

Herbie, I got it for you, I worked for it for you, I've written your name in it under my own."

"Arthur—my name? *mine*, but I cannot take your prize, no; let me look at it and read it, and be proud of it; but you must have it for your own."

"No, I tell you I got it for you, I shall have nothing to give you at Christmas, so this must do. I only wish it was money instead."

"Well, then, I'll have it, and love it, always, you dear old Arthur, and I shall have a Christmas box for you; but I won't tell you what. There, the meat is hot, and everything is ready."

Arthur was not long in disposing of his dinner, while Herbie watched him with the greatest satisfaction.

"How did they come to let you have my dinner ready for me up here, Herbie?" he said as he finished it.

Herbert coloured.