

Herbie was all delight now that he had got his brother with him, and so even the poor despised Arthur Forrester had a welcome, that first day of the holidays.

Did they give you some dinner, Arthur?"

"No; I'm to wait until tea-time."

"I thought so," said Herbie springing to his feet, and his face beamed with pleasure, as he went over to the cupboard near the window and took a plate out of it, and a knife and fork.

"Now, Arthur, dear, here's your dinner, I put it by that I might give it to you my own self."

Arthur was very hungry, and looked with much satisfaction at the slices of meat, the cold potatoes and the piece of bread.

"You shan't have it cold," said Herbie, "we'll put the potatoes to crisp between the bars, and I'll broil your meat; there, sit down on this chair, and I'll clear for action."