

"unkindest cut of all" came from his teacher, who said :

"Why, Jack ! I didn't think that you were so chicken-hearted."

Jack turned on his heel, and walked quickly back to the camp, leaving on the ground the poor little dead squirrel that he had so unwillingly killed.

George Roberts had no intention of being so cruel when he spoke as he did. He was a born sportsman, and had always firmly believed that wild animals had been created for the special purpose of being hunted and killed. But the look in Jack's face haunted him, for he had always been fond of the boy, and he felt that he had been unjust in his charge. This fact rather ruffled his usually amiable temper, and he hurried the boys back to the camp, for it was beginning to get dark, and threatening and distant rumblings of thunder could be heard.

Only one who has been placed in a similar position can understand the agony that the sensitive boy suffered that evening. It seemed to his excited imagination that all the boys shunned him, and there was no mistaking the contempt expressed on more than one face. There were some there who were not sorry to see what they thought was a weak spot in the character of the popular Jack. Though the faithful Tom and the loving little Teddy did all they could to reassure and comfort him, they could not make up to him for the good opinion of Captain Roberts which he felt he had forfeited, and it was in a melancholy frame of mind that he crept away to bed.

That night, after all were safe in their tents, the storm broke. It did not last long, nor did much rain fall, but it was enough to terrify poor Teddy. He crept beside Jack, but the latter was not in a very sympathetic mood and did not prove much of a comfort. They both soon fell asleep again, but in an hour or

so, though it seemed to Jack only a few minutes, he suddenly awoke to find the moon streaming through the opening in the tent. It took him some minutes to realize his position. Then he remembered that when he had fallen asleep, Teddy was with him, but there was no sign of him now, anywhere in the tent. The other boys there were sleeping soundly, and Jack was about to waken them and raise the alarm, when he suddenly remembered something Teddy's mother had told him before they left home.

"When in an excited state of mind," she said, "he used to often walk in his sleep, but he is getting over it now, and I don't think he will trouble you. If he should, be sure not to waken him suddenly, for his uncle, who was troubled in the same way, had a severe attack of brain fever after being suddenly awakened while walking in his sleep."

Jack had not thought much of it at the time, but it all recurred to him so vividly now, and he resolved to bring him back if possible, without any disturbance. Slipping on some clothes, for the air was much cooler now after the thunder, he went quietly and quickly out of the tent, but no Teddy could he find. Instinctively he hurried over to the bank of the river, not daring to think what he might find there. The full moon made everything almost as bright as day, so he had no trouble in seeing, to his horror, the punt floating down the river, and in it a little white figure. How he had got there Jack didn't stop to think, but clambered quickly down the hill. Farther down in the river he could distinguish a dark object, a fallen tree that had perished in the storm. This he knew might stop the boat, but with such a jar that it must surely waken Teddy, and how frightened the timid boy would be, to waken in such a place, and at such an hour, Jack could well imagine. He must stop the boat before it