

There was a silence for a time, in which each one meditated over his late folly.

"I say, Dave," said Clive, at length.

"What?"

"Suppose we go on to Venice."

"What!" cried David, in amazement.

"The fact is," said Clive, "I've been thinking about it all day."

"Well, for that matter," said David, "so have I."

"You see," said Clive, "Bologna is such a horrible place that I never want to see it again."

"No more do I."

"I'd rather wait here than go back. But since we are here, why, we might as well go on at once to Venice."

"But what'll Uncle Moses do?"

"O, we can write him."

"Where? At Bologna?"

"No; Florence. He won't leave till the day after to-morrow. We can write to-night. He'll get our letter to-morrow. We'll tell him all about it, and where we are going."

"Capital!" cried David. "I thought of Venice, too; but somehow it didn't seem fair to Uncle Moses. Of course his anxiety is only his timidity. We can go round the world safe enough. If we write him, it will be all that is wanted. He may just as well meet us at Venice as at Bologna."

"Of course," said Clive; "and then, you know, neither Frank nor Bob wants to go bothering about