

"Mrs. Dixon is my aunt."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"One brother," and from the bright look which accompanied the words, Reginald knew that he had touched one chord of his heart.

"I suppose your friends were very much pleased that you got the prize. Ernest told me how well you answered."

A bitter smile crossed Arthur's lips as he replied, "I have got no friends."

Reginald looked at him searchingly; there was something in that pale face, dogged and sullen as it was, which interested him strangely—there was so much sorrow, anxiety, want, and privation written in it, which ill accorded with the lithe boyish figure, and yet, at the same time, the high well-formed forehead betokened such concentrated purpose, calm determination and firmness, and the grey eyes were so clear and truthful that Reginald felt that the boy was not what Ernest