

"Nothing, nothing, I didn't mean to cry, only I thought you'd never, never come back, the days seemed so long, and I was so tired."

"And so you cry now that you have got me," said Arthur laughing. "Why, Herbie, man, I'd better run away again."

Herbie's arm tightened round his neck. "Oh, if you do, Arthur, I'll run with you, I can't live here without you."

"But, Herbie, you know I've only got holidays until the middle of January, and then we shall have to part again."

"Perhaps before that," said Herbie doubtfully.

"Why?" said Arthur starting.

"Only that—don't be vexed, Arthur,—only that sometimes I think I shall soon be with papa and mamma."

"And leave *me*, Herbie; oh, nonsense, no, that shall not be, it cannot; you aren't well now, but when the bright spring time comes, you'll be well again."