

"But then I can't understand this gentleman wanting to see me, for Ernest would say nothing good of me, that is very certain."

"He couldn't say anything bad, *I'm* sure," said little Herbie, looking proudly into his brother's face.

"Nonsense, Herbie, every one does not look at me through rose-coloured spectacles as you do, silly fellow. Ernest Leslie hates me, because I got that prize, and he wanted it."

"I am very glad he didn't get it," said Herbie.

"So am I. I never thought about getting it till that day when I got your letter saying how proud you'd be if I got one, and then I set to work, and got it for you,—I've half a mind not to go to see this gentleman."

"You've said you will, and so you must now," said Herbie, "and, perhaps, he'll be a friend and help us, Arthur; who knows?"