calmly to his little niece, who was down on the floor picking up the chess-men, "would you oblige me by lighting the candle? the matches you will find on the mantelpiece. It is for those who throw down to pick up," he added sternly, fixing his eye upon Arthur; "and let no one in future attempt to play at chess who has not sufficient self-command to lose a game without losing temper also."

Horace sat down to his books, and waited patiently till Phemie, having mounted a foot-stool, succeeded in reaching the matches and lighting the candle. He then made her sit down beside him, to prevent her going to the assistance of her brother. Arthur felt very angry and very uncomfortable; he was conscious that he had placed himself in a ridiculous, undignified position in the eyes of his uncle. The scattered pieces lay before him, tokens of his double discomfiture. For some minutes Arthur would not stoop to raise them; till observing that his uncle appeared buried in his book, and that Phemie, with her eyes wandering from hers, was glancing uneasily in his direction, he hastily gathered up the chess-men, threw them helter-skelter into the box, and hastened up-stairs to his room.

Arthur was soon tired of sitting there in the dusk, for no candle was allowed, by the rules of the house, to be lighted in the sleeping-rooms till bed-time.