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BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER X. FIRE WATER.

Often, as in Cadillac's house at the Often, as in Cadillac's house at the fort, I sat at my rude table casting up accounts or copying letters to be sent to Governor Frontenacor to the King's Ministers in France—often, indeed, at such times would the piquant face of pretty Barbe seem to peer between me and the paper I wrote upon.

Yet, when I sent missives home, I made no inquiries concerning her, of my sister or any one also. I was still

my sister or any one else. I was still hurt that she had not returned from Vercheres in season to bid me adieu and to wish me good fortune upon my coming away into the wilderness.

One winter's evening Sieur Cadillac sat before the hearthstone of his home within the palisade smoking a pipe of tobacco, or Indian weed—the pipe itself being of a curious pattern; the bowl of red clay decorated by bands and ornaments of lead; the stem long,

and ornaments of lead; the stem long, quaintly carved, and ornamented with gayly colored feathers of birds—a gift from a friendly chief.

The room was lighted only by the great fire of forest pine, and opposite to my brother I was ensconced in a chair like his own—a section of a round log to which had been fastened, to serve as a back, a rude slab of bark.

Oddly would this furnituse have con-

Oldly would this furniture have con trasted with the elegance of the up-holstery of the salon of Madame de Champigny, the carved chairs Castle audience hall, the graceful ottomans and tabourets of my uncle Guyon's new bouse—all of which costly luxuries had been brought from France at great expense.

Without raged a storm of sleet. Back of the fort with its wooden bastions and strong palisade of cedar pickets, for leagues, extended the trackless snows and primeval for-osts; in front lay the beach, at other seasous a long stretch of yellow sand, and the broad expanse of the lake of the likenese, which I believe is now known as Lake Michiganning. In many places stiff and shaggy fir trees fringed the shore with an aspect of des-olation; in others they rose in a wall of woods from the water's edge. On clear days we could see, set like a jawel in the gleaming argent of the strait, the enchanted Island of Mackinac, the reputed dwelling-place of the great Indian Spirit—an island that th its white cliffs, green foliage and rainbow lights often recalled to my mind a splendid opal I once noticed in the gem encrusted hilt of a sword much

cherished by Comte Frontenac.

On this evening whereof I write, La
Mothe and I were talking of many
things—the probable yield of furs for the chances of the future. the disposition of Governor Frontena in regard to certain measures which my brother had recommended, the state of our provisions. We chatted too of Therese and of home, in brotherly confidence and sympathy-Cadillae smoking his pipe; I, who could not abide the Indian weed, making no pretence of occupation, but gaz ing idly into the cheerful blaze.

The wind whistled and moaned, and the sleet drove against the sides of the

All at once, above the noise of the storm I heard the sound of a step near by, and the next moment there came a harp knock at the door. Starting up, I threw it open.

In the doorway, with the darkness for a background, stood a black robed, ascetic figure; a fur cape was thrown carelessly about his slightly stooped shoulders, and over his head was drawn a capouch of beaver skin, beneath which showed a few thin locks of hair that bristled with sleet, as did also the beard that grew about his throat, the upper part of the face being close It was Father Estienne de Carbeil, who had come across the square of the fort, from his little dwell-

Cadillac looked up in surprise. He and the missionary were not on such cordial terms as might lead him to expeet a social visit from the good father upon such a night as this. In fact, there was much friction between them and long before, I had noticed that they seemed to have agreed to hold as little intercourse as might be, while preserving each toward the other a punctilious if distant courtesy.

this occasion, however, brother's courtly manners appeared to have deserted him. Stretched out at ease before the glowing pine logs, he did not rise, but indolently motioned his unlooked for guest to the place I had vacated, as though, foreknowing that his visitor's errand was an un pleasant one, he would waste no time

polite amenities.
Father Estience was not in the least disconcerted by this rudeness, yet that he felt it I, whose gaze was upon him, could see by the flash that Jeaped into his usually mild eyes. It was gone as quickly, and with a dignified bow he epped farther into the room.

