

I think he'd do anything. Fancy, he actually refused to join our cricket club, though I know he had money enough, for I saw him get a post-office order for a pound one day."

"Perhaps he wanted to do something else with his money."

"No, no, Connie; it was nothing but miserliness, for all he said was, when we looked at his beautiful prize, (it was 'Tales of a Grandfather,' bound in green leather and gold, a stunning book), "I wish it had been money, but this is better than nothing," and Connie, you would have laughed if you had seen the clumsy way he took it from the Doctor; he tried to bow, but it was more like a Sunday-school child would do it here, and then he let the book tumble, and got just scarlet; and all the other boys had been cheered, but there was a dead silence as he walked down the room, for no one wanted him to have it.

"Poor boy," said Constance.