

"Hoop-de-dooden-do!" he shouted, as he burst into the house.

"Why, Theo, what are you so excited about?" inquired his mother, looking up with a glad smile of welcome for the boy that was the joy and pride of her life.

"Excited? Perhaps I am; and no wonder, for aren't we going to have the biggest tobogganing match next Saturday afternoon that you ever heard of!" replied Theo, at the same time giving his mother a hug and a kiss that were a credit to both, for it showed how thoroughly they understood one another.

Mrs. Ross was a wise not less than a loving mother, and one of the proofs of her wisdom was the hearty interest she took in her son's sports as well as in his studies. He had lost his father when but a baby, and she had determined to fill the vacant place to the best of her ability. So from the very first she entered heartily into his amusements, and made herself his companion as far as she could. Theo never played cricket or lacrosse so well as when his mother was looking on, and no applause was sweeter to him than the clapping of her hands. He therefore felt sure of an attentive listener as he proceeded to unfold the cause of his excitement.

"Well, you know, mother, the Bridgetown boys have been boasting all winter about their toboggans, and saying that they can run away from anything in Riverside, and our fellows have been talking back at them, until both sides have begun to feel pretty hot over it. We've had a lot of races, but they didn't settle anything, because some-