I made fast the door, and hastened to possess myself of his cloak with its hood and to put the pelt before the fire, for even in the short dishe had traversed it was broid

Instead of taking the place to which my brother had waved him, he said urbanely, if with a possible touch of

"Thanks for your courtesy, Mon-sieur de Cadillac, but I will not tarry to sit down by your hearth."

"Verily, I have seen evenings more favorable for friendly visiting, albeit, 't is said, those who love us of wind nor weather when think hos of white hor weater when they have an opportunity to aid our plans or advance our interests," an swered La Mothe, after his sarcastic

"I have the will to do you a service, if you choose but to look upon it in that light," proceeded the priest, with that light, proceeded the priest, with oldmess, "although my business is Mothe, with a sneer, "what is past, is no agreeable affair. In short, Monster is past. If the indians were unable to slour le Commandant, I am come to tell get strong spirits fron us, they would be la Mothe quite the same as before. In fact, as I have many times since of civilization. The French live too far apart; we must bring them together, that when necessary they may be able

you of the scene which a few moments since greeted my eyes."

since greeted my eyes."
As the missionary stood beside our rough table, he made an imposing picture despite his lean face, the attenuation of frame caused by his long fasts, and vigils, and disciplicings, by the tardships of his frequent journeys to isolated settlements of Indians, where he had established his missions.

His clear cut features and high bred mien told of good lines.ge; above all, there was about him an air of the gentie authority which depends neither upon worldly patronage nor influence but is commissioned by Heaven itself and now, as at other times, when i tienne was as the voice of God calling

to man in the wilderness.
"Monsieur de Cadillac," continued the missionary, fixing the eye of Sieur by the sternness of his own, "more than a score of years ago, when this place where we now live was but a des-place where we now live was but a desplate extent of shore that knew not the foot of the white man, on the opposite side of the strait a devoted missionary gathered together the rem-nant of the Huron nation including, among their tribes, the Outawas. Here he raised a chapel of cedar boughs, and ne raised a chapet of cedar boughs, and around this forest sanctuary, his poor dwelling, and their own lodges the Indians built a palsiaded fort which soon became known as St. Ignace of the Michilimackinacs.

The cold was intense and cultivation difficult, but the Hurons had chosen this site because the neighboring waters teemed with fish, and the mis sionary heeded not its disadvantages, since from this situation it was easy to gain access to all the tribes of the

Lake Country.
"Here he lived and taught them. After a time this good man was called to seek in the Lands of the Great River new nations to instruct. He was succeeded here by others who imitated his self-sacrificing toil. The Indians were most exemplary; the settlement flourished; traders from Ville Marie and Quebec came to the mission. Hither the red men of all the Lake Country brought the skins of the otter and beavers they had trapped during the long winter, to barter them for blankets and the goods of the French; Michilimackinac became the great centre of the fur trade, the key to all the west. A military post was established upon the eastern shore of the strait.

"In my work on the missions I was sent hither.

"Then you came, Monsieur de Cadil las. It has pleased you to encourage a trade most disastrous in this region to bring from Montreal the strong waters that steal tongue and brains and render useless the hands of men.

"Formerly, when the Indians re turned from the chase, the fisheries their long trapping expeditions, they repaired first to the church, there to render thanks to Heaven for the su cess of their enterprises. Now, look you, to day a large band of Outawas came in with all haste to outrun the came in with all naste to obtain the approaching storm. You beheld the goodly showing they made with their pettries, their joy at getting back to the protection of the fort. "And what next, Monsieur de Cadil-

The trader Le Maire takes a cask of brandy into their village; he proposes a game of bowl, the stakes to be drams of liquor against their furs. The Indians pile high the peltries before him; the play begins; the air rings with wild cries and guttural laughter, as to and fro are tossed the

small, gayly colored pieces of bone.

