

Herbie eagerly watched him, and seized upon the book with proud delight. If Constance had seen his face, she would have been quite satisfied that the prize was appreciated.

"Arthur, Arthur, what a beautiful book, I'm so glad; oh, how pleased *they* would have been!"

Arthur's eyes filled with tears, and he turned away.

"O Arthur, dear Arthur, don't cry. I'm sorry I said that, I'm always saying stupid things."

"No no, Herbie, boy, it's only that I can't bear it. I couldn't thank the doctor when I got it, because I was thinking how joyful it would have been, if I could have brought it home to them, and it was horrible to think there was no one to care whether I got it."

"O Arthur, *no one to care?*" and Herbert raised his eyes reproachfully.

"Well, you, of course; but not *them*.