

either ; so I'll pretend that you are my brothers, Fred and Harry, only I'll call you by your own names."

All this was delightful to such romantic boys as Clive and David. Here was an adventure far different from their old ones ; this lovely little stranger, who looked out at them so sweetly with her blue eyes, and dimpled cheeks, and golden hair. They were all young and fresh, and unspoiled by the world ; and being thrown upon one another in this way, it made them feel like old friends. Gracie felt all her anxiety removed ; and Clive and David had a fine sense of responsibility, for Gracie had thrown herself upon their protection, and looked to them to find her lost relative. This, of course, they both felt sure of doing.