

been here many terms, Phil inquired, turning to Crawford, who understood him, as he replied, "three terms."

"What's it like?" eagerly. "Is there much fun? Does Mr. Chauncy lick you much? Is he your teacher?"

"Mr. Chauncy isn't anybody's teacher," replied Crawford, replying to the last question in a tone that implied sincere pity for such profound ignorance as that displayed by his questioner. "He just looks after things; there are two teachers that attend to the classes; he licks us though, but not much; he is a bully old fellow; won't let the masters touch the boys; always does it himself," meaning the thrashing.

"Is that little chap going too?" he queried, surveying Reggy, who, during the conversation, had been gravely drinking it in with wide open eyes.

The little fellow drew back shyly, and stationed himself behind his brother.

"It's pretty rough for such a little beggar."

Reg looked grieved, he did not like the notion of being called a beggar.

"No, he just came down with us; he is going back with my Uncle."

Here the conversation was interrupted by Mr. Morel calling his Nephew.

"Stay by the trunks," he said as Phil came over, "I must see about getting to the school; get a boat I suppose; what boys were those, have you seen them before?"

"No, Sir, but I heard one of them say something about the school; so I thought I'd ask him whether he had been there: there is a big boat coming over, he said was the school boat,—perhaps it's coming for us; the fellow with the straw hat knows," he added, as Mr. Morel started to inquire.

"What did that boy call me a little beggar for?" said Reggy indignantly, "do I look like one?" he had been brooding over this, and nearly bursting to think that any boy would dare to say such a thing; "if I were you and any fellow said that, I'd lick him;" and he looked fixedly at Phil to see the effect of this assertion.

But his brother laughed long and furiously at Reg's conception of the term as applied to him.