

“As well as usual, my dear fellow, and delighted to see you,” answered his brother Reginald, while the bright colour flushed into his pale cheeks, and he eagerly grasped Ernest’s two hands.

“Yes, isn’t it jolly that I’m back again?” said Ernest.

Reginald smiled, but answered, in chorus with Constance who was standing beside him, “It is—*very*.”

“No end of fun to tell you—such a supper last night!—and I’ve brought a letter for papa—from Dr. Johnstone—such a good boy am I!”

“That entirely depends upon what’s in the letter, old fellow,” said Reginald.

“Of course, but I know it’s good, for when the doctor shook hands with me, he said, ‘Good-bye, Ernest, you are your father’s own son.’”

“That was information, certainly,” remarked his brother with his own peculiar smile.