

"Nonsense, Herbie, man."

"What made you think of going to her, Arthur?"

"Because I saw her with Charlotte, and knew how kind she was."

"Oh, here's Aunt Dixon, Arthur, what will she say to find me in bed?"

There was a hand upon the lock of the door, and then Mrs. Dixon entered.

"Herbert, not up? are these the goings on up-stairs out of my sight—pray, sir, when do you expect the servants are to make your bed?"

"He was very ill this morning, and I told you so," said Arthur fiercely.

"He is no worse than he was before you came home, and if this kind of thing is to occur, I shall separate you."

Herbie shuddered, and got down as far under the bedclothes as he could.

"It is a very weakening thing to lie in bed," continued his aunt, "you will get up directly, Herbert."