

“That was all right,” returned Mertoun, whose predilection for sweet things we have already remarked upon; “tea can hardly be too sweet to please me.”

“Ah! so said your brother Walter; and you may thank him for your extra allowance. He persuaded Mrs. Young to let him sweeten the tea according to his own fancy. He is a nice little fellow, Harry. Everybody likes him. Even Dr. Young seemed taken with his zeal in your behalf, and helped him to pick out the best lumps; but he would not, nevertheless, yield to his request, and allow him to bring up the tray himself.”

“Why should Walter,” said Mertoun, whose suspicions the least thing was sufficient to arouse, “be so anxious to come?”

“Why; the wish was natural enough, surely; and besides, I dare say he wished