

"Of course," said the little boy, squeezing his hand.

"Do you care to hear what put me out?"

"Yes."

So Arthur told him all about it.

Herbie was quite silent when he had done, only he held his brother's hand very tightly and laid his head down on it.

"Well, Herbie?"

"Arthur, I think it's very hard, that I should have such a quiet life up here, while you are worried and tormented down stairs."

"I'm stronger than you, Herbie."

"I wish—but no. I won't say it."

"But why not; I don't mind what you say to me?"

"I wish you hadn't said all that to Aunt Dixon."

"So do I now; but she aggravated me so."

"Couldn't you tell her you are sorry?"

"I'll see about it, Herbie. I say, little