"All this takes place in the lodge of the Rat, their principal chief. Jules wins and wins. Finally, all the furs have been gambled away; poor as when they went out into the woods at the beginning of the winter, the Indians reel from the lodge or sink down upor Now they lie in their wigthe floor. wans in a drunken stupor. de Cadillac, what have you to say to this ?'

ring this fervid protest La Mothe had straightened himself in his chair, and several times made as if he would interrupt the Black Robe in no measured terms. Now, however, he leaned back once mere, and, taking his pipe from between his lips, answered with a shrug of the shoulders, and as if half

a ldressing the fire—
What have I to say? My faith,
Monseiur de Carheil, only that, owing to the merciless cold and the absence of proper food in this locality, I deem it necessary that the strength of upon whose labors the prosperity of the settlement largely depends should be fortified by a small measure of brandy, as often as it can be furnished A little eau de vie would keep the Outawa trappers from contracting illness. If the dogs of Indians drank to

excess, surely I am not to blame."
"Monsieur le Commandant, I make no comment upon your theory so far as it concerns the officers and soldiers of the garrison under your command, or their supposed needs as not being acclimated to this latitude. For my self, I never touch spirits, believing example to be more potent than precept with savages as with civilized peoples,' returned the missionary. "And, at least, the drink which the aborigine so aptly name 'Fire Water' is no necessary for them. Our Lake Indians their fathers before them, their grand-ires back to their remote ancestors have endured the rigors of this climate the exposure of extended trapping expeditions, have broken the ice of the

strait to spear fish for food, and yet have managed to exist without the eau de vie wherewith you have taken uch trouble to provide them.' into a short laugh. Cadillac broke into a short lau, "If you undertake to civilize Indians, you cannot keep them from the vices of civilization, any more than you can keep the young, as they grow older, from a knowledge of the world, Monsieur lo Cure. The Hurons and

Monsieur le Cure. The Hurons and Outawas had tasted fire water ere l came among them." " Now and again, perhaps, thanks to the cupidity of some commandments and traders, but never as you have

supplied it."
"Oh, well, well," continued De la

go for fire water to our enemies. Since you are so grieved, my dear Monsieur Estienne, that they occasionally suc-cumb to the seductions of our good brandy of New France, bethink you what would be your server to see what would be your sorrow to see your zealous neophytes seek the encamp-ments of our fors, not only to drink

ments of our fors, not only to drink drep of English rum, but to imbibe freely of heresy as well?"

"There is no contingency which justifies the doing of even a little wrong, Monsieur de Cadillac," answered Father Estienne, with dignity." I ask you again, is the work of the founder of this mission and that of the missionaries who came after him down missionaries who came after him, down to this day—is all this to be undone? Have we opened the way for you here only that you may set in the path of the Indian a temptation he knew not hitherto, that with accursed strong waters you should debase him beneath the level of the brute creation?'

In a towering rage Cadillae sprang to his feet. "Monsieur de Carheil, I will not brook such speech," he cried hotly. "You allude to the labors here at Michilimackinac of the good Mon at Michimackinae of the good Moni-sieur de Marquette, whose memory is so justly revered by savage and white man. I hold his name in all honor and respect. I regard also the zeal of those who came after him. But, as to this who came after him. Dut, so this matter, understand me. Your business here is to christianize the red men, to impress upon them the duty of obedience to the Governor of Quebec, and to minister to the spiritual need; of the white dwellers at this post, as best you may. With affairs not within your province I counsel you not to intermeddle. You pay no heed to my request that you should teach the Hurons and Outawas the French language. furnish brandy to the Indians because I think best to do so. That is the end f the matter."

Notwithstanding this outburst from the Commandant, Monsieur Estienne the Commandant, Monsieur Sevenine retained his self-control, although the flush that dyed his cheek, his com-ressed lips, and the fire of his deep-set eyes showed that to do so cost him an effort. "Sieur Cadillac, I will not contend with you as to what is or i not wi hin my province," he replied.
"You are the Commandant here, and I recognize your civil authority; but as to this being the end of the matter at issue between us. I warn you such is very far from the case. You say I and my confreres are not in haste to teach my confreres are not in haste to teach the Indians the language of France—it is because we wish to preserve the Children of the Forest from the vice of the settlers. If you would best serve the interests of the government, en-courage the red men to follow the lessons we have taught them, and they will be your faithful allies. It you do will be your faithful allies. otherwise -- if, either for the sake of personal gain or commercial enterprise, you continue, as now, ever ready to quench the savage thirst you have aroused with the potion of death, the insidious fire water—if you suffer your traders to rob the Indian of his peltries by that unjust pressing down of the scales by which every Frenchman's hand is said to weigh a pound—if you permit them to tempt him to barter not only his furs but his immortal soul for a dram-believe me, retribution will come. You may grow rich, Sieur Cadillac-ay, you will grow rich-''

