

OGILVIE WHITTLECHURCH

CHAPTER I.

"There will be no half-holiday this afternoon."

It was Dr. Layton of Olswick grammar school who spoke. His audience consisted of the ushers and pupils of that establishment.

The announcement was not altogether unexpected. In fact, two young gentlemen were already secretly congratulating themselves on having got off so easily. But their hopes were destined to be dashed to the ground—the doctor has not finished. How much does he know?

"I said, young gentlemen," he continued, "that there would be no half-holiday; but I speak with a reservation. If I can possibly avoid it, it is not my plan to punish the whole school for the fault of a few of its members. I call on those boys who robbed Mr. Hodges' orchard yesterday to give me their names. Unless I am greatly mistaken, they will do so. Will those boys stand up?"

Amidst a breathless silence, two lads stood up in their places.

"Is there no one else?" asked the doctor.

Then every one looked at every one else; the big boys began to look very fierce, and the small ones to look very red.

"I have reason to know that there is another boy who ought to be standing up. I will give him a minute to do so."

The doctor took him to his watch. What an age that sixty seconds seemed!

"Ogilvie Whittlechurch, stand up."

The boy addressed was a slender delicate little fellow in the first form, but with an open and intelligent face, not at all the face of a sneak. Scarcely seeming to take in what was happening, he obeyed, and then, seeing the gaze of the whole school concentrated on himself, burst into tears.

"I am sorry," said the doctor sternly, "very sorry to find that there is a boy in my school who can descend to a lie—to find a boy who is mean enough to see his companions punished while he himself goes free. The school may dismiss now, and leave their books out. There will be no half-holiday; we will resume work at three o'clock—Parkins, Rimington and Whittlechurch, go to my study."

Fifty boys do not allow themselves to be robbed of an afternoon's cricket without some retaliation; and many were the threats indulged in of "bed-room lickings" and "monitor thrashings" to be afterwards administered to the unhappy Whittlechurch. Besides, to do them justice, English schoolboys have a strong sense of honor; and if a master will but show by his conduct that he appreciates and trusts in this sense, public opinion is always against a boy who takes advantage of him.

There had been a paper-chase the day before, and the hares on their return journey had passed Hodges' orchard with the hounds close on their heels. Of course, at this, the most exciting part of the whole chase, none of the bigger boys, nor the good runners among the smaller ones, would have turned aside for the orchard in the county. But the three unfortunate who were interviewing the doctor were known to have straggled early in the day, and nothing was more likely than that they had yielded to the temptation of lightening some of the overladen apple trees; their golden burden, more especially as Farmer Hodges was the avowed enemy of the school, and was said to have charge of a dog next big to have acquainted with his anti-whip. But the doctor had "bowed out" Whittlechurch, no one could imagine.

Presently, the school bell rang, and all trooped in again and took their places as before. Parkins and Rimington were already in theirs, looking very sore and uncomfortable; but Whittlechurch was not in the room. When every one was seated, the doctor tapped his desk for silence, and proceeded to address the school. "Whittlechurch is expelled. He persisted in denying his guilt; and as I have often told you that I will not be responsible for the charge of a liar, had no course but to send him back to his father. That he was guilty, there can be no doubt. When Mr. Hodges' complaint reached me yesterday afternoon, I walked over to his farm, I went to the orchard, and there I saw his full name—Ogilvie Whittlechurch, out on an apple tree. The work was quite recent; it could not have been done more than a couple of hours at most; and in the face of this evidence he still refused to admit that he had been in the orchard—Let this be a warning to you, young gentlemen. Never be tempted to tell a lie. If you do, you will most assuredly be obliged to tell a score more to substantiate it. But were you to tell a thousand, the end will be always the same—detention."

While the fifty or so young gentlemen at the Olswick grammar school were poring over their books in the worst of tempers, and looking wistfully out of the windows at the cricket pitch, which now appeared doubly green and smooth—while, in short, these youthful aristocrats were extremely miserable, some twenty little paupers, inmates of the Olswick Union, were in the very wildest of high spirits. "The board" had just concluded its annual inspection, also its annual luncheon, and its annual cigars—the last two forming, by the way, a very considerable item in the annual bill chargeable to the ratifiers—and everything having gone smoothly, the chairman had requested the master of the workhouse to allow the old paupers a ration of tobacco and to give the children a half-holiday.

"Ooray! Ooray! Chuck 'er up!" shouted one little ragamuffin—"Ooray! Ooray! Ooray!" cried another.

"Where's Ogilvie Whittlechurch with them happl'es?" cried another.

