

THE CALL OF HONOUR

"What's up now? Black fox?"

"Black fox!" retorted Jack contemptuously. "Look!"

Beverley stared his hardest in the direction that Jack indicated with his riding-switch.

"A dirty-looking camp; little time taken to clear up," was Geoff's matter-of-fact verdict. (Geoff was famed for his "maths" at school, and generally known by the name of "Euclid Secundas.") "Tin cans and a half-dead fire. These mean a hurried move. But still, I don't see any reason for you to turn up your nose at my suggestion of a black fox. You were keen enough a little——"

"Rot!" was the brusque interruption. "Look there—straight ahead of you. That tree—the big poplar!"

"What about it?"

"What about it?" echoed Jack. "Why, man, are you blind? Can't you see anything?"

"I see some mad coon has been trying to shine as an artist with a hot iron on the bark," the younger lad criticised.

"Is that all?"

"I—guess so," replied the other boy cautiously.

To this Hansard made no immediate remark. He swung himself out of his Mexican saddle, and, leading his mare into the thicket, tied her by the halter-rope to a maple tree.

Geoffrey silently followed his friend's