

world, Herbie and I, and if—if he dies I shall have no one."

"Poor fellow," said Reginald, "yours is indeed a sad story."

Arthur rose and said abruptly, "I must go now, Herbie will be watching for me."

"Would you mind taking him some of the oranges that are lying on that plate—from me?"

"Thank you," and Arthur took up one.

"Please give me the plate," said Reginald, stretching out his hand for it; and when Arthur gave it to him, he began to fill all the boy's pockets with the fruit.

'There now, you can carry those, can't you?"

"Yes; but don't let me take them all."

"Please do, and come soon to see me again. I know we shall be famous friends."

"You're very kind," said Arthur, holding out his hand to say good-bye, and then