As he spoke, the missionary waxed abstracted, his bent form became his thin face, dried to a complexion like leather from exposure to the ele ments, took on the rapt, exalted ex pression I had seen it wear sometime when he stood before the altar, while his eyes assumed a fixed, far away look,

"Ay," he repeated, in the clear, well-modulated tones which the Indians well-modulated units which as the loved, "you will grow rich, Sieur Cadillac; many leagues from here you will establish a fine colony; moneys and lands and honors will be yours; but beware, there will come a day when these honors and possessions will pass from you, your friends will turn against you, you will die in poverty, your children will be penniless, no one of your name

will remain in the city you will found."
While he uttered these last words the consecrated hand which the priest had raised in warning dropped side, the light of proplecy died out of his eyes, leaving them mild as before; the stern judge and seer was gone, and

again we saw the humble missionary. Monsieur le Commandant, I have said what I came to say," he added

quietly. Forthwith he threw his fur cloak about his shoulders, drew the capouch over his head, and, heeding not the explosion of Cadillac's wrath nor the in plosion of Cadinac's warm of the in-vectives which the Commandant hurled after him, flung open the door, and passed out again into the darkness and the sleet, leaving as uncomfortable a

storm behind him.
For a full quarter-hour La Mothe
blazed away, and truly I never before
knew him for so great a master of opprobrious epithet.

As for me, I saw it was useless to attempt to stay the torrent, the more since his expletives being cast against the walls of the cabin hart no one, not have been the case had I crossed the path of their rebound.

In this excitement he had risen; now

he paced the floor with quick strides. But the fle cest anger, like the wildest tempest, subsides at last; wearied by the force of his passion, Cadillac threw hinself down in his chair and took to

gloomity studying the fire.
"Normand," he said gruffly, after an interval of oppressive silence, " is the

"No, mon chevalier, it is fastened securely," I answered. The temperature of the room was summer like; nevertheless he shud.

Pile on more logs, for the cold must be strengthening," he muttered, and lapsed once more into moodiness.

A disquiet harassed me. I felt it to be the startling insistence of the missionary's prediction which had caused the throbbing fire in my brother's veins to become as ice—the warning that the crown of his ambition would be snatched away just as he thought to place it

In fact, as I have many times since

Often surrounded by the full splendor Often surrounded by the full splendor of Fortune's sunshine, he appeared to me ever on the verge of shadow. The sword which he fancied hung over his head might have a jewelled hitt, but it was a sword of Damoeles still.

For myself, from that evening I saw many things with clearer eyes—would that I could have influenced him to see them thus also! If, as the years went

them thus also! If, as the years we by, my devotion to our Sieur may have lost something of the glamour of its romantic admiration I loved him dearly romatic admiration I loved him dearly to the end, and, I hope, served him faith'ully. And although I could not but see his faults and deplore his mis-takes, I yet ever found much in his character to esteem and respect.

One evening, shortly after the occur-ence which I have just set down, De la Mothe and I were again seated by the fire, he smoking, as was his wont, I meditatively watching the blaze. After a time Cadillac stirred impati-

ently and knocked the ashes from

pipe.
"Normand," he exclaimed with ab ruptness, breaking in upon my reverie, "how did the man know?"

"Who ?-what, mon chevalier ?" I asked with a start, as if suddenly

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed in his tha, ha, ha! The laugued in his debonair manner. "Did I arouse you from a doze? Or were your thoughts perchance dancing attendance upon some fair but hard hearted demoiselle of Quebes or Montreal? Ah, I see you do not relish the jest," he went on, noting my shrug of annoyance, "and in truth I am in no mood for mirth; my thoughts have been on weightier mat One thing puzzles me. How cam the man to be so familiar with my dreams, my ambitions?"

As he spoke, he pointed with his thumb in the direction of the church and the mission and the missionary's cabin. "You mean Monsieur de Carheil?"

