## School Stories.

### "FRENCHY."

(By W. W. Whitelock.)

(Author of "When the Heart is Young.")

The general opinion in the Norwood Military Academy was that "Frenchy" was a "bird." Exactly what a "bird" might be no one seemed to know; but there was no doubt that "Frenchy" belonged to the ornithological species "Frenchy's" real name was Faller—pronounced as though written Fallaire, with the accent on the final syllable—and he was instructor of the French and German languages. But except in addressing him the cadets always gave his name the English pronunciation, making it rhyme with "yaller." As regards him, the school was divided into two classes—those who hated him and those who admired him extravagantly. There was no intermediate class, as no one was lukewarm regarding him. But friends and enemies alike agreed that he was a "bird," and it depended entirely upon who gave expression to this opinion as to whether a complimentary or uncomplimentary interpretation was to be given to it. When Porges, for instance, announced in pompous manner his conviction of "Frenchy's" birdlike qualities, he was thereby understood to be giving voice to the utmost scorn of which the human heart is capable. But as this feeling was returned in full measure by the professor, the score between them might be considered balanced. Porges, indeed, was the only member of the second year French class who was unable to distract "Frenchy's" attention from the lesson by a reference to the Franco-Prussian War, and thereby to lead the exile to a long dissertation on the superiority of the French army as compared with the German, and a detailed explanation of the disasters of '71.

"Professor, I heard a man say yesterday that the German sailors could shoot all around the French sailors," some member of the class who had neglected to prepare the lesson would remark with an expression of innocence, and all the other unprepared boys would sigh with relief and settle themselves for the ensuing lecture on the merits of France. But when Porges, whose breast swelled far out in front, and whose head threatened to fall off backward from exaggerated self-importance, ventured to propound a similar question, he found himself ejected from the room so quickly by the irate Frenchman, who followed up the boy's retreating form with an unfortunately abortive elevation of the foot, that a week passed before Porges recovered his wonted supreme self-satisfaction.

"Mille tonnerres!" cried the enraged foreigner, storming up and down the room, but even in his excitement not forgetting to depress his toes in true military fashion, "I some day surely shall introduce my foot to him! He is a—a chump!"

"Frenchy" had no idea what a "chump" might be, but he knew that it was an uncomplimentary epithet, and therefore applicable to Porges. Nor did any of the boys experience the slightest desire to become acquainted with his foot in the manner suggested, as his boots were delicately pointed and admirably adapted to the punishment of offenders. Besides, no one had the least doubt that the owner of the boots would promptly visit any form of physical or moral punishment which most appealed to him at the moment on whoever aroused his ire. "Frenchy" was hardly of middle height, but thanks to extremely high heels and an admirably erect carriage, he conveyed the impression of physical importance. Moreover, as his breast and arm development was magnificent and his courage undoubted, the boys' good natured, indulgent feeling of affection for him was leavened with a wholesome amount of respect. His hair was jet black and always glistened with delicately scented oil; and his moustache, which his enemies said was dyed, was of the same glossy colour. To add to the interest of his personality was the mystery surrounding him. Who was he? Where did he come from? Why had he left the French army, to which it was tacitly assumed he had once belonged? No one had ever heard him refer directly to his own past, and what little was known of his former life had been gained from deduction. The cadets generally believed that he had been forced to leave the army on account of a duel in which he had killed his antagonist, and, as some averred, all four seconds as well.

"Frenchy" was a soldier, every inch of him, but in the role of battalion commander he could hardly be said to be a success.

"Carry ump!" he would cry in nasal tones as he stood facing the corps, and the result always proved disastrous to everyone's gravity.

"Right shoulder, ump! Forward, ump!"

Even the cadet officers failed on such occasions to keep straight faces, and the list of reports for "laughing on drill" which were read out the ensuing evening after supper was always twice as long as all the other reports combined.

"Frenchy" had early taken a fancy to Henry Haswell, and in his generous, spontaneous way had volunteered to give him private instruction in French. Of course, Henry promptly jumped at the offer. The results as regards the mysteries of French grammar were perhaps hardly what Henry had hoped for, but in the matter of the history of the war and in fencing, which had early displaced the quieter branch of study, the boy learned much in compensation for his neglected algebra and geometry.

"Whew!" panted "Frenchy" one evening after a particularly lively bout with the foils, "you learn too fas'. I become old. I rest me a little on ze bed."

So saying, he threw himself on the bed, on which he lay panting, with his mighty chest going up and down like a bellows, while Henry seated himself and began idly turning over the leaves of an illustrated French paper. Five minutes perhaps passed in silence, when a sudden exclamation from Henry caused "Frenchy" to look up.

