

"Oh, my dear, I thought you coughed. I'll come up when you are in bed," said Lady Bexley. She bustled away and made the plaster with her own mighty hands.

"You are a scoundrel, Jack," said his father. "What do you do with the plaster?"

"Put it on the chair by my bed, sir," said his son. "The paint's all off it. Mother makes stingers, I can tell you."

"I don't believe he's half the fool he makes out," said Sir John.

As there was no town house, Jack found it very convenient to have chambers in London. Lady Bexley wept about it, but he had a plaster on that night. He took a tin of mustard and some linseed meal and bandages up to town the first time he slept there. That was on a Boat-race night, for one of the Oxford crew was a friend of his and the son of a neighbour.

"Did you put a plaster on?" asked Lady Bexley, when he returned.

"I never slept a wink till early morning," replied Jack, evasively.

"There is no need to make them as hot as that," said his mother. "Did you take the skin off? I hope not."

The only skin Jack had taken off came from his