Cadillac nodded. 'Tis not like that he learned from me of any plan of yours," I answered as my brother continued to regard me, fanced, with a certain reproach. Even had I the will to be tray your onfidence, I know not any projects you may have for the future.

Nor did I tell any one," murmured our Sieur; "yet, wittingly or not, he fathomed the desire of my beart, the design I have had in view for many a

day."
"It was but a random shot, a surmise based upon his knowledge of your tireless activity and your resources, as well as the value of your services to

the government."
"Perchance. But it is a strange coincidence," he continued. "Listen, Normand! Do not think I meant to doubt you. You have ever been faith ful to me, and now I would fain know how the scheme I have in mind would impress a man still young, courageous and fond of adventure as you are, since I shall have need of followers of this order.

"You know that some ten years ag Monsieur de Lhut, then Commandan at Michilimackinac, erected a fortified trading post at the southern extremity of our Lake of the Hurons, which he called Fort St. Joseph. You are also aware that it was abandoned two years later, with insufficient reason to my thinking, for the climate proved milder than it is here, while the situa-tion was very favorable, being at the first link, I may say, of that beautiful chain of lake and river which connects the five marvellous Inland Seas, which our intrepid explorers have given to New France, together with the greater part of the vast territory that borders

"However, well chosen as was the position of Du Lhut's trading-fort, I have in mind a better site. You have heard how, long since, the missionaries Dollier de Casson and Galinee, and efter them the gallant Chevalier de la Saile, followed up this connecting chain of waters from Fort Frontenae. They found it as richly set with islands as is a queen's necklace with jewels, and the beautifully verdant shores of the main land served to complete the picture of a veritable earthly paradise.

"E-pecially attractive was the re-gion which lies south of the peurl-like lake to which they gave the name of St. Claire, the country bordering upon that clear, deep river, a quarter league

broad, known as Le Detroit. broad, known as Le Detroit.

"I have had from the Indians and the coureurs de bois glowing descriptions of this fair locality, and while affecting to treat their accounts with indifference, I made note of all in my mind.

"On both sides of this strait straits lie fine open plains where the deer roam in graceful herds, where bears (by no means fierce, and exceed ingly good to eat) are to be found, as are also the savory 'poules d'Indes, wild dulk, and other varieties of game The islands are covered with trees chestnuts, walnuts, apples, and plums abound, and in the season the will vines are heavy with grapes, of which bound, and in the the forest-rangers say that they have made a wine that, considering its new ness, was not at all bad.

"What think you, Normand, do not all these excellences make the place a happy choice for a settlement? Stay, ere you answer I will dwell upon far

greater considerations. The Hurons have a village on Le Detroit; they see, according to their needs, its advantages. Normand, needs, its advantages. Normand, Michillmackinae is an important post, but the climate will ever be against it the place will never become a great settlement. Le Detroit is the real centre of the Lake Country, the gateway to the west. It is from there we can best hold the English in check."

" And what would you do at Le Detroit?" I asked, still only half reovered from my surprise.

"I would make it a permanent post

not subject to changes, as are so many of the others, 'he replied, his enthusiasm kindling. "To do this, it is but necessary to have a good number of the French, soldiers and traders, and to draw around it the tribes of friendly Indians, in order to conquer the Iro quois, who from the beginning have harassed us and prevented the advance of civilization. The French live too of civilization.

to oppose a large force to the savages and thus defeat them."

and thus defeat them."
"Yes, to be sure," I made answer,
"if Le Detroit were well fortified, we
could prevent the Iroquois from following the chase thereabouts, and thus drive them away from this upper coun

try also.
"I see that you take my meaning," said Cadiliae, approvingly. "Moreover, look you, the waters of the Great Lakes pass through this strait, and it is the only path whereby the English can carry on their trade with the savage carry on nations who have to do with French. If we establish ourselves at Le Detroit, they can no longer hope to deprive us of the benefits of the fur

trade."
"But how will you prevent the sav

ages from going to the southern, since
they can get more for their peltries
from them than from us?" I argued.
"Now, Normand," cried La Mothe,
with impatience, "do you not know
that at Quebec and Montreal, although the Indian can exchange goods at a lower price with our enemies, he pre-fers to make his trade with us. This is fers to make his trade with us. This is partly, no doubt, because he is neighbor to the Frenchman, and frequently borrows from him, paying in returns from the chase. Then, too, the English are farther away. Still, I admit, if the post at Le Detroit is not founded we shall soon see all of our Indians going to our competitors, or inviting them into the country. Once there, he wever, we would divert the trade of that

southern region to our own colony."
"The post appears an absolute necessity," I said. "What measures will sity. take now, mon chevalier ?'

