

the handle as if he knew that he was not wanted inside.

A lady was engaged in darning a quantity of grey stockings by the fire, and a girl was playing a very noisy waltz on the piano.

Arthur walked up to the fire-place. "How do you do, Aunt Dixon?"

"Quite well, thank you, Arthur. I hope you are the same."

"Yes, thank you—how d'ye do, Charlotte?"

The girl who was playing stopped, and extended two fingers to him.

"You are too late for dinner, Arthur. I suppose you can wait until tea-time."

"Yes, aunt; how is my brother?"

"His cough is still rather bad; but not so bad as he makes it out; we have coddled him too much, haven't we, Charlotte?"

"Yes, we have indeed, and get no thanks for it."

Arthur bit his lip, and stretched out his