

ries, and kicked them into a corner of the room. Then they drew back the curtains, replaced the table and couch, while the light that now came into the room showed the laughing faces of four boys, which had nothing in common with the sepulchral figures that had taken part in the late scene.

Two of these boys were big, brawny, broad-shouldered fellows, with Roman features, and dark, curling hair. They very closely resembled one another. These were the two Rawdons, to whom the rooms belonged. The elder was named Bruce, and the younger Arthur. Of the others, one was tall and slight, Tom Crawford by name; and the other was small and slight, and was called Phil Kennedy.

"Hurrah, boys!" said Phil. "Isn't old Solomon a perfect brick of an old darkey? Do you fairly realize the fact that we are to have ten turkeys, — ten, my boys, instead of six?"

"And the spring chickens!" said Tom Crawford.

"And the mince pies!" said Bruce.

"And the ginger beer!" cried Arthur.

"The encampment of the 'B. O. W. C.' is going to be a grand success," said Bruce. "It will be memorable forever in the history of the school."

"We ought to have a grand bonfire, and burn our Latin Grammars, before starting," said Tom Crawford.