

"Well, it seems to be a monstrous assault, Richard, and you must speak to the squire about it."

"Oh, no, I shan't," Richard said hastily; "I don't want any row about it, and I will pay him off some other way. I could lick him easy enough if it had been a fair fight, only he knocked me down before I was on my guard. No, I shan't say anything about it."

But Richard's tutor on thinking the matter over determined to speak to the squire. Only the evening before Mr. Linthorne had surprised him by asking him several questions as to Richard's progress and conduct, and had said something about examining him himself, to see how he was getting on. This had caused Mr. Robertson no little alarm, for he knew that even the most superficial questioning would betray the extent of Richard's ignorance, and he had resolved that henceforth he would endeavor to assert his authority and to insist upon Richard's devoting a certain portion of each day regularly to study. Should the squire meet the boy anywhere about the house he must at once notice the condition of his face, and even if he did not meet him he could not fail to notice it on Sunday when he sat beside him in the pew. It would be better, therefore, that he should at once report the matter to him. Without saying a word to Richard of his intentions he therefore went to the squire's study and told him what had taken place as he had learned it from Richard. The squire listened silently.

"Very well, Mr. Robertson, you were quite right to tell me about it; of course I cannot suffer my nephew to be treated in this manner, at the same time I am sorry that it was Walsham's son. I don't know anything about the boy, and should not know him even by sight, but I had an esteem for his father, who was a hard-working man, and I believe clever; he used to attend here whenever any of the servants were ill, and I had intended to do something for