

**THE OLD ADAM. A TALE  
OF AN ARMY  
CRAMMER; IN THREE  
VOLUMES; VOL. II**

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The old Adam. A tale of an army crammer; In three volumes; Vol. II by Hugh Coleman Davidson

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**HUGH COLEMAN DAVIDSON**

**THE OLD ADAM. A TALE  
OF AN ARMY  
CRAMMER; IN THREE  
VOLUMES; VOL. II**



# THE OLD ADAM.

*A TALE OF AN ARMY CRAMMER.*

BY

HUGH COLEMAN DAVIDSON,

AUTHOR OF

"THE GREEN HILLS BY THE SEA," "CAST ON THE WATERS," ETC.

*IN THREE VOLUMES.*

VOL. II.

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## CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. TOO LATE ... ..	1
II. A SUDDEN DEPARTURE ... ..	21
III. AT SIXES AND SEVENS ... ..	38
IV. THE EXAMINATION ... ..	61
V. NELLIE'S TROUBLE ... ..	91
VI. AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE ... ..	106
VII. FALLEN AMONG THIEVES ... ..	129
VIII. A DIFFICULT PROBLEM ... ..	150
IX. DRIFTING ... ..	171
X. A STRANGE MISSION ... ..	193
XI. HEBE'S FLIGHT ... ..	213
XII. FORCED TO MARRY ... ..	235





# THE OLD ADAM.

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## CHAPTER I.

### TOO LATE.

BEFORE Philip could reach the gate, the French beggar had joined Mr. Valentine Gaunt, who appeared to have been waiting for him in the garden. This oddly-matched couple must have nearly finished their conversation, for scarcely a word passed between them. Surprised at the man's disappearance through the gateway, Philip had stopped to look over the wall; and saw that some money was given by the one to the other. But the next moment two pairs of eyes were fastened upon him, and, feeling that he was playing

the spy, he withdrew; only to return with the intention of frankly showing himself.

When he looked again, Mr. Valentine Gaunt, with his hands in his pockets, was smoking his big meerschaum on the lawn, while his seedy acquaintance had vanished.

A smartly-dressed page appeared at the door and made obeisance.

"Lunch is ready, sir," he announced. The Hive was not remarkable for punctuality.

"Very well, John," said Mr. Valentine Gaunt, regarding the youth with the pride of recent proprietorship; though it must be added that John led a frightful life among so many masters. "Tell Mrs. Smith"—the housekeeper—"that I am going to London this afternoon and shall not return until to-morrow. She is to pack my bag for one night. And now ring the bell."

"Yes, sir," said John, and departed on his mission.

When Mr. Valentine Gaunt had knocked the ashes out of his pipe, he sauntered in to lunch, which had already commenced without

him. It was part of his method, but it sometimes resulted in his faring rather badly, and it never failed to ruffle his temper. In fact, he found it difficult to drop the master in some things and retain it in others, the pupils were so lamentably wanting in discrimination. In consequence, meals at the Hive were terrible scrambles, costing the Professor many a groan as he saw his favourite delicacies appropriated by these selfish young fellows before he could get a chance.

To-day, thanks to the coach, there was no great crush, and yet it was noticed that he was not in the best of tempers. Though it was his habit to assume at times an air of philosophic abstraction which threw his lighter moods into strong relief, he was unusually silent at table, and it was very soon whispered about that "something was up." This became all the clearer when he announced his intention of going to London.

Lectures were over for the day, Wednesday being a half-holiday, but he arranged for the work of the following morning. Then he