

Arthur carelessly, as he seated himself at the table.

"Mr. Dixon, may I request your opinion on Arthur's conduct," said Mrs. Dixon in a cold and measured tone. "I tell Arthur that I wish him to do something for me this afternoon, and, instead of obeying me, he steals off to the rectory, without saying one word to me, and comes back after dark."

"Well, my dear, I don't suppose he'll get any harm at the rectory."

Mrs. Dixon's face grew more wrathful as she answered, "It is well that it cannot last much longer—how are we to know that he has been to the rectory at all? he is quite deceitful enough to bring that forward as an excuse."

Arthur's face flushed crimson, and he sprang to his feet. "How dare you say that I tell a lie. How *can* you even think such a thing of one of my father's sons?"

Charlotte began to titter, as she always