

remembers those agreeable notions of the Doctor's about bringing up a Prefect in the way he should go, it will be readily understood that Farquhar just now was finding life all that fancy could have painted it. It made the thought that it was his last term doubly hard to bear. He was not due at Sandhurst for another term, really, but his father, who was in India and hadn't seen him for years, had decided that he should go to him for a three months' visit.

As regards the games, the school house fellows were very great guns! Indeed, it would scarcely be too much to say that more colours could have been found amongst them than amongst all the rest of the houses put together. Our old friend Giffard, or "Ginger," for curiously enough the name had stuck to him as obstinately as "Scissors" had stuck to Hythe, had had his long ago. So had Berkeley. So had Gegechkory. The latter was the son of a Polish Count whom the Russian Government had preferred to lodge free of charge in the fortress of Schlüsselburg rather than allow him an opportunity of explaining his candid opinion of them to the world at large. Gegechkory had been in England more than three years now, but he had a curiously un-English way of looking at certain things that came upon St. Osyth's, as a fresh shock each time. Still, there was