"Having considered it well in my mind. I am about to write to Governor rontenae to lay the plan before him. shall request him to recall me to nebec, that I may explain everything him in detail. I shall need your to him in detail. help to take down notes of what I to say, and also to make copies of the missive and other documents when they are finished. It is for this reason I have spoken to you somewhat freely on the subject. Get pen and paper, and we will set about our letter writing to night."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GUARDIAN

John Hanscom and Roger Frayne were strong friends. They were boys in the same village. They were of the same age. No doubt this friendship was heightened by their dissimilarity, both physically and mentally. Joh was heavy and strong, big in bone and muscle, while Roger was slender and delicate. John was a little slow mendelicate. John was a nick and nervous. When they played together in early childhood Roger was the leader in their sports, but John was the trusty wild and grandian. Roger's mother guide and guardian. Roger's mother never felt worried when her delicate

And so they had grown up like David and Jonathan, and had passed through the village school together and through the old academy, and now they were

ready for college.

But Roger's mother—she was a widow and he was her only child—hesitated.
She dreaded to have her boy leave
home—it would be for the first
time—and she feared he would

suffer from the change. He wanted to go; he laughed at her anxiety; he de-manded to know if she didn't want him to become a self-reliant man. But it was John who turned the scale in

Roger's favor.
"You trust him to me," said this

good friend. "I'll gurantee that he comes to no harm."
"Well," hesitated the widow, "if you'll look after him, John and se he wears the right weight of flannel and doesn't forget his rubbers and goes to bed at reasonable hours, perhaps can make up my mind and let him go. "I'll watch over him, Mrs. Frayne

and I'll keep you posted regarding him.
I'll send you bulletins every week."
The widow laughed.

"Then I'll appoint you his guardian. John, with full power to act in my stead." And so it was settled that the boys

should go, and both were delighted.
"At the same time," said Roger t John, "it wasn't really necessary that you should have laid it on quite so thick about that guardianship busines I'm no kid to be watched and coddled.' John laughed.

"Want me to go to your mother and throw up the job?" 'No, I don't. But I want you to

understand I've cut loose from the apron strings—and don't you forget it."
"All right," said John, with a good-natured grin. "I'll remember. I'm sure I don't hanker after the job of looking out for you. You are old enough to take care of yourself—and don't you forget that."
He grinned again. "If you do, it won't take me long to remind you of the fact."

Roger showed his teeth. "If you wasn't so confounded strong," he snapped, "it would delight my heart to take you down a peg or two. But I've no doubt there'll be some other husky fellows at college who will gladly take the job for me." "No doubt," said John.

John called on Roger's mother just

before they started. "I've come for my final instructions," he sail, with a little laugh. "And I thought it better to come without Roger's knowledge. He's a little touchy over this guardian idea. He seems to think I'm inclined to domineer

He thinks all the world of you, John," said the mother, "and I guess you know it. If he seems irritable at times, lay it to his lack of health." Her voice dropped a little lower. "He has a heart trouble that may prove serious unless he takes the best care of himself, but which he may outgrow." 'Does Roger know this?'

asked. "No. The doctor thought it best not to tell him. He feared it would worry him. I'm telling you John, be-cause I want you to understand my cause I want you to anxiety. If he can be kept from great fatigue, or sudden shock, or injury, he may live to be an old man."
"I'll do my best to look out for him,"

said honest John, gravely.

"Thank you, dear boy. I knew I could count on you. Bear with him, guide him, remember how dear he is to a mother's lonely heart."

John set his jaw and raised his eye rows as he walked away from the brows as

Frayne cottage.

