

principal of the school. I am assured that Mr. French can enforce his own rules, and he shall be supported by my influence to the extent of expelling any scholar who is insubordinate."

The boys exchanged glances—and in the gymnasium afterward Harlow spoke up.

"Let Mr. French try it. We made the school too hot to hold Sandy McBean and maybe we can do the same for Mr. French."

On the Sunday, at dinner, Mr. French appeared. He was a slight, delicate-looking young man. It was a week or two before Mr. French made known his new code of rules. There was to be no flogging—but when the limits of demerits was reached expulsion was to follow.

In his classes Harlow went his way, winning demerits with all the carelessness in the world. Mr. French could not have had a more dangerous rebel among the boys than Harlow.

Every week the demerits were read out—and every week showed a startling increase in Harlow's number. He was not actively insolent. Insolence, he declared, was only fit for cads. He would make the issue with Mr. French without saying an uncivil word—and he did it. As it was merely a question of mathematical progression when he would receive the maximum of demerits, Harlow figured out that the second week in April would bring the crisis—and so it turned out.

One afternoon, therefore, early in April, Harlow was summoned to Mr. French's room by a polite message. He sent an equally polite reply, but he did not move until he had finished the chapter he was reading in 'The Three Musketeers.' Then, with a conscious swagger, he went to Mr. French's study and tapped on the door.

"Come in," said Mr. French. The vice-principal was seated at a large table, and wore a perfectly calm and business-like air. Harlow expected to appeal to his feelings, and had prepared a speech of defiance and an impassioned appeal to Dr. Hertford. But apparently there was no room for either, as Mr. French merely handed him a slip of paper, upon which was his record—one hundred demerits.

"One hundred demerits," said Harlow, calmly. "I believe that means expulsion, sir."

"It does," answered Mr. French coolly.

There was a pause. Apparently the conversation was closed on both sides.

"Well, Mr. Harlow," said Mr. French presently, in the same business-like voice, "I think it would be well for you to make your preparations to leave. I have no wish to hurry you, but your position here must be an uncomfortable one after this."

"I should like to communicate with my father first, sir," said Harlow, after a moment.

"For money, I presume—but that you will be provided with. Your father has already been communicated with by Dr. Hertford himself. I myself will write to your father also. It will give me pleasure to say that, although your insubordination makes your presence undesirable in the school, that I have never known you to be guilty of lying, or personal insolence, or any of those things which put a young man outside the pale of gentlemen. Your train leaves at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. You will be released from all studies and rules in order to prepare for your departure. I regret it, but I can say no more. Good afternoon, Mr. Harlow."

Harlow found himself standing in the corridor, he knew not how. Here was promptness with a vengeance. He turned over in his amazed mind what he was to do; and there was nothing left for him to do as far as he could see, except to pack his trunk and leave. However, he went into the gymnasium and told the news calmly enough to the other boys.

The effect was stunning. Harlow was their pride, their pet, their leader—and as Dr. Hertford had carefully instilled into them certain notions of honor, they all felt keenly the disgrace that was about to befall Harlow. The world would not know what he was expelled for—it might be suspected that it was something actually disreputable, instead of mere insubordination. Harlow looked around the familiar room and at the friendly, boyish faces, and then he went out, ostensibly to get his things together.

A blank silence fell upon the boys left behind. Binford, who was notoriously level-headed, said after a while:

"When a fellow is expelled from school it follows him to college, and follows him in his profession or his business, and is always raked up against him."

Here little Maitland spoke up:

"Maybe if all of us were to go to Mr. French and beg for Harlow he'd listen to us."

A howl of derision went up from all except Binford, who quietly remarked:

"Maybe the kid's right after all."

It was finally agreed that they should go in a body to Mr. French, unknown to Harlow, and intercede. After supper, therefore, in their recreation time, the whole school marched in a body to Mr. French's study, and on being asked their business politely, Binford made a calm but telling appeal for Harlow. He reminded Mr. French that Harlow had not lied or deceived him in any way or taken advantage of a classmate. Mr. French at once acknowledged that there was a wide difference between disobedience and knavery. "But," he said, "I call you all to witness if Mr. Harlow did not have ample warning as to where his course would lead him?"

"He did, sir," answered Binford for the boys.

"Then," said Mr. French, "in justice to those who made an effort to obey the rules, Mr. Harlow ought to go."

This was received in silence, as everybody knew the truth of it.

"But," said Mr. French after a pause, "there is one condition upon which Mr. Harlow may have another chance. It is this—that every one of you, including Mr. Harlow, will agree to obey the rules as completely and as faithfully as possible, from now until the end of the session."

The boys looked at one another for a moment, and then walked solemnly two by two into the next room. There was a subdued sound of voices for a few moments, and then the door opened and the boys filed in gravely, with Binford as spokesman at their head.

Binford's answer simply was:

"We agree, sir, to the conditions you propose."

"Then, gentlemen," said Mr. French rising, "all we want is Mr. Harlow's consent, and we will have him here in a moment."

Harlow walked in, looking very pale, but unflinching. As Mr. French told him of the effort of his schoolmates his face changed. A deep flush of gratitude came into it, and in spite of his usual self-control he was so nearly overcome when he made his part of the promise that Mr. French, with much tact, proposed that they should ratify the agreement before Dr. Hertford.

The doctor was sitting in his library trying to read, but in his heart troubled and distressed about Harlow. Mr. French stated the case. When he had finished, Harlow, who had recovered his composure, spoke.

"I don't know how to express my gratitude for what my classmates have done, sir, but I can never forget it."

"You never should forget it, Mr. Harlow," answered Dr. Hertford, gravely.

"I think, Mr. Harlow, as it is a very serious promise, that we will poll the school," said Mr. French—and every boy was asked separately if he understood his promise and would observe it individually. Each one answered promptly "yes."

And their promise was kept.—'The American Boy.'

THE SAVINGS OF THE CLANCYS

The sun, a fiery-looking disc, hung low in the western sky, and gave a brassy glow to some lumpy clouds which were just peeping above the horizon. A smoky haze clinging to the landscape added to the appearance of dust and heat and dryness.

On the top of the hill Pat Clancy pulled the mare up, and, wiping his brow, looked back to where Wellington, Australia, lay in the distance—lay blistering in the glare of the slowly departing sun—Wellington, that in good, or even fair, seasons, was quite famous for its crops, wheat and otherwise; then he turned to Mrs. Clancy and said: "It's a bad look-out this time, Norry"—her name was Nora—"there'll be no wheat. Fancy the middle of November an' wheat only a foot high an' ripenin' fast. There'll be no wheat this season."

"An' not much of anything else, Pat, I'm afraid," responded Mrs. Clancy.

"I don't know what we'll do."

"Oh, sure, Pat, it may rain any time; God's good," said Mrs. Clancy consolingly.

"Yes," said Clancy; "but somehow, even when it does rain we don't seem able to lay anything by."

"That's true; but still, Pat, there's many families worse off."

It was running through Mrs. Clancy's mind that things might be easily worse. In the little black bag which was slung on her arm was there not a receipt