

His brother's voice sunk to a low whisper, as he answered "Never!"

Ernest's face changed, the bright colour faded from it, and he burst forth angrily—"The fool, what rubbish it is, just because you've had no one but an old country pettifogger who is cramming you with ever so many lies, and you go and believe them. Reggie, I didn't think you were so green!"

"Don't speak of our good friend like that, Ernest, it is not only him. Papa has had the best advice from London—nothing can be done for me. I am here for the rest of my life."

"I don't, I won't believe it!" cried Ernest, "they are all—" but the sentence was finished with a sob, for the excitement was too much for him.

"Don't, Ernest, don't," said Reginald, throwing his arm round him, "you pain me."

"O Reggie, Reggie, why didn't they tell me?"