

with reference to the volunteers and school, he was saluted with a "good morning; where are you off to in such a hurry? School?"

Looking up, he discovered his uncle Horace standing before him with an amused expression on his face, as if he half suspected the true state of the case, knowing Phil's failing; "where are your books?"

The boy, in reply to this question, looked up with stubbornness written on every line of his face.

"I ain't going to school,—going somewhere else to-day."

"Did you get permission? Ah, I thought as much," as the boy's eyes dropped before the steady gaze of the man.

Mr. Morel took him by the arm and quietly led him into the house. "Alice," he explained, as he stepped into the room with his charge, "it seems to me I have caught a runaway." "No such thing," interposed grandmother, who made her appearance; "the boy only wanted a holiday." Phil looked up thankfully, with an inward conviction that, as Paddy would say, there was going to be a diversion. Mr. Morel shrugged his shoulders, and made a grimace at the interruption.

"Where was he?" inquired Mrs. Blair.

"By the gate, going like a madman. I doubted the wisdom of getting in his way for fear of a collision."

"Not a runaway, though," replied Mrs. Blair quietly, but evidently annoyed at the old lady's lack of wisdom; "now Philip," she continued a little sternly, "go up stairs at once and get yourself ready for school."

"I ain't going," he growled, sullenly kicking the floor with one foot; "I guess I can have a holiday sometimes as well as the other fellows."

"You have too many, that is the real trouble;" said his uncle, "now sir, be off and mind your mother."

"You haven't any right to boss me," replied the boy defiantly, but started off, having a wholesome fear of his uncle's arm before his eyes.

"I wish you would go up to the school with him, Horace," said Mrs. Blair, after Philip left the room.

"If you think it necessary."

"Well, you know he is so stubborn, and has that notion about the volunteers in his head. I really believe he would go anywhere to be with them; why, he wanted me to let him join as a bugler—