

hands towards the fire, "May I go up to him, where is he?"

"In your room, yes, you may go; but you mustn't be surprised if you find him fretful, it's his illness makes him so."

Arthur did not wait any longer, but bounded up the stairs, until he got to the top of the house, when he softly opened the door of one of the rooms. The floor was only partially carpeted and looked dreary and comfortless; two small iron bedsteads stood side by side, there were a few chairs; a deal table, a painted chest of drawers; and a small fire blazing in the grate. A few pictures were hung round the walls, which looked damp and cold, and some books were ranged on the top of the drawers; this was Arthur's room, and Arthur's brother was painting at the table. He did not hear the footstep near him and went on with his occupation, only pausing when his cough stopped him, and Arthur started when he heard it—it was so deep and hollow.