

how hard that is, and am glad to keep him from it, for he's poor and can't afford a new one."

That answer was Hugh's only revenge for his own trials, and Sid felt it, though he merely said, with a hearty slap on the shoulder, —

"Glad to hear it. Uncle is a trump, and so are you. We'll take the last train home, and I'll pay your fare."

"Thank you. Poor old man, you did get a bump, didn't you?" exclaimed Hugh, as they took off their hats in the hall, and the patch appeared in all its gloomy length and breadth.

"Head will be all right in a day or two, but I stove in my helmet, and ground a hole in both knees of my new shorts. Had to borrow a fit-out of Bemis, and leave my rags behind. We need n't mention any more than is necessary to the girls; I hate to be fussed over," answered Sid, trying to speak carelessly.

Hugh had to stop and have another laugh, remembering the taunts his own mishaps had called forth; but he did not retaliate, and Sid never forgot it. Their stay was a short one, and Hugh was the hero of the hour, quite eclipsing his brother, who usually took the first place, but now very meekly played second fiddle, conscious that he was not an imposing figure, in a coat much too big for him, with a patch on his forehead, a purple bruise on one cheek, and a general air of dilapidation very trying to the usually spruce youth.

When they left, Uncle Tim patted Hugh on the head, — a liberty the boy would have resented if