

these stupid towns. They'll be glad to have it all settled in this way. And Uncle Moses'll be just as glad as the others, for he thinks every town that he misses so much gain for himself. We're almost as near at Venice as at Bologna; and we'll save them from a fit of the blues."

That night the boys concocted a letter. Clive wrote it. The letter was not very long. It gave a brief account of their proceedings, and of their intention to go to Venice. They mentioned a hotel, the name of which they learned from their landlord; and in this way they arranged everything for Uncle Moses, so that he could find them without any difficulty. They knew that they were violating the strict letter of their promise to Uncle Moses, but they thought that they were keeping it in a general way, and that it would be all right so long as they had arranged to meet at the specified time. After all, Venice would be a better place for their reunion than Bologna.

That night they mailed the letter, and the next day they were rolling away in the train for Venice, which was only forty miles away.

On entering the train they found themselves in a compartment with two others — a gentleman and a lady. The lady was very young and exceedingly pretty, with a very sweet face and a profusion of blonde hair. She looked rather sad, and both the boys felt themselves drawn towards the beautiful stranger with feelings of deep sympathy. She did