

and then said in her most icy and constrained tone,—

“I am glad to hear it, but it is too late now.”

Arthur could not understand why these words sent such a cold shiver through him, but he was soon to know.

After breakfast his uncle told him that he wanted him at ten o'clock in the library. Arthur's heart beat very fast as the hour approached, and as the clock struck he entered the room.

Mr. Dixon was seated at the table. Mrs. Dixon was standing by the fire, drawn up to her full height, and looking a complete iceberg.

“Arthur,” said Mr. Dixon, taking off his spectacles, and rubbing them, “I think—that is to say, your aunt thinks—I mean we both think—that it's high time you should do something for yourself. I was at work long before I was your age.”

“Yes, sir,” said Arthur, while his heart