

"That is sufficient," interrupted his mother, "Off with you, and don't look so disconsolate: we'll make it right."

Finally, everything was arranged for an early start the next morning, and he went to bed to toss restlessly about, thinking of the rows, cricket matches, boat races, and a thousand other things that boys are supposed to do at boarding school; however, he fell asleep and dreamt that he was throwing the school-master out of the window for trying to lick him.

The next morning he was out of bed and to the window in time to see the sun's broad red disk rising from his bed in the eastern horizon with a glow of burnished gold.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, "I say Reg; it's gorgeous."

"Wha-a-at's gor-augh-geous Phil?" inquired the youngster, yawning terrifically and looking startled.

"Why the weather to be sure. Don't you see the sun? Won't it be great going down the river?" and he capered about the room, giving vent to his exuberant spirits by sundry howls that would have been creditable to an Indian, with an extraordinary development of the larynx.

Reg watched him with great grave eyes silently, until Phil had sobered sufficiently to think of the troublesome but necessary operation of dressing, and then said in sorrowful accents, "I wish I could go too."

"Perhaps Uncle Horace will take you," said Phil, looking out the window and making desperate efforts to get into a pair of trousers.

"Do you think he will?" asked Reggy eagerly looking at his brother. "Stop; what are you doing?" he added hastily "you'll bust 'em; them's my trousers. Guess you're lunny."

Phil thus warned, discovered that in his excitement he had got hold of the wrong article, laughingly he rectified his error and left the room to obtain the moral support of his mother—when he should try and persuade his uncle—to take Reggy; slamming the door with a bang that shook the house he went careering through the hall with a hop, skip and jump, at the same time roaring out a couplet from a song.

"I say mother!" he sung out as he came to her chamber door, "are you up?"

"No," she replied sharply, disturbed by the outrageous clatter,