

“All right then! I'm willing to do my share in getting out of this scrape; but I don't want to have to travel with Ralph. Here one of you fellows lend a hand, I guess four of us can get him up, and the rest of you might as well go home.”

The crowd quickly disbanded, while the four boys took up their heavy burden and carried him tenderly by a back street to Jim's room, and soon had him warmly wrapped up in bed. The boys were soon relieved by seeing Harry open his eyes, but only to stare about in a dazed sort of way, apparently still unconscious of his condition, and then seemingly drop to sleep.

For some time the boys sat by the bedside and watched, but being deceived by the heavy breathing of their patient, which they mistook for sound sleep, they prepared to leave.

“Now Jim,” were Bob's last words as he left the room, “if he is not all right let me know early in the morning.”

Leaving the others Bob hurried home and was soon in bed, but not to sleep, for all night long he tossed about in a feverish dream.

Long before daylight he was up and nervously pacing his room. He could not be quiet for a moment, for his thoughts were constantly with Jim and his charge. As soon as it was light he was at the window anxiously watching, and was not the least surprised when shortly before seven he saw Jim hurrying down the street. Rushing down in time to prevent him from ringing the bell, he met Jim at the door and read the message in his frightened look. In a few words Jim told of the sleepless night, how his patient had continually tossed and moaned, and was now in a delirious condition.

“Go back and take care of him, and I'll be up in a few moments,” cried Bob, turning very pale at the thought of the possible consequences. Just then he heard his mother coming down the stairs. Upon the instant he took a course which more thought might have caused him to change.

“Mother,” he said in a voice somewhat agitated, “something is the matter with Harry Stanford, one of the freshmen. He's sick over at Jim Ralston's room. Jim can't keep him, and he can't send him back to his boarding-house, mayn't I bring him to my room and take care of him?”

“For goodness sake no, Robert. He may have the scarlet fever, for all you know. If he's a poor boy, why don't you boys send him to the hospital?”

With these words Mrs. Radcliffe went out to the dining-room.