

boy lovingly, as he crept to his brother's side.

"Nothing," muttered Arthur.

"Please tell me. I know something has vexed you."

"*Do* leave me alone," said Arthur angrily.

Herbie shrunk away directly. Arthur had never spoken roughly to him since their father's death, and the poor little boy felt that, if his brother began to be cross with him now, the finishing stroke would be put to his troubles.

He sat down quietly and was silent, and Arthur went on looking moodily into the fire. About ten minutes passed, and then Arthur said suddenly—

"Herbie."

"Well."

"I've been a brute to you, come here."

Herbie went to him and knelt down beside him.

"Make it up, Herbie?"