

"Herbie," said Arthur gravely, "was that your own dinner that you kept for me?"

"Don't be angry, Arthur, I wasn't hungry, and I knew you would be, and so I coaxed Simon not to take my plate away."

Arthur did not answer, but only looked straight before him into the fire. "Come and sit down here by the fire with me, Herbie," he said after a few minutes.

The little boy came and knelt down beside him, and Arthur put his arm round him. They had nothing else in the world to love except each other, these two poor orphan boys; but nevertheless their affection was quite as deep and true as that of those whose homes were happy, and whose lives had in them none of the bitterness which had been crowded into the few short years of Arthur and Herbert Forrester.

Their parents were both dead, and the boys were left dependent on their mother's step-sister Mrs. Dixon. Their only other re-