

"What! not say that Drewitt threw the ball?"

"Yes; you must promise never to say it again."

"Very well, Maynard; if you wish it, I'll promise; but I can't help my thoughts, you know."

"I do wish it particularly," answered Maynard, earnestly.

Laurie promised obedience, but added, "They all say he did it out of spite, lest you should take the first prize in Latin, Drewitt is such a dunce."

"When does the examination begin?" asked Maynard, almost piteously.

"On Monday next; and Drewitt has told some fellows that he's almost sure of the prize now."

"I suppose he is," responded Maynard, with a feeling of rebellion in his heart against his inevitable fate.

For some days the boy had been nursing a project in his brain, by which he hoped, or, at least, thought it not impossible that he might yet be enabled to compete for the prize; but when he made some slight allusion to it in the doctor's presence, he was told distinctly that it would cost him his life very likely if he attempted it.

It was, undoubtedly, hard for the boy to be thus laid aside, and it would have been contrary to even human laws of natural ambition had he quietly resigned all hope and interest in the contest without a struggle.

Dr. Barton called on the day following, and during his visit he paid his pupil the compliment of telling him that he was quite sure he would have gained a prize had he been permitted to compete. "But you must not lose heart," he added; "for, depend upon it, this enforced rest from your studies will have a good result. You were applying yourself too closely, I fear."

"Oh, sir, I did want to succeed!" said the invalid, and his pale face grew crimson as he spoke.

"You'll have your turn some day, my lad. Good character is more than praise, and knowledge itself of