

towards him, and the clapping of hands, though it hurt him to see his elder brother Arthur, who stood among the guests, watching him, he thought, sadly. Arthur was an officer of artillery, as he too hoped to be, and since their father and mother died had been his only guardian, while Charley was never tired of singing his praises to less fortunate companions who had not an army officer for a brother. Still—when everybody called, "Bravo!" and he blushed and felt uncomfortable when one old lady said, "What a pretty boy!"—Arthur only said very quietly, "You have done well, Charley."

In the afternoon there was always a paper-chase, with prizes for the two hares if not caught, or the first two hounds that overtook them, and all the athletes of Firdene practised for it. Charley ran well, and now with the empty bag which had held the torn paper fluttering behind his shoulders he did his best, a comrade panting at his heels, and several of the fastest hounds somewhere two or three fields behind, while not far ahead a high ridge of furzy down shut off the dip into Firdene valley. Although it was winter, a gentle southwest wind blew up channel soft to the breath,