

went to school, and Mrs. Dixon allowed herself to have the credit of sending him. But to return to our story. The evening was quite dark by this time, and the two boys drew as close to the fire as they could.

"Herbie, how bad your cough is," said Arthur.

"Yes," answered the little fellow wearily, laying his head down on Arthur's shoulder.

"Have you seen a doctor, Herbie?"

"Yes, a brother of Mr. Dixon's was staying here, and he heard me cough and told aunt that I must keep in one room until it was well, and that there must be a good fire kept up. He was very kind, Arthur, and bought me all my drawing-paper, and gave me two shillings' worth of stamps that I might write to you."

"What a good man," said Arthur.

"He was; oh, Arthur—" and the little boy's head sunk down again, and he burst into tears.

"Herbie, what's the matter? tell me."