

find him out, and bring him over here; who knows but we might brighten his Christmas a little?"

"Thank you, I would rather not," said Ernest, contemptuously. "I've seen quite enough of him."

Reginald looked up sorrowfully, and Constance said quickly, "Perhaps that poor little boy with the bad cough is his brother."

"I should think so, it's most likely," said Reginald, but Ernest walked out of the room.

"Connie, I don't like Ernest to keep up angry feelings against that poor boy, I daresay he leads an unhappy life with the Dixons. I should think he was an orphan from what you tell me of the deep black crape round his hat; and we might be kind to him."

"What can we do?" said Constance eagerly.

"Well, I think I will write him a note