

Arthur, looking up suddenly, and speaking in a hard forced voice.

“On the 29th,” said Mr. Dixon.

“Is that all you want to tell me?” said the boy again, passing his hand across his forehead.

“That’s all, you may go now.”

He turned and left the room. Slowly he ascended the stairs until he reached his own. He opened the door and went in, shut it quietly behind him, and walked over to Herbie’s side. There was a miserable attempt at a smile on his lips as he said,—

“Herbie, I’m to go to sea on the 29th of this month.”

Herbie turned round with an incredulous look, which quickly changed to one of alarm, as he saw that Arthur’s lips grew deadly white, his eyes closed, and he fell on the ground insensible. Quick as thought Herbie ran out of the room and called Simon whom he heard on the stairs below. In another minute the old man had lifted