"All right."

And together the two boys proceeded upstairs to a room, at the end of one wing of the house, which was devoted to Bernard's use.

"What do you think of my new trade, Walter? that's my wet-day occupation;" and he produced a beautiful little carved frame. "I've done that with these jolly little saws,—it's such nice work. It's my mother's birthday next week, and I'm going to give her this with a photographic group of the three girls in it. I drove them over to Betchly to have them done last week. They're splendid likenesses; that fellow does them charmingly."

"I hate photographs," answered Walter; "the best ones are bad, I think."

"Oh, I don't; look here," and taking a case from a small cabinet near, he opened it, and showed a beautiful coloured photograph of his mother.

"That's pretty good, certainly; but they're generally horrid things. And you carved this