

"Yes, Arthur, God knows," said little Herbie.

At this moment old Simon came into the room.

"Well, my little lads," he said, while his old face could be seen in the moonlight beaming joyously. "Well, here's as good fortune as a fairy tale; I reckon it be more like a fairy tale than anything else. If here isn't a carriage at the door, and Mrs. Dixon says quite humble like, 'Simon, go up and tell the young gentlemen they're to go to the rectory instantly, and carry Master Herbie down, and wrap him up well.'"

"Simon, what *do* you mean? you're joking," cried Arthur, springing to his feet. "How can it be?"

"I don't know, but so it be," said the old man, "and you're to get yourselves ready as quick as you can; put on all your best."

It was not long before Arthur and