

"Is it not true that you whipped James Collins severely, and—"

"I whipped them both," answered Morgan, "Jim and Ned; as severely as I could."

The young teacher, who had won medals for hammer-throwing and shot-putting, and who had at times that tingling of the blood, as we shall see, that leads to broken heads, was too youthful not to feel more sympathy than he ought with the admiration that rippled over the boys' faces as they gazed at Morgan, and then at the vacant seats of the "fighting Collinses." But he crushed the sympathy for the sake of discipline. Consistency is most precious to the young.

"You may come forward!" said Emerson.

It was no feint, then! Morgan walked calmly up to the rostrum. The pupils exchanged glances, some smiling the mirthless smile that goes with pale cheeks and trembling fingers. The tension of mind was such as rarely comes to any gathering of adults; for well they knew that, under the rule laid down, and according to school usages, Morgan Yeager must be whipped—and the punishment of one human being by another is always, to the uncorrupted mind, a thing of horror.

Emerson lifted the lid of his desk, and saw his yellow-backed copy of Herbert Spencer's *Education*, from which he had imbibed the notion that rough, rude punishments may not be dispensed with in dealing with youth of rough, rude parentage. This bound boy from a New York foundlings' home had never had the "race-development" entitling him to immunity from the rod. Wishing fervently that he might have been spared this application of his conception of syn-

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