

looking wistfully at them. "I wonder if they have been there before? I'd like to know and see what they think of it!" While he was thus meditating, his brother called his attention to a large and handsome boat that was rapidly approaching the wharf, pulled by two men in working clothes; a boy, who appeared to be about fifteen, held the tiller ropes, which he handled with the ease of one experienced.

"That's one of the school boats, Jerry," said the larger of the two boys, in a tone that Phil could plainly hear, and from the manner in which it was spoken, he at once shrewdly guessed the speaker had been there before.

"See that fellow in the stern?" he continued, with a rapid, furtive, side glance to note if Phil was listening, and for whose benefit it was said, quite as much as for his companion, "that's Monkey."

"What a name," rejoined Jerry simply, laboring under the impression that the object of their conversation had inherited his peculiar title in the ordinary manner.

"Hoh! you're nov," with a little snort, expressive of mild contempt, "that ain't his right name, you know; they just call him that, he is such a comical nut; right name is Charley Ferris; he is the best fellow to steer in the school, and bully at cricket. I guess that's a new chap," he went on, changing his voice to a whisper that could be heard twice as far as the tone he had been previously using, and raising his hand in the direction of Phil, who heard him distinctly, and resolved to have a talk on school matters.

"Are you fellows going to school?" he said, walking towards them.

"Yes," they replied together. "You?"

"Yes."

"Have you been there before?"

"He has," answered the one known as Jerry, nodding towards his companion. "I haven't though; my first term. What's your name?"

"Phil Blair. What's yours?"

"Jerry Strickland, and this is my cousin, Ted Crawford." So the acquaintance was made.

"Have you been here much before?" evidently meaning had he