

"O, yes ! I will," roared the other, and that instant Louis was sputtering in a perfect rush of the bright water, while the group of boys exploded with laughter.

This was too much for Louis' fiery temper, and he sprang at Martin, shaking his wet head like a Newfoundland dog and grappling him fiercely. But, after all, it was a friendly tussle. Louis had far too much sense to take the rough joke seriously, and by the time he and Martin had rolled about on the grass awhile, each trying to get the other under ; by the time they had thumped each other a time or two, in boyish fashion, the bell rang, and they went into the schoolroom as good friends as ever.

But something had happened in that sham battle, unknown to anybody except Bustle, the pug, and even he did not know much about it. Martin's bag strap gave way in the scuffle, his books tumbled out on the ground, and a closely written sheet of paper, caught by a breeze in search of a play fellow, began to play hopscotch over the grass. Bustle gave chase at first, but soon came to the conclusion that the thing had no wings, and went back to bark his earnest and applause at the wrestling match. Away went the paper, across the school's tennis court, through the iron fence railings into the road, there to be trampled deep into an early grave by a drove of cattle passing that way.

Meantime the school routine went on, and presently the teacher said : " Put up your books, boys ; I am going to let you decide now who shall get the English prize for the quarter. Martin and Louis—as some of you know—got the same mark on examination, so I gave them each a composition to write last night, and I am now going to read them to the English class, without the name, of course, and let the class award the prize."

There was great excitement amongst the boys, much shuffling of feet, embarrassed coughing, conscious grinning, while Louis got his paper ready and waited to march up to the desk with Martin.

But where was Martin's paper ? You and I know that it was being trampled under dusty hoofs, but Martin was perfectly sure that it was in his algebra. No. Well,