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BELLS for
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way that I began to feel that some-
thing must be wrong.

"Teddy Hallam," says one of
them at last, "I never thought you'd
do that kind of thing."

"What kind of thing?" I asked
him.

"Now don't begin to try and make
us believe that you don't know what
we mean. Didn't you take Arthur
Williams' puzzle box?"

"I never took anything," I said,
'and I'll lick the first boy that says
I did.'

"Don't be so cocksure," said an-
other boy. "I saw it myself in your
pocket."

"Turn out your pockets and let
us see," said all the boys together.

"You know, mother," continued
Teddy, "I felt perfectly innocent and
so did just as they said, and you may
imagine how I felt when there, sure
enough, in one of my pockets was
the long-lost box. How it came there
I can't even imagine. I didn't know
what to say, and stood looking like
a fool, until Arthur came forward
with such a look of disappointment
and disgust and took it out of my
hand. Then they all turned away and
left me, and have scarcely looked at
me or spoken to me ever since.

"And oh, mother," he went on, as
the full consequences of his position
began to dawn more clearly upon
him, "what will I do?" I can't stand
it, and I can't go back to school.
If I say now that I saw Mark Fisher
with it the boys will not believe me.
They will think that I am only saying
that to get him into trouble and clear
myself. Nobody will ever believe me
again, mother, will they?" and in his
imagination the boy saw himself an
outcast, shunned and suspected for
all time.

His mother realized to the full the
gravity of the situation in which her
boy had been so strangely placed.
She felt even more keenly than he
did—because she was looking at it
from a larger experience—something
of what he would have to suffer be-
fore the guilty party was found out,
if, indeed, anything to relieve it
would ever come to light. Still she
did not want him to begin to tell tales
now that he had kept it so long and
so manfully to himself, and besides,
she knew, just as he had said, that
the chances were very few would
believe him. She knew, too, that it
would never do for him to stay away
from school. That would be coward-
ly, and would look as if he were
guilty. Then he could not afford to
get behind in his studies. So she
reasoned with him, showing him just
what he would have to do, and next
morning got him to start off to school
as usual.

We can imagine for ourselves what
kind of a time Teddy had from that
on. He was made to suffer all kinds
of slights and little, petty persecu-
tions at the hands of the boys, some
of the meaner ones making it especi-
ally uncomfortable for him at every
possible opportunity. If he proposed
to play some special game, the way
he used to do when he was a leader
among them, very few were willing
to join him in it, and the ones who
did, did it more because they pitied

him than anything else. Sometimes,
when he went to join a group of boys
who were standing together, it cut
him to the heart to hear someone
whisper—of course, loud enough for
him to catch it—"Look out for your
pockets, boys."

