

“What luggage, my boy?” said his father.

“Black trunk, carpet bag, hat-box, fishing-rod, walking-stick, and an empty bird-cage with two mouse-traps tied to it—all right?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Please, papa, pay the man. I’ve no change left.”

So Mr. Leslie was left to settle with the driver, while Ernest sprang up three steps at a time with Connie after him, until he reached the drawing-room floor. Then he turned to a door on the right, and entered a pleasant sitting-room. At the first glance we should have thought that no one was in the room, but, on looking more closely, we should have discovered a young man lying on the couch, between the window and the fire-place. Ernest’s instinct guided him straight up to the sofa, as he cried—

“Well, Reggie, how are you?”