

"Bother you, Reggie, you know well enough what I mean ; and I was so proud, I stood two inches higher."

"When you put your boots on," said Reginald.

"Without them, you old stupid, just for being my father's son—the doctor thinks no end of him."

"Of course he does, no one who knows him could help doing so."

"But really, Reggie, how are you? How does Dr. Stephen say you are getting on?"

A sad smile passed over his brother's face. "He thinks I shall do, Ernest."

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"When are you to walk about again, and leave off using these things?" pointing to some crutches lying beside the sofa. Connie turned round and ran out of the room, and the two brothers were left alone.

"When, Reggie?"