

fairy book," Julian declared, with a wry face.

"Well, you did go through adventures that beat the 'Wild West' tales all hollow," Sedgwick responded.

"So did you," said Julian.

"That's so, but I didn't come up to you. I didn't climb rickety stairs nor hear the big clock strike and suddenly find myself in a wonderful room. Why, it's a good deal like the Arabian Nights, and I don't wonder the old man feels like handing you bouquets ever since."

"But he needn't mix me with Anselm Benedict," replied Julian; "though, of course, it's a compliment, because any fellow would be proud to be like him. I'm really fond of Nicholas," he added hastily, lest Sedgwick might infer from his remarks anything derogatory to that faithful servant.

"So am I. He's a first-rate old chap," agreed Sedgwick, cordially; "and he gives us no end of a good time when we come here."

"Do you remember all the names Jake used to call him?" asked Julian.

"You bet I do!" answered Sedgwick. "And I sometimes felt like joining in myself."

"We were all rather afraid of him."