

THE FIGHT AT DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL.

Showing how the German Boy Thrashed the French Boy, and how the English Boy looked on.

[CONCLUDED.]

A litter ran round the room, and the little boys began to whisper to one another something which appeared to be in their small estimation an excellent joke. It was good fun to them to see a monitor badgered, even if they should get paid off it afterward.

"What are you saying?" said the dame. "Both sides, ay?" Well, and how did you manage that, Master John?" There was more tittering and whispering and shuffling about on the forms, and then a chorus of voices said: "Please'em, he sucked up to both of them."

"Just what 'naturals' always do," said Mrs. Europa; "sucked up to both, I suppose." She pleased neither. Ah, no doubt," she continued, gradually gathering information. "offended Louis by always preaching at him that he was in the wrong; and offended William by supplying Louis with stones. Now, I tell you what you will do next? See the consequences! If such fellows as Ben and Tom have been your boys, you know very well this disgraceful scene would never have taken place at all. You would have been sufficiently well trained and well equipped to command the respect of the other monitors, and the two rascals would not have dared to come to blows. There was a time when, if you so much as held up your finger, the whole school would tremble."

Nobody cares one farthing what you think or say. And why? Because you have grown a sullen and a screw, and boys despise both the one and the other. You ought to have prevented the fight from the first, failing this, you ought, in conjunction with the other monitors, to have stepped in the moment that the two proved their relative worth, and struck a balance between them. Instead of doing so you sat coolly in your shop, supplying the means of carrying on the fight, and cutting a few wretched copper-pots out of your schoolroom blow and wounds. You have been a bad friend to both of them. Well, some day, perhaps, you may want friends yourself. When you do, I hope you may find them. Then, William, the conceited, over-aggressive boy does not contrive (as I fully believe he will contrive) to get a boating on the river, where he can keep a boat, and then one fine morning take your pretty island by surprise."

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"Defending his grandfather's land," retorted the dame contemptuously. "It looks very much like self-defense, to have a boy half across the playground and threaten to kick down his master. Very like self-defense, to train hard for six months, and then propose something which is sure to create a row. And although Louis has been in the wrong, he has also been severely punished, and it is time that he should be relieved. What are there who make no excuse? What need to be called out of there? Is it not the lesson incumbent on the strong to protect the weak, because the weak has got himself into a mess by his own fault?"

However, there is some excuse—for William, who is half mad with the fever of success; but there is no excuse for you, who sat still in cold blood and looked on.

You have abused the trust committed to you as one of the five monitors of the school, and your office shall be taken from you."

"Please 'em," said a chorus of little boys together, "please 'em, do let him off this time. He was so kind to Louis and William when they were bad. He brought them water, and bathed their faces, and stopped the bleeding, and did all sorts of things for them. Please 'em, let him off."

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