

had depicted him, and that some sad history lay behind the sullen exterior.

"Surely your aunt was pleased with your prize?" he went on.

"I didn't show it to her."

"May I ask you why not? or is it an impertinent question for a stranger?"

"No; I was afraid she would keep it to put on her drawing-room table, instead of letting Herbie have it, and I got it for him."

"Oh, I see," said Reginald. "How cold it is now; do you skate?"

"No."

"Don't you like it?"

"I don't care about it."

"I used to be very fond of it, until I met with my accident, and now you see I am completely prevented from doing anything of the kind."

"Are you very dull?" said Arthur; and then thinking, from seeing a smile cross Reginald's face, that he had said