

did when Arthur was angry; and Mrs. Dixon's manner became more freezingly cold and sneering.

"Compose yourself, Arthur, I knew nothing of your father except through his children, and I cannot say that they present a very charming result of his training."

Arthur was trembling with rage, and could hardly find words to express it, when Charlotte said suddenly—

"Arthur, what makes your pocket stick out like that?"

"What's that to you?" he replied.

"What have you got in it?" said Mrs. Dixon.

Arthur did not reply.

"Speak directly, Arthur, and answer your aunt," said Mr. Dixon, looking at him across the table.

"I don't see why I should," muttered the boy, stooping down to pick up his handkerchief which he had dropped, but as he did so one of the oranges fell from his