

AT CROSBY SCHOOL.

BY MAUD L. BRADFORD,
LATE OF RYERSON SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"Then here," said Frank, leading forward a grey-eyed, curly brown-haired lad who seemed the very essence of good humor, "here is Wilber Burton, commonly known as 'Berry B.,' my brother Allan, Berry."

"How de do?" said the boy, nearly shaking Allan's arm off, "I'm glad you're here. If you are the right sort you'll have plenty of fun."

Allan hoped he would prove the "right sort," and Berry said he was sure of it.

"Here," said Frank, pointing to two slender, fair-haired boys; "here are our twins, Mac and Jack Gilroy. They are one in everything."

The brothers cordially greeted the new comer.

"This is Edgar Thornton," said Frank, and a pale, intellectual, reserved looking boy politely bowed to Allan; "and, hallo! here is some one I don't know."

"I can introduce the lad," put in Harry Wilder, "made his acquaintance on train. Name is Dick Daly. Frank, and Allan Elden, Dick."

After shaking hands with him, Frank looked keenly at the new boy. Dick seemed to be about thirteen years of age, or perhaps younger. He was dark and short, with a merry but determined expression of face. "Determined" was hardly strong enough, Frank thought. He looked as if he would carry all before him.

"Come on, Frank," called Harry. "Gong'll soon ring. Too late then. Hurry."

Frank moved off with his friend.

CHAPTER II.

Silence ensued for a moment among the remaining boys.

Berry B. broke it. "Do you know what your form is Elden, junior?"

"No, not yet. Mr. Broughton will examine me to-morrow, I think."

"I hope you'll be in our form. We're all in the same here, except Daly. He's like you, and, I suppose will be examined with you."

"What form are you all in?" asked Allan.

"In the fourth. We all expect to be promoted to the third next term, though. Mr. Leslie is our teacher. He is very nice if you study well, and he's a little short sighted, which is good for some of us. Were you ever at school before?"

"No, I always studied at home till now."

"Oh, we're all old boys, except Daly of course. Listen! there's the tea bell."

A rush was immediately made towards the basement.

"Come on!" shouted Berry B. "I'll show you the way."

As he and Allan, at the end of the crowd, hurried along, Berry said:

"We have to go in the back way to the dining room, but it's the first day so it won't matter if you and I break rules, and cut down the servant's entrance. If we do that we won't have the long passage to walk, and the narrow back stairs to jump." Before he had finished talking, they had reached the servants' entrance, and as they flew down the stairs, Berry gasped: "There's always a fight for places the first day, and I want to get my old chair. You know the jam is at one end of the table, and those nearest it are helped first, and sometimes, if there's enough jam you get a second helping, while the fellows at the other end have only begun their share, see? Here we are. Sit here. Now, see how much we're ahead of the others, and—"

Allan's loquacious companion suddenly paused. Before them stood a tall, thin, keen looking lady of about thirty-five years. Her nose, face, expression and manner were sharp, and she reminded one very forcibly of a file. When she spoke, her voice, hard and rasping as it was, added to the impression. Such was Miss Broughton, and her grim expression told Berry that she had heard part of his speech, and guessed the rest.

"Gr-racious," muttered Berry B. Then he rose and made an elaborate bow. "How do you do, Miss Broughton. I hope you have enjoyed your holidays," he said genially.

"How do you do, sir," responded the lady icily. "I had hoped to see an improvement in your character this term, but you have not begun well. Susan" (calling to a maid) "Susan, move the jam to the other end of the table," and the lady sailed away as the boys walked soberly in.

"Isn't she an old Tartar? I suppose, Elden junior, that you'll think we're a greedy set to fight over jam, but you'll understand it after you've been here a while. Oh! I say? Don't take that away."

"I have to obey orders, Mr. Berry," said Susan.

"Well, if that's not mean."

The rest of the boys were seated by this time, and the masters were coming in. There were seven tables in the dining room, with a master presiding over each. Mr. Leslie came in, and took the head of