the idea—it would ruin the boy; that and his grandmother," added Mrs. Morel in an undertone; "it's a toss up which would be the worst. But will you go?"

"Certainly; I will have him in school to-day, you can depend on that."

"You had better go right to the door then, for he has quite set his heart on a holiday to-day."

"O, you can rest easy on that score," replied her brother confidently, "he won't outwit me."

The public school that Phil attended was a large three story structure, the lower flat used as shops, the second and third as school rooms. Above these, again, was a large attic or lumber room for storing old desks, &c. The doors of this room and the school rooms were precisely alike in every particular.

"Where are my books?" called Phil, as he came thumping down stairs three at a time; "I left them in my room; somebody has taken them I s'pose; just the way, a fellow never can find anything he wants; you might help us look for 'em, Lot, instead of sitting there doing nothing."

"I am sewing," she replied curtly.

"You sew!" he replied scornfully, "as if you could do anything worth while; come and help me, and then you will be making yourself useful."

"Here are your books," said his mother, "just where you left them, under the hall table."

"Did I? I forgot, but it's all right now, thank you." Taking the books he bade them good morning, and started off with a willingness that was suspicious to say the least.

Mrs. Blair looked warningly at her brother; observing the look, he nodded in reply.

"Wait a moment Phil, and I will go along with you." But Phil was unaccountably deaf. Catching up his hat, Mr. Morel hastily left the room, overtaking his nephew at the gate.

"You can come with me."

"Or you with me," replied Phil, grinning, "as far as Bent's corner, there is where you turn down, isn't it?"

"Sometimes."

Phil travelled along beside his uncle, chatting pleasantly, but with his mind quite made up not to attend school that day: he did feel a little uneasy, however, as when they came to where his