



On the bank of a little river.

learned that they were to be among those soldiers who would be reviewed by their future king. One of the corporals, however, had left the school that spring, and his place had not yet been filled. There were several among the rank and file who had reasonable hopes of being appointed, and none was perhaps more eager for it than Jack MacFarlane. He was only sixteen, but well-grown, and Captain Roberts had always found in him a trustworthy and manly little soldier. There were others though, who had apparently just as much claim, and who had the advantage of a year or so, though not of many inches. It seemed as if it would be a hard matter to decide, and at the end of the term the position was still vacant.

One hot day in the beginning of the holidays, one might have seen creeping along the hot dusty road that led out of town, waggons piled high with all the paraphernalia of camp-life, and flanked on each side by numerous bicyclists who seemed to find difficulty in accomodating their pace to the lazy horses.

Though the majority of the boys, among whom was Captain Roberts, were riding, there were some balancing themselves in rather precarious positions on

top of the loads. Perched in a rather more secure spot than the others was a boy somewhat smaller than the others. His delicate little face looked out of place among these strong and sturdy would-be soldiers, but he was the bugler of the cadets, and had pleaded hard to go with them. His mother, knowing little of camp life, had been loath to let him go, till she heard that Jack MacFarlane was among the number.

Now Jack was by no means a perfect boy; he had as many faults as most boys of his age, but there was that about him that made one instinctively trust him, and Teddy's mother felt that is she could entrust her boy to Jack, he would be all right. In her eagerness to grant her little boy this pleasure, she perhaps overlooked the fact that it might spoil Jack's pleasure to be responsible for a delicate little boy who could not enter into all the fun and pursuits of the older boys. It must be confessed that Jack was not very gracious at first about the trust confided to him.

"It's an awful bore," he grumbled to Tom, his chum, "to have a kid tagging after you all the time. I won't be able to go anywhere without him."

"Oh, well! never mind," said good-