

too, but he had resisted it. He felt sick and overpowered at thus hearing it put into words by another, and leant back against his horse, a horrible feeling of faintness creeping over him.

"Here, look up, boy, don't play the woman," said his companion, kindly enough, but giving him a vigorous shake at the same time. "If the poor lad is gone you must bear it: he wasn't your brother, you know."

the whole history of Martin and Ju and of the great friendship which had until the last few days rested between them, of the breaking of rules by smoking and the subsequent caning, of the threat which Ju had uttered to run away and of Cookson's bad influence over him.

Mr. Massey whistled. "You think the lad has bolted then," he said, "and this fellow Cookson knows something of it?"



"ON AND ON, UP AND UP THEY WENT."

"He was more than a brother, sir," said Martin, turning his face to his horse's neck and bursting into tears. Mr. Massey showed his kindness by sauntering away until the boy had got some mastery over himself and his feelings again.

"Beg pardon, sir!" at length he said, drawing himself up. "I couldn't help it; it hurts me to think of poor Ju being dead, and nobody to know where he is. What will his poor mother do?"

On the road home Mr. Massey heard

"I don't know what to think, sir. I can't say that Cookson knows, because he wasn't ashore at the same time, but there's a queer look in his eyes, as though he could tell something if he liked. Either Ju is dead, or Cookson knows something, and——"

"Cookson will catch it pretty hot if he is abetting a boy to desert," said Mr. Massey. "This must be looked into. Why did you not mention it before?"

"Because I had nothing really to go