

"Poor Reggie! I don't think so. Oh, Maurice would be dreadfully disappointed."

"When will the letter come?"

"Perhaps to-morrow." There was a long pause, and then Constance said,—

"Ernest, why didn't you get that prize? I wanted you to, so much."

"I'll tell you, Connie, only a fellow doesn't like being made a fool of before every one. Well, I did try, I tried harder than I ever tried about anything before, and I nearly got it; only a boy that I never thought could get it, a stupid lazy fellow that we all hate, called Arthur Forrester, answered all of a sudden better than me. It was the queerest thing, we never thought he was trying, and one morning he began to speak up, and every minute afterwards he was poring over his books. Even then, all the fellows said I was sure of it; but Forrester gained ground steadily and he got it. Some of the boys said he cheated, and I daresay he did, for