"Sh-sh, yer softy! Dyer want to git 'im mischief? Ogilvie took the happl'es over to the meadow. You come along a-me and we'll 'ave a blow-out!" So saying, the last two speakers separated from their companions, and running round behind the workhouse, cautiously crossed the garden. This brought them to a stone wall, over which they clambered, and here, were now in the meadow, and here, were enough, sitting close to the wall, they found another little fellow waiting for them.

his early workhouse training. As for the others, he did not love him more and more each year, and now blesses the impulse which prompted him to secure himself the solace and happiness of a son's society, and raved him in all probability from that terrible affliction, a joyless old age. His worldly fortune, it is true, is now considerably less than was. The reason, speculation, in which, like many other retired officers of comfortable means who feel keenly the want of occupation, he had been tempted to engage. However, he still had enough to live on; but, for his son's sake he regretted that it was not more.

From Eton, Ogilvie passed into Woolwich, and from Woolwich he was gazetted lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. His detachment was stationed at Leith, where they were employed re-erecting the submarine defences of that port. When the main part of the work had been completed, several of the officers, Ogilvie among the number, sent in their applications for leave, which were approved in due course. His plans were to devote to himself a short walking-tour in the neighborhood, which he had hardly as yet had time to see at all; and then to spend the rest of his leave with his father. Accordingly, one fine June morning, stick in hand and knapsack on back, he started on his travels. It was quite early, and, except for a few workmen, the streets were practically deserted. There were also a few sailors hanging about the dockyard gates. One of these latter, a man with a high forehead, a wide, smiling mouth, and a pair of big sea-boots, as well as an indescribable something about his dress and carriage, attracted Ogilvie's attention. He was about middle height, solidly built, with a short thick neck, and a pair of big sea-boots, as well as an indescribable something about his dress and carriage, attracted Ogilvie's attention. He was about middle height, solidly built, with a short thick neck, and a pair of big sea-boots, as well as an indescribable something about his dress and carriage, attracted Ogilvie's attention.

He was a delightful morning, bright and clear, and under a blue sky, with a few light clouds, he stepped out briskly. When clear of the town, he stopped for a minute to adjust his straps at his knapsack, and while doing so, had leisure to inspect the sailor, who was a few paces off. His appearance was certainly not in his favor. He was about middle height, solidly built, with a short thick neck, and a pair of big sea-boots, as well as an indescribable something about his dress and carriage, attracted Ogilvie's attention.

"Ogilvie Whittlechurch, sir," he muttered. "Well, Ogilvie Whittlechurch, run back to the workhouse and tell the master that I want to speak to him. Do you understand? Tell him that Colonel Forward wishes to speak to him."

"Oh, please, sir, we wasn't doing no 'arm. Leastways, the other two wasn't. You'll only tell 'im of me, sir? Will yer?"

"What do you mean my lad? I don't understand."

"Ain't yer goin' to tell 'im to whack us for comin' in the meadow, but you'll only tell 'im of me? Will yer, sir?"

"Oh I see—All right, my boy, I won't say anything about the others. Now, off you run, and fetch the master—Eton! Heaven!" muttered the colonel as he stretched out his leg, which was rather painful, "but I like that youngerster extremely."

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SYPHILIS CURED. "This terrible blood disease was in my system for eight years. I was in great pain, and I was in great fear. I was told that I was watched from the grave, and I was in great fear. I was told that I was watched from the grave, and I was in great fear. I was told that I was watched from the grave, and I was in great fear.

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MR. GRATEBAR ON HAPPINESS.

FACTS ABOUT THE QUEEN.

Her Majesty was crowned on June 28, 1838.

Her Majesty was born at 4 a. m., May 24, 1819.

Her Majesty's first child (Princess Royal) was born November 21, 1831.

Her Majesty's father, the Duke of Kent, was the fourth son of George III.

Her Majesty was married in the chapel of St. James' Palace, February 10, 1840.

The Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, died March 16, 1861, aged seventy-five.

Prince Consort died December 14 of the same year, aged seventy.

Her Majesty was confirmed July 29 in the Chapel Royal, St. James', by the then Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Queen will wear nothing but black gowns. Her Majesty only requires about two dozen pairs of gloves a year, each pair costing but 8s. 6d.

There is a tradition in the English Royal Family that boys must wear the Highland costume until the Queen deems proper to order a change.

Among her most favorite treasures and reminiscences of the past, the Queen keeps a brooch which once belonged to Robert Bruce of Scotland.

CARING FOR THE EYES.

When the eyes ache, close them for five minutes. After wiping them with a clean cloth, wash them with rosewater over them for five minutes. When they are bloodshot, close them for five minutes. When they are yellow and the pupils dull, consult your doctor about your diet.

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