Ulric, who was unable to walk, upon his back, for a long distance over the rough mountain path to Flamboro', until Warren, who first met them, relieved him.

"And we never could have got along without your magnesium-wires, Warren," said Herbert, "nor Harry's matches."

"I'm so glad you had them!" said Warren; and added, "To-night is the first time I ever regretted being a large boy."

"But, after all," interposed Harry, "you didn't get the hat." Which sage remark was greeted with such a roar of laughter, that the lad concluded to make no more speeches until his scattered wits returned to him.

They had many more excursions, and some adventures too, during the rest of their visit, but no such dangerous exploits as that of Flamboro' Head.

And when the holidays were over, and the lads, with the exception of Ulric, whose guardian gladly consented to allow him to remain, left Ennisfellen for their own homes, there was not one among them whom Herbert had not influenced for good by his uniform gentleness, his simple religious faith, and the unfaltering courage he had displayed in risking his own life for that of his schoolmates.