

aunt?" said Mr. Dixon rising, and coming round the table he boxed his ears.

Arthur made a wild spring at him, but suddenly checked himself and sat down again.

"Give me those oranges—I won't have them taken up-stairs," said Mrs. Dixon.

He rolled them across the table to her.

"Now, young master, go straight off to your bed," said his uncle, taking him by the shoulders and pushing him out of the room.

Arthur sprang up the stairs and was soon in his own room. Herbie was watching for him with a joyful face.

"Well, Arthur, was it nice?—how long you've been, have you had tea?"

But Arthur did not answer, he only threw himself on to a chair near the fire, and covered his face with his hands.

"Arthur, Arthur!—what is it?—has any one been hurting you?" said the little