

"Just now, Duff," said he, "I happened to overhear your voice, which is singularly, I may say vulgarly, penetrating. You were speaking of me, your house-master, as 'Dick.' But you used an adjective before it. What was it?"

Duff writhed. "I don't—remember."

"Oh yes, you do. Why lie, Duff?"

John's brown face grew pale.

"The adjective you used," continued Rutford, "was 'dirty.' You spoke of *me* as 'Dirty Dick,' and I fancy I caught the word 'beast.' You will write out, if you please, one hundred Greek lines, accents and stops, and bring them to me, or leave them with Dumbleton, *twenty-five* lines at a time, *every* alternate half hour during the afternoon of the next half holiday. Good night to you."

"Good night, sir," said all the boys, save John and Scaife.

"Good night, Verney."

Master and pupil confronted each other. John's face looked impassive; and Rutford turned from the new boy to Scaife.

"Good night, Scaife."

Scaife drew himself up, and, in a quiet, cool voice, replied—

"Good night, sir."

Duff waited till Rutford's heavy step was no longer heard; then he rushed at John.

"I say," he spluttered, "you're a good sort—ain't he, Demon? Refusing to say 'Good night' to the beast because he was ragging me. But he'll never forgive you—never!"

"Oh yes, he will," said Scaife. "It won't be