

"Yes, aunt."

"And, Arthur, that is much too large a fire; it is not such a very cold day," and Mrs. Dixon began taking the topmost coals off with the tongs, adding, in a freezing tone, "when you pay for the coals you will be welcome to waste them, but while *I* give them to you, I expect that you will be more economical."

Arthur clenched his hands tightly, and would have broken out into a passion had it not been for a look from Herbie.

Mrs. Dixon was taking a survey of the room meanwhile. "You must not hammer nails into the wall, it marks them. I won't have it done, boys."

"Very well, aunt," said Herbie.

"I'll do it if I choose," muttered Arthur.

"And, Arthur, I won't have you always up here, it's bad for Herbert, you must come down stairs."

"O aunt, please—" cried little Herbie earnestly.