

"I'm awfully sorry for you, and hope it will turn up."

With that Tubbs ran off to escape the collector.

"H'm" and "Phew" went the collector.

"And what do you say now?"

"That Tubbs is as innocent of it as you are."

"I'm sure I hope so; but, as old Harper says about Aristophanes, 'there are various ways of taking the passage, some of which we will now proceed to consider.'"

"I distinctly refuse to consider the possibility that Tubbs could be such a low-minded cad as to steal my half-sov. unless he confesses to it, or else I find him with it."

"Heroics, heroics of the first water. I wish I had as much faith in human nature in general, and Tubbs in particular. But I can't trust fellows who bet; and I won't, that's more. I know he bets."

Tubbs' sudden flight from the collector had not secured its object, for as soon as dinner was over he was run to earth in the Library, fortunately for him, when no one else was there.

"Hullo, Tubbs! lucky for me. I've been after you ever so long about this 'teapot.' What are you going to do?"

"Hand over the list," and then, as Tubbs perused it, and saw that all the Upper School were giving ten shillings each, he decided to chance winning his bet, and said, "Put me down ten bob; but I can't pay you to-day."

"All right, Saturday will do," replied the collector. This was what he said; what he thought was something of this kind: "It isn't all right, it's all wrong. You can pay me now. You've got Prior's half-sov. in your pocket, you contemptible thief!"

In thinking thus he was utterly wronging poor Tubbs. It was indeed his own entire unconsciousness of suspicion that led him

to put his name down for ten shillings. He was innocent, and it simply never entered his head that Prior or the collector would suspect him of stealing; but he was most anxious to keep the betting to himself.

The collector conceived an intense desire to rush on Tubbs, upset him, shake him by the heels till the half-sovereign rolled out of his pockets—then, keeping him prostrate on the ground, he would deliver an address; then, raising him to his feet, would carry him off to Prior, and leave him to settle the matter.

But there was one great objection to this course—viz., that the collector was a weakly stripling, whereas Tubbs was a sturdy sapling.

The sense of right adds a measure even of physical strength to a man sometimes, but it does not enable seven stone to catch hold of ten stone and dangle it by the heels.

So he put aside his virtuous and warlike intent, and strode away more convinced than ever that all fellows who gambled were cads.

However, he would go and see Prior. He knew Tubbs was safe in the Library, so up he went, three steps at once.

"Well, Prior, have you found your half-sov.?"

"No; I've told the Matron, and we've hunted the place over. No one seems to have come up during the morning. It's gone, and bad luck go with it."



"NOW CLEAR OUT!"