

Hittites had always been "bad 'uns." Under Nugent's rule they were the limit!

Last and least—immeasurably least—was Mr. Yago's, or "Yaegers" as it was called. Here, as we know, the Moderns had always predominated, while the sprinkling of Classics the house contained made no secret of being ashamed of the connection. Ogle, its head, hadn't enough back-bone, moral or otherwise, to lift the place from the slough of despond into which it had fallen, though Phillpott, crabbed old fighting Phillpott, was always at him to do something. As a matter of fact, Ogle was more than half on the other side. He had always had secret yearnings to be taken up by the elect, and was continually making small advances to them, which they systematically ignored. The whole thing used to make Phillpott sick, but it needed a cooler and less peppery fellow than he was to alter the state of affairs. Another sweet arrangement of the seniors of Yaegers was the rule which excluded all Juniors from the Modern side. Its effect on this particular house was to place the Bleaters in the unique position of belonging to a higher caste than their masters.

On the particular day of which we are writing—the day on which it all began to happen—old Joseph appeared at the Captain's study with a preternaturally long face.