

home, and that would be on Saturday evening. It was Friday morning now. Only two more days to go through. He tried hard to appear as well as usual, so that his mother should not worry about him. He went to school, though he hardly knew what he was

"Oh, I'm all right!" he answered; then, wishing to appear in his natural spirits, he pulled the kid's hair till she howled, tried to eat a cold boiled potato, and went out to fetch the cows in with as much shouting and swearing as he could manage.



"I WON'T TAKE ANOTHER DROP, YER CAN DOSE THE KID IF YER MUST DOSE SOMEONE."

doing, and got several canings for what the master called his "stupidity."

"What's the matter, Sonny? You seem mighty quiet," remarked Mrs. Lorten, when the boy came home, and instead of hunting for something to eat, flung himself wearily into a chair.

How glad he was when night came, though his bed seemed harder than ever.

The next morning, when Sonny opened his hot, aching eyes, to get up seemed almost an impossibility. It was only just daylight, with a cold, misty drizzle of rain falling. Even a person in perfect health would have