



Days filled to the brim with such pleasures.

they had made for themselves, the boys would spend many an hour on the river exploring the banks up and down. It was Teddy's greatest pleasure to be allowed in the boat, and at the end of the holiday, his mother would hardly have recognized in the brown and sun-burnt lad her delicate little Teddy.

In the woods, on the outskirts of which they had pitched their camp, there was plenty of game, principally black squirrels, for the sportsmen, and here Captain Roberts brought a party of them for a final shoot on the day before that set for their return home. Now this was one sport that Jack had never taken kindly to, and he had been rallied about it by the other boys. He thought, therefore, that this was his opportunity to show what he could do.

Late in the afternoon, Captain Roberts came up to him.

"What, not got anything yet, Jack? I thought you were rather a good marksman," he said.

"Oh, but that's at a target" answered Jack, "I can't shoot these poor little

squirrels." "Besides" he added lamely, "I don't care for squirrel stew."

"Well, we do," laughed his teacher, "but I always thought that you wanted to be a soldier, and if you're afraid to shoot a squirrel, why—"

He did not finish his remarks for at that moment Jack noticed a pretty black squirrel on a branch not far from him, and stung to the quick by the tone of Roberts' voice, whose good opinion he valued more than that young man then realized, he took aim and fired. The little thing fell, and he ran forward to pick it up, just as some of the other boys appeared at the sound of the shot.

"Oh, I've killed it!" exclaimed Jack, with something very like a sob.

"Well, you may thank your stars you have, I wouldn't be a baby about it," sneered a big fellow, a rival of Jack's, who had had no luck that day. The ill-concealed contempt in the faces of the other boys, who beheld for the first time this new phase of Jack's character was too much for the poor boy. But the