

would be sure to take Hugh's part, and exult over the downfall of the proud. Well for him that he avoided that comfortable mansion; for on the door-steps stood Hugh, beaming with satisfaction as the clock struck one, proclaiming that he had done his twenty miles in a little less than five hours.

"Not bad for a 'little chap,' even though he is 'a donkey,'" chuckled the boy, dusting his shoes, wiping his red face, and touching himself up as well as he could, in order to present as fresh and unwearied an aspect as possible, when he burst upon his astonished brother's sight.

In he marched when the door opened, to find his uncle and two rosy cousins just sitting down to dinner. Always glad to see the lads, they gave him a cordial welcome, and asked for his brother.

"Has n't he come yet?" cried Hugh, surprised, yet glad to be the first on the field.

Nothing had been seen of him, and Hugh at once told his tale, to the great delight of his jolly uncle, and the admiring wonder of Meg and May, the rosy young cousins. They all enjoyed the exploit immensely, and at once insisted that the pedestrian should be refreshed by a bath, a copious meal, and a good rest in the big chair, where he repeated his story by particular request.

"You deserve a bicycle, and you shall have one as sure as my name is Timothy West. I like pluck and perseverance, and you've got both; so come on, my boy, and name the wheel you like best. Sid needs a little taking down, as you lads say, and this will