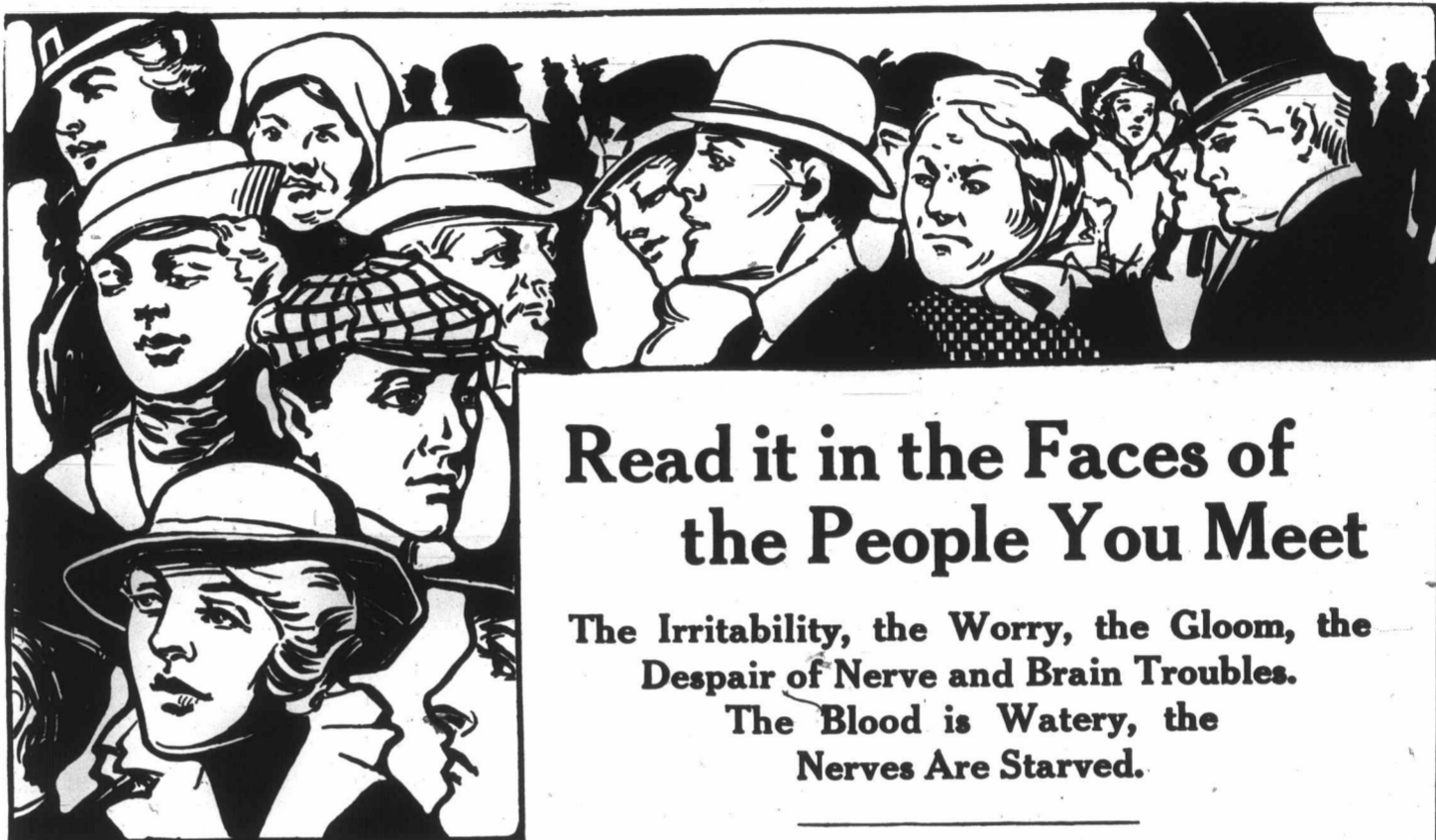
Even his teacher seemed to join
with the rest, becoming very cool
towards him and never asking him
to do anything, whereas before Teddy
had been one of his favourite pupils.
For a boy like him, manly as he was
and sensitive as he was, this kind of

thing was simply awful. It is no
wonder that many a time he felt as
if he couldn't stand it a day longer.

Time and again, when some of
them had been especially nasty to
him and kept putting it up to him
"to confess like a man that he had
stolen the box," he would come home
from school dejected and nearly
broken-hearted, and, throwing him-
self down on the sitting-room floor,
where his mother was, would exclaim,
"Mother, I cannot, I cannot stand it."
Indeed, if it had not been for her

sympathy, her constant help and
comfort, it is doubtful whether he
would have been able to hold out as
long as he did. But Teddy had a
wise as well as a loving mother, and
she was anxious that her boy should
be strong and brave and self-for-
getful, as well as being kind and
good. But, in spite of all, the time
continued to pass until Christmas
came, and in the excitement of holi-
days and presents the school trouble
was, for the moment, forgotten.

(To be Concluded.)



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Despair of Nerve and Brain Troubles.
The Blood is Watery, the
Nerves Are Starved.

This is the age of nervous troubles, of brain fag, of heart failure, of
paralysis and bodily weakness. You can read it in the faces of the people
you meet.

The business man, the factory hand, the professional man, the woman
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rible strain of modern life and keen competition. Nervous force is con-
sumed at a terrible rate, and the blood which must make good this loss
becomes thin and watery, lacking in quality as well as quantity.

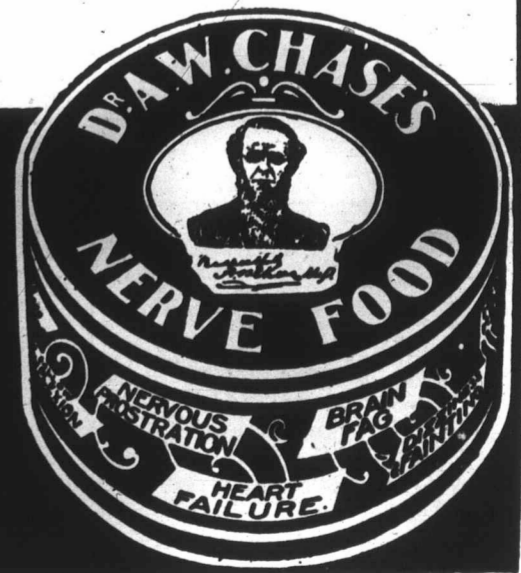
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