

"Ambrose, my boy, Ambrose Barnett is my name."

"Now, Ernest, run off and tell Reginald that we are coming up to see him," said his father, and Ernest was not sorry to comply. He had a great deal to tell Reginald, for he had been to see Arthur that morning, and his brother was waiting anxiously to know the result of the visit.

"Well, Reggie, you see it was an old man that came to the door, and he showed me up-stairs, and I went to Arthur's own room, and saw him and Herbie. Arthur seemed rather confused, and so did the little one, and both of them looked like ghosts, and seemed very miserable, and Herbie coughed frightfully, and no wonder, for the room was like an ice-house or a vault. I asked Arthur to come and skate, but he wouldn't, and then he was just going to say something to tell you, when in marched Mrs. Dixon, and she was in such a rage, and said Arthur had no