

"Well," said Clive, "we may as well be in Padua as in Ferrara."

"A great deal better," said David. "For my part, I can't stand this place any longer. It's worse than Bologna."

"Ten times worse," said Clive.

The boys now went back to the hotel, got their little valise, which contained all their luggage, and then, returning to the station, waited for the train. It came in due time, and so they soon found themselves in Padua. But although they had hoped for some better fortune in this city, they were doomed to disappointment. The drizzling rain still continued, and they had grown so weary of churches and museums that they did not care to visit any more. They strolled through the streets till they were tired, and finally took refuge in the magnificent Café Pedrocchi, where they ordered a sumptuous dinner, and whiled away the time till dark.

Over this repast they began to grow refreshed, and amused themselves with discussing the situation.

"And so," said David, "we have to go back tomorrow. Well, all that I can say is, we've had a mean sort of excursion."

"It'll never do to own up to Frank and Bob," said Clive. "We must hold our tongues."

"I dare say they've had no end of fun," said David, gloomily. "Florence is such a perfect paradise. What fools we were!"