

cigarettes on the sly—and informed them that they needn't be afraid of the Doctor, not they; for he was a blind old bat, who didn't even know the name of a single boy outside of the Sixth Form, and his own house.

His chatter was interrupted by the voice of the "blind old bat" saying somewhat sternly, "I've just sent for you, Marshall; come with me."

Then the youth with the wondrous collars found out that, though he was not in the Sixth Form, nor ever would be, neither was he in the Doctor's house; yet the Doctor possessed a whole store-house of facts concerning him and his doings, and proceeded to use them to great advantage in the long interview that followed.

When next Marshall had to find a nickname for his headmaster a remarkable change had taken place; for lo! the "blind old bat" had become a "sly old fox."

But Marshall has nothing to do with our story, so we will leave him, and turn to those two who have just come out of the hall, and are talking about the Doctor's speech.

"Well, I'm jolly glad he's spoken out. A lot of fellows have been just making fools of themselves over this disgusting betting craze, and the sooner it's stopped the better," said Marson Prior.

"I don't know. I expect he's put it into some fellows' heads who haven't thought of it before," was Henry Glyde's reply. He did not mean what he said, but was in a fix, and had to say something.

He was a weak, good-natured fellow, easily led, a general favourite, always short of money, owing to his father's poverty, and of late had been making some money by a little quiet betting, in which he had been unfortunate enough, just at first, to win several times.

His elder companion, Marson Prior, did not know of this, though at times he suspected it; in fact, Tubbs, as Glyde was called because of his fat, chubby frame, was most careful to keep it from Prior.

They shared a study between them, but were boys of totally opposite dispositions.

You might as well try to lead a lamp-post to a watering-trough, or a church steeple down a country lane, as to lead Marson Prior against his own judgment in matters of right and wrong.

Our zoological friend Marshall had

invented a compound sort of beast to represent him; he was an "owl of a mule." This sounded fine, and mightily impressed the small boys, who, however, never could remember which creature ought to come first.

Yet Prior was no "owl"; in fact, "owls" never got into the Sixth Form, or became monitors, as he was. Nor was he a "mule"; for no one was more open to fair persuasion, and no one more ready to act at once, especially for the good of some one else, than he.

There was no mere obstinacy for obstinacy's sake in his character, but any amount of determination.

He saw at once that Tubbs was using speech to conceal his feelings, and replied with the single word, "Bosh!"

They walked on a little way in silence, when in a tone of half jest, half earnest, Prior proclaimed,—

"Be it known that I, Marson Prior, member of the honourable body of students of St. Eden's, and monitor of the aforesaid corporation, do solemnly intend to set my face against the hurtful, foolish vice known as betting and gambling. And in pursuance of this resolution I intend to denounce to the Doctor of the aforesaid school all and sundry whom I may catch in the pursuit of the aforesaid vice, be they high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple. God save the Queen!"

Tubbs tried to say "Amen" in a funny way, but it was a distinct failure.

After that the subject changed, and Prior asked Tubbs what he was going to do about the "teapot" to Mr. Wright, their house master, a very popular man who was just going to be married.

We must perhaps explain that "teapot" is a school boy's term for a testimonial of any kind, from a gold watch to a pair of slippers.

"What are the other fellows giving?"

"All the Upper School are giving ten shillings each."

"Well, I can't do that, and I won't do less than others, so I'll stop out of it."

"Nonsense, man; that's false pride. How much have you got?"

"Three bob."

"All right, I'll give you two; that'll make five."

"Not if I know it." Then, after a pause, "Thanks all the same."

"No need for thanks. My father has sent me half-a-sovereign for the 'teapot,' and I've got some loose cash over."

"No," this time rather sullenly; "ten