"This guardian business is to be no cinch!" he muttered. So the boys made ready, and presently departed for the varsity town. It was a great episode in their lives, this

trip to college. They realized their ignorance of the outside world, and they knew that this ignorance was quite likely to be promptly spotted by the keen eyes of their fellow students. But they would put on a bold front and then learn the ways of the varsity and then learn the ways of the Varsity
as quickly as possible.

So they reached the dear old town,
and were duly impressed by the gray
old buildings and the grand old trees,
and coupled with this impression was
a pleasant sense of proprietorship in

it all. And when they were comfortably housed with a near by family and had unpacked their belongings—they roomed together—and taken a little walk about the campus, they felt that

walk about the campus, they left that
they were fairly launched on this new
and quite unknown sea.

Their college life was characteristic
of the boys. John was the patient
student, moving slowly, but conquering in the end. Roger was quick and
bright, much the better scholar, but
depending largely on his wit and depending largely on his wit and chance to pull him through. It was John who burned the midnight oil, while Roger slept the sleep of the tired youth. It was Roger who made friends and found time for the enjoyment of their society. But it was John who made the better record in his studies, for all of Roger's brightness.

For a time John's duties as guardian bothered him but little. Roger was tractable and happy, and yielded to John's suggestions. And then came a change. John charged it to Roger's new friends-some of he felt were not the sort should have chosen. The fact was his mother had supplied him with too much pocket money, and certain of his newmade friends profited by this wealth. John himself wasn't troubled in that way. He had barely enough to provide him with the necessities. He knew it was all his toiling father could spare. The friends he made were few, but they were friends worth having.

And a little coolness sprang up between the two. John scarcely noticed it at first, he was so used to Roger's changeable disposition. But presently there was no mistaking the fact. Roger was losing his reliance on John; the confidence that had so long existed between them was a thing of the past. Roger was going his way, and John was going his. Naturally, John blamed the willful boy's new acquaintances. Most of them were sons of wealthy families, and no doubt Roger felt that he was more at home among them. And John blamed hinself, too. little dull, he knew, and he was a plodder and a poor boy. Perhaps he shouldn't blame Roger. It was natural that he should go where he would find congenial friends and gay entertainment. And every week John wrote home to Roger's mother and told her how Roger was prospering and how well liked he was, and hew the change and air seemed to agree with him. But never a word of the growing estrange-

But the coolness grew still more frigid.

And then one day Roger looked at
John across the study table and said:

"I'm thinking of going into new quarters.'

John looked up from his book. Yes?" he said.

"I've got the chance to go with Sut-cliffe Brown. I like his room." John waited. "Well?" he said.

"I suppose you would write and tell mother if I left you?" "No doubt about that," said John.

"I suppose you tell her everything?"
"I tell her everything about you that I think would interest her. I promised her I would."
"Well, I don't like it. Do you hear?

I don't like it. The idea of having a spy after you all the time isn't pleas-ant." John flushed a little and looked back at

his book, and Roger arose fuming and stalked from the room. "I'm glad I didn't talk back to him." John muttered, looking a little wist-

fully after the departing one. "It would only have made him more excited, and I mustn't forget the secret his other told me. He sighed and picked up the book

Roger did not change his lodging, nor did he change his demeanor toward John. Few words passed between them, and all the old confidences had been quite obliterated. John would have liked to have told Roger that he had been approached by Demarest, the foot ball captain, and asked to try for the team, and how he was hesitating. But

there was no chance. And then one day John met his friend Jeweth. Jewett was a junior, and he had taken a fancy to John from the very

"Hello, Hanscom," he said.

"Hello, Jewett. "Hear they want you on the football "Demarest wanted me to try for it."

"What are you going to do? "Haven't made up my mind."
Jewett frowned. "Do you know what they are say-

ing?"
"No." "They say you haven't the pluck."

John laughed.
"I suppose that's said to drive me into it."

don't think fast."

Jewett refused to laugh. "I heard Perley say so."
"I don't know Perley. Does Perley know me?"

"Of course, I don't take any stock in what Perley says, but the team needs new blood. Make up your mind quick." "I'm a slow fellow," said John. "I

Jewett frowned again.
"Better imitate that lively roommate of yours a little," he said. "B!