

“Arthur, come and look here,” said Reggie, who was looking with great pleasure at the picture Ernest had given him.

Arthur went to his side.

“Isn’t this beautiful?”

“It’s pretty good,” said Arthur hesitatingly, whilst a crimson colour dyed his cheeks.

“It’s a capital picture,” said Mr. Barnett looking closely at it. “Who is the artist?”

“I don’t know,” said Ernest, “I bought it, there are initials in the corner, A. E. F.”

“It is mine; Arthur Egerton Forrester is what those initials stand for,” said Arthur suddenly, in a firm voice. “I don’t see why I need be ashamed to let you know that I tried to get money that way.”

A hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, “So you want to be an artist, do you?” said Mr. Barnett, looking keenly into his face.

“I would do anything, sir, that would—that would keep me from going to sea,”