

Phil proceeded to give a detailed account of their adventures.

"And didn't Qurlett take any?" Crawford asked, after he got over the laughter occasioned by Phil's recital.

"No, or I guess we'd never got up stairs, it was bad enough with Wilson that way."

"What did you say about me?"

The boys looked around with a start, discovering Wilson and Qurlett just behind them.

"Nothing," Phil replied, "only about last night."

"I dare say you have told every one, I don't see why you can't hold your tongue."

"But all the fellows know," Phil said, defending himself, "so what's the difference."

"Yes, *you* needn't talk, Wilson," said Qurlett, "you split the whole concern this morning, and we are all in for it; you must be easily pumped, that's all, what kind of a fellow are you?"

"What's the use talking that way; you know well enough how it was; come out before I thought, I wouldn't have done it for anything."

"Of course not," Qurlett replied, half contemptuously, thinking what you like, but don't try to stow such rubbish as that; there is one comfort though, you will get the most of what's going."

"Don't fret Qurlett, my boy," retorted Wilson, "you will get your share, the Governor knows you like a brick."

"I know that well enough, and all because you have to swill," said Qurlett, warmly.

"What's the good of rowing about it now?" interposed Crawford, "it won't make it any better for you, I don't see the sense of pitching into each other that way."

"It's enough to make a fellow cross, as if he couldn't have said where he was, without telling about the swipes, that is what will be hardest on us."

"I told him that I was the only one," said Wilson, eagerly.

"And you think that he believes it; how precious green you are all at once, I suppose you said nothing about us getting Blair to go."

"N-no," stammered Wilson, colouring, "just said we asked him,"—"in a very persuasive manner," Qurlett added with a grim smile; "of course that will help us wonderfully, getting a new fellow to go."