

**THE WINTER SCHOOL, OR,
THE BOYS'
CAMPAIGN AGAINST ONE
OF THEIR WORST ENEMIES**

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The winter school, or, The boys' campaign against one of their worst enemies by Mrs. H. E. Brown

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MRS. H. E. BROWN

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THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

THE
WINTER SCHOOL;

OR

THE BOYS' CAMPAIGN AGAINST ONE OF THEIR
WORST ENEMIES.

BY MRS. H. E. BROWN.

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THE WINTER SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

A JOKE—AT WHOSE EXPENSE?

"JIM LAWRENCE, what *does* make you smoke so much? Before I'd be seen going to school every day with a long-nine in my mouth!" Thus spoke Tristram Gilmore, a noble-looking boy of fifteen, as, with rapid strides over the crispy snow, he overtook a young schoolmate.

"And who are you, I'd like to know?" gruffly responded Jim, as he turned lazily round to face his companion, at the same moment lifting his cigar from his lips, and ejecting the poisoned saliva with the air and aptitude of an accomplished smoker.

"I'm myself, and nobody else," said Tristram, with energy; "and I'm the boy that never will dirty my lips with tobacco; no, not if I live to be a hundred years old!" and

he straightened himself up with the conscious spirit of a young nobleman.

"May be," replied Jim; "we'll see when you come to be a man. You haven't found out what's good yet."

"Ha, ha, ha! If that isn't rich!" shouted the first speaker, with a broad, hearty laugh. "When I'm a man! How long have you been one, I should like to know?"

No wonder he asked the question. No wonder he laughed. Any body would have laughed that could have seen the two boys as they walked together over the frozen foot-path that morning.

A splendid-looking fellow was Tristram Gilmore. His fine, large, well-developed head bore testimony to a breadth of intellect and a superiority of organization not often met with. One had but to look at his fair, ample forehead, and into his clear blue eye, to know that he had a frank, kindly disposition, and a noble, generous heart. His figure was finely formed, tall and broad for one of his years, indicating a strength of constitution and robust health which promised well as the foundation and beginning of his life's career. His step was firm, and his whole carriage bold and intrepid. He always looked you straight

in the eye when you spoke to him. And, boys, do you know what that means? It means just this. When a boy looks up with a clear, unalashed, modest countenance into the face of the person who is talking with him, you may know that he is a good boy, — honest and upright in his words and actions, — that he carries about with him a conscience void of offense. He needs no concealment, and fears no inquisition. But if he stands with eyes downcast, or wandering restlessly about from side to side, as if he did not dare to look or be looked at, then you may be sure there is something wrong about him. He is not a boy to be believed, trusted, relied on. But one might have known, at a glance, that Tristram Gilmore was not one of these. His whole bearing indicated integrity, high-mindedness, and resolution. He was not the youth to do a mean act, neither one that was to be overcome by difficulties. With him, to know what was right was to will it, and to will was to do. Squire Gilmore and his amiable wife might well be proud of such a son.

Jim Lawrence was a perfect contrast with him in every point — a puny, pale, craven-looking lad, shamefaced and listless. He was very nearly of the same age as Tristram, and