

Warre to the Fourth Form class-room, given a general introduction to his companions, and left to make their closer acquaintance for himself. They were assembled for third lesson, and unfortunately for him, Mr. Abbot, who was chronically unpunctual, almost broke the record on this occasion.

"Hello, young 'un! Isn't there some mistake? Sure you're not a Bleater?" asked Giffard, a handsome well set up youngster, with rollicking eyes, and hair which might be called yellow or red according to the taste—or temper—of the person describing it. For the uninitiated, if any such there be, it may be as well to explain that "Bleaters" was the generic name given to the fags of St. Osyth's by their superiors.

"Mr. Warre said I was to be in the Fourth. I think it's all right," said the new boy, taking him literally.

"But suppose we think it all wrong? and suppose we don't see letting a kid like you set himself up here?" retorted Berkeley, a particular chum of Giffard's, who always followed his lead.

"Jolly cool, I call it!" laughed Ogle, a member of the Modern Side and an inhabitant of "Yaegers," the despised house in which, but for the paternal intervention, Hythe himself would have been domiciled.

Giffard turned on him rudely. "You