

please God, I won't return evil for evil, though it does seem very hard."

The days passed, and the prizes were to be distributed on the Saturday; but when that day came, and no one called to say how the eventful distributions had been made, William Maynard felt both sad and lonely. It seemed so heartless of them all not to come to him with the news of the day, when they knew he was so anxious to obtain full information. It must have been quite late in the evening when he heard the bedroom door opened gently, and a voice, that he failed at first to recognize, asked softly, "May I come in?"

In obedience to his prompt invitation, the figure approached the bed and knelt down beside it, apparently in great distress. Maynard could not control his curiosity longer, and, drawing aside for a moment the bandage from his uninjured eye, he saw kneeling at his bedside no other than Drewitt himself.

"Oh, Maynard! I can hardly ask your forgiveness; but I could remain away from you no longer. I haven't had a moment's peace since that Saturday I struck you with the ball. I told lies then, and I've been telling them ever since, until I feel just as a fellow must who has committed a murder. Oh, do forgive me!—say you can forgive me, for my heart feels just as if it would burst!"

"I have tried to forgive you ever since you struck me, Drewitt," said his companion, very gently and very earnestly.

"And you saw me throw the ball, then, Maynard?"

"Yes," said he, "I did."

"And yet you never split on me, and you sent word to the other fellows not to hiss me to-day—one of them told me so; and I felt as if my heart was bursting when he said it."

Maynard's thoughts made him for a moment speechless;