

Perhaps the queerly buttoned-up coat suggested something of the sort to Emerson; for he paused, drawing the whip through his hand.

"Remove your coat," said he.

The boy started, for the first time moved from his Spartan calm. His hands went hesitantly to the pin, and dropped to his side again. A red flush deepened the tint of the weathered young face, and a dangerous gleam came into the brown eyes. Every child in the room knew that, for some reason, here his obedience ended.

"Will you remove that coat?" demanded Courtright commandingly. He saw the boy's shoulders resolutely square themselves; but for all that, he expected Morgan to yield. Instead, he turned like a prize-fighter taking position in the ring; his eyes looked straight into those of his opponent, and his voice was firm as he gave the unexpected reply:

"No, I won't!"

Emerson's color heightened in its turn, as the passion, which speeds most punishment, rose at this challenge.

"I shall give you two minutes in which to take it off," said he, laying his watch on the desk. "It will be better for you to do it. At the end of two minutes, if you have not taken it off, I shall do it. You have already added to your punishment; I advise you not to make it worse for yourself."

The boys knew well that the young college man was far superior to his pupil in both strength and skill, as well as in age and size. But they knew, too, the disadvantage under which he would labor in an endeavor forcibly to remove the coat of the boy who

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