

"I waited for him next day with a cricket stump. There was an awful row, because I let him have it a bit too hard ; but I've not been shut up since. That bed is a beast. It collapses." He chuckled. "Young Kinloeh won't find it quite as soft as the ones at White Ladies. Well, like the rest of us, he'll have to take Dirty Dick's as he finds it."

The bolt had fallen.

John asked in a quavering voice, "Then it is called that?"

"Called what?"

"This house. Dirty Diek's!"

Scaife smiled cynically. He looked about a year older than John, but he had the air and manners of a man of the world—so John thought. Also, he was very good-looking, handsomer than Desmond, and in striking contrast to that smiling, genial youth, being dark, almost swarthy of complexion, with strongly-marked features and rather coarse hands and feet.

"Everybody here calls it Dirty Diek's," he replied curtly.

John stared helplessly.

"But," he muttered, "I heard, I was told, that the Manor was the best house in the school."

"It used to be," Scaife answered. "To-day, it comes jolly near being the worst. The fellows in other houses are decent; they don't rub it in; but, between ourselves, the Manor has gone to pot ever since Dirty Dick took hold of it. Damer's is the swell house now."

John began to unstrap his portmanteau. Scaife puzzled him. For instance, he displayed