"What's ze mattaire?" he began, when his eyes fell on the paper in the lad's hand. "Ah!" he exclaimed, in a different tone, "zat—zat's ze picture of my cousin. You find he looks like me?"

"Very much, Professor," replied Henry, with his eyes fixed on the picture of the handsome young officer in full cavalry uniform; "very much, like enough to be your younger brother."

Underneath the picture were these words, of which Henry had understood enough to grasp their general meaning:—

"Photograph of Count Adolphe de la Forterie, taken twenty years ago, just before his disastrous duel with his elder brother Henri in regard to their cousin, the present Comtesse de Sarmand, and now published for the first time. Count Adolphe is supposed to have fled to America, where it is said he had become a teacher in a girls' school."

"Frenchy" had arisen from the bed and now stood before Henry with pale, set face. He held out his hand for the paper.

"My cousin was much wronged," he said, simply, "and he revenged himself. Voila! But he have suffered much. Some day when you are older I will tell you about him. I zink he would do ze same to-day. But who knows?—perhaps not. He have suffered very much. And now you run to bed. I go to bed too. But you tell no one what about my cousin. Good-night."

## Children's Sayings.

Tommy: We've got a new baby at our house. Sally (with upturned nose): We don't want one; we've got a piano.

While walking in the suburbs the Bishop of Norwich met a little girl of about eight or nine, who asked, "Oh, please sir, will you open this gate for me?" The bishop, smiling on the demure little maiden, held back the gate for her to pass through, and when she thanked him with a smile he asked her if she was not big enough to open the garden gate herself. "Oh, yes, sir," she replied sweetly; "but, you see, the paint is wet and I should have dirtied my hands."

A gentleman went to a shop one day to buy something. It was early, and the shopkeeper and his little boy were alone in the house. The shopkeeper had to go upstairs to get his cashbox in order to procure some change, but before doing so he went into the little room next the shop and whispered to the boy, "Watch the gentleman that he don't steal anything," and, bringing him out, seated him on the counter. As soon as the shopkeeper returned the child sang out "Pa, he didn't steal anything; I watched him."

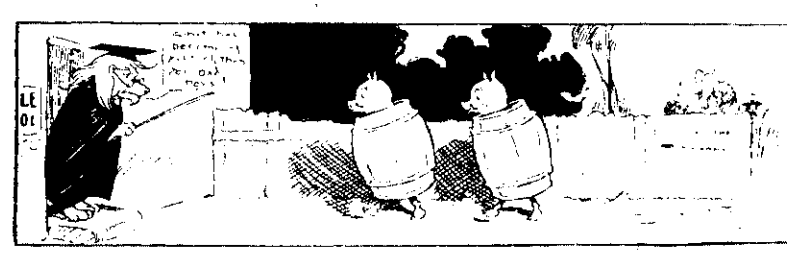
There was once a little girl of four years or less, of fractious, but affectionate disposition, and who had a sweet and patient elder sister named Lily. After putting the little one to bed one night their mother overheard her offering the following prayer: "Now, God, you know I can't be good, but give me a hundred chances, and then if I'm not good to Lil let me die!"

## JUNGLE JINKS.

THE BOARS GO BATHING AGAINST ORDERS, AND ARE SORRY FOR IT AFTERWARDS.

Hallo! here are those two young tell-tale Boars having a dip in the wet water against Dr. Lion's orders," exclaimed Jumbo. "Step quietly, boys, we may have some fun. Instead of throwing these barrels into the river we'll collar the Boars' clothes and run off with them." "Yes, yes!" chortled Bruin and Jacko. "They'll get in a fearful rage when they find nothing but barrels to wear."


"Now's our time!" whispered Jumbo, as he set down a barrel and snatched up the Boars' clothes from off the grass. "I should so like to stop and see their sweet faces when they find their clothes gone; but, unfortunately, I'm in a hurry," sniggered Bruin, as he scampered away with somebody's coat under his arm. "Me, too!" panted young Hare. "Why where—— Who has—— What's become of our things?" squeaked the elder porker as they scrambled on to dry land. "Somebody's taken them!" cried his brother Willy.



Strange to say, the Boars couldn't find their clothes anywhere, though they searched and searched for half an hour. "We can't go home like this!" sobbed Billy. "There is nothing for it but to get into our new summer tub suits and make a bolt for it." When Dr. Lion saw them toddle in at the garden gate without any clothes on you may be sure he got into a terrible wax. "What is the meaning of this? How dare you go bathing without my permission?" he roared. Then the poor Boars spent a painful five minutes.