voice in the dull, quiet place. He then looked over his play-box, examining his old treasures rather by feeling than sight, gave a heavy sigh over his bat and his marbles, and at last lighted upon a soiled pack of cards.

It was quite a discovery for Arthur. "I'll teach Phemie to play," he said to himself. "The little creature is not likely to beat me with these. How lucky that I brougnt them from school!" And having recovered his temper in his solitude, and being pleased at finding anything which promised amusement, Arthur sauntered down to the sitting-room, looking much more amiable than he had done when he had left it.

The stern, handsome countenance of Horace, with the strong shadows which the light cast upon it, appeared in striking contrast to the little, innocent, childish face at his side. Poor Phemie was weary of her book, a ponderous tome to which Horace had directed her attention, which was as heavy in reading as it was in weight. She had been longing for the return of Arthur, but afraid to leave the room in search of him.

Arthur disliked the economy of his uncle in nothing more than in his chary expenditure of candles; the circumstance of only one being lighted at a time obliging him during evening hours to keep