

old man. The eyes must be fixed up first of all, of course. But if the boat's a success, another season will straighten it all out, eh? And when you come to college you'll be a freshman, while I'm a senior! Won't I haze you, though?"

"Come and practice a bit now!" said Reube, grimly.

Will ignored this invitation.

"What did you say you called the boat?" he queried.

"The *Dido*," answered Reube.

"Imagine the stately queen of Carthage going out shad fishing!" chuckled Will. "What struck you to choose that for a name?"

"O," said Reube, gravely, "it will serve to keep my aspirations before my mind's eye, even when I am occupied in the prosaic task of splitting shad."

At this moment a long, shambling figure was seen climbing a fence some distance down the hill, to the left of our pedestrians. Long, lank black hair fell on his shoulders from beneath a black