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ting flannel suits of the college colours, white and blue.

Two brothers stood near each other; the breast of one was covered with silver and gold medals, the other had not one.

"Champion hundred yards dash."
"First prize, L. L. tournament."
"First prize, Mile Run," said a by-

stander, reading some of the inscriptions on the medals. "How many of these things have you, Joe?"

"He has over twenty at home," said his brother, eagerly.

"And you none, Tom? How is that?"

"Never could come in first. I think I shall take a gold bar to-day, though. There is one thing I can do—the hurdle race."

"Oh!" cried a child's voice behind him, in a tone of bitter disappointment.

Tom turned, and saw a little girl seated by a poorly dressed woman. Both were looking at him with startled, disappointed faces.

"Who are they?" Tom whispered to his friend.

"Bradford's mother and sister. One of the charity students. He's in the hurdle race. I suppose they thought the poor wretch would win the gold medal, and be asked to dinner with Prex to-night, along with the first-prize men."

"Yes," said Tom, thoughtfully, as he walked away.

Bradford was a dull fellow, he remembered, and neglected by most of the students who were better clothed and better bred than himself. If the boy won the prize, and appeared at the president's state dinner, it would certainly give him a standing, in future, among the boys. A moment later a lady who knew him called Tom to the grand-stand. "This will be the victor in the hurdle race," she said to the ladies near her, who smiled while Tom blushed and laughed.

The sports began. One event succeeded another. The hurdle race was called; Tom and Bradford started together, but Tom passed him easily. All of the hurdles were passed but one. Tom glanced aside, saw the strained face of the shabby woman, and the child's tearful eyes, and the next instant tripped and fell, while Bradford leaped past him.

The president himself gave the prizes. The band played, and the men shouted as he handed the gold medal to Bradford. Joe had, as usual, half a dozen prizes. Tom stood by, without any.

But the president said to a looker-on: "There was nothing to trip that boy. He fell purposely, that Bradford might win."

"Shall not you let him know that you know it?"

"No. The man who can conquer himself, even in a trifle, needs no other reward."

AN AUTOMOBILE RIDE.

"No, Asher, you have not learned to manage the automobile well enough to take it out by yourself," said Mr. Warren to his fifteen-year-old son. "I want to go out with you a few more times until I am sure you can control it and then you may take your friends riding. But you must remember not to run too fast no matter how well you learn to manage it."

"Can't we go out riding this evening, father, when you come home?" said Jeannette, who was past sixteen. "I want to learn to run the machine

as well as Asher. All the other girls who have them can, and I believe I could too."

"Yes, I am going to teach you to run it, too," said her father. "But you must both promise to be careful. I do not want you to take such risks as so many of the boys and girls of this town do by fast driving."

"We will all be ready this evening when you come home," said Mrs. Warren, "and take a ride into the country. Asher might run the automobile going out and Jeannette coming back. That will give them more experience."

"All right, Asher," said Mr. Warren. "Have the machine ready and we will go to the springs. That is as difficult a road as there is around here, and we will see how well both you and your sister can manage it."

That afternoon Mr. Warren came home several hours sooner than his usual time, and both Asher and Jeannette thought it was on account of the ride. He soon explained that he had come home to get ready to go away on a short business trip, and wanted their mother to go with him. He often did this, and while he and Mrs. Warren were away, Jeannette and Asher's grandmother, who lived near, came and stayed with them.

"Asher, will you go and tell grandma that we are going away," said his mother. "Explain why I did not send her word sooner, and ask her to come back with you. Jeannette, I'd like a little help to pack a few things in that suit case in the closet."

"If Asher could manage the automobile better he and Jeannette could take us to the station," said their father, when they were ready to start. "We'll have to take a street car this time, and when your mother and I get back, we will have that ride to the springs and may be grandma will go along."

"Tell Sidney we will be home before his vacation is over," said their mother. "You know he will be here Thursday or Friday and stay a week. We will be home Friday night." Just then the car came along and they all said good-bye.

This was Monday, and on Wednesday morning, Sidney, their older brother, who attended college in a neighbouring town, came home for the spring vacation. He went to see the automobile as soon as he had greeted his grandmother, sister and brother.

"It is too late for a ride this morning," said Sidney, "and there is a ball game this afternoon, but in the morning I will take you all for a ride."

"No, you must not take the automobile out till father gets home," said Jeannette. "He is going to teach each one of us to manage it, but wants to go with us a few times himself until we get a little practice."

"Oh, I can run an automobile all right," said Sidney. "The Barkers have one nearly like this and I have managed it by myself."

"Well, I am not going with you," said Jeannette. "I know father would not like it and you better wait

till he can see how well you can manage it."

Sidney was determined to go for a ride the next morning, and at the ball game that afternoon made arrangements with several boys to go with him.

When Sidney and his friends got started the next morning they had only gone several miles before he found that he did not know as much about managing the machine as he thought he did, but instead of telling the boys so and going back, he drove farther into the country. That the machine was beyond his control he was at last forced to admit to him-



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