

"All right, young master!" answered the coachman as he turned in at the gate.

Meanwhile Ernest Leslie was getting excited, he was just approaching his home, and every object was so familiar that he could not be quiet.

"I declare they've cut down the horse-chestnut, what a shame! There's old Maggie with her red cloak, she's been plaguing papa, I'll engage, for money. No flowers!—too late, I suppose—yes, chrysanthemums, ugly, ragged things. Here we are! There's Connie at the door! All right, driver—bother this window!" and then Ernest flung himself out of the fly and up the steps, before the driver had time to dismount and ring the bell.

That'll do, Connie—how are you? Well, papa, here I am. Where's mamma?" and Ernest broke from his sister's arms and rushed into those of his mother, returning her kiss with most loving warmth.