

had laid by sufficient means to carry himself through college. Now it took all the force of his character to enable him to face the boys and to withstand their taunts and jeers; but his manly bearing and courteous ways won for him the respect of his teachers and the friendship of the upper classmen.

It was by one of the latter that he was induced to compete for the John Gascon prize, which was annually awarded for the best oration, the competition being open to the two lower classes. It was certainly worth working for, and the thought of the hundred dollars and how it would help him along stimulated him to his highest efforts. But there was another student at work who was far more confident of winning, Robert Radcliff, one of the editors of the *Pembroke Literary Monthly*, who was recognized as the best literary man in his class.

In some way it had become known that Stanford had entered the contest, but Radcliff, whose reputation kept all his classmates from entering, did not feel at all alarmed.

One evening toward the end of the term Stanford was sitting in his room completely disheartened. An unusually cruel thrust which he had received that day had unnerved him and he was ready to give up in despair. Suddenly he arose, put on his top coat, and started out, determined to call on Radcliff, who was the president of the Sophomore class, and try once more to vindicate himself. A few minutes' brisk walk brought him to the house, and, on asking for Robert, the servant, who took him to be one of Bob's chums, sent him up to the room. With throbbing heart he stood at the door and timidly rapped. No one came, but in his excitement he thought he heard a low "come in" and entered. A glance around the room showed him that no one was in, and he turned to go, when he noticed a paper which lay flaming on the edge of the open grate.

He saw at once that it must have fallen from the mantel above and stepped quickly across the room to save it, but before he could reach it the paper was nearly half burned. With boyish curiosity he bent down to examine the charred remains and discovered that it was Bob's oration.

Just then the door opened and Radcliff stepped in. The two boys faced each other in surprise, but as Bob caught sight of the half-burned paper in Harry's hand his dislike instantly led him to place the very worst interpretation on the suspicious evidence. Flushing hotly, it was only with the greatest effort that he con-