

and then Ernest went over to the table, where a boy between two and three years of age was seated in a high chair, (which he could not possibly wriggle out of without help), and deep in a bowl of broth with bread broken into it.

"Well, Freddy, are you glad to see me?"

"'Oo muttn't 'peak to me, till I done my brot," said the little boy, lifting his grave eyes from the bowl.

Ernest laughed. "When shall I carry you on my back, Fred?"

"When I done my brot."

"Come, Ernest, dinner's ready!" said Constance, putting her head in.

"All right, so am I, good-bye, my dears; take care of yourselves," said the school-boy brother, as he closed the door behind him.

"Well, Ernest," said Constance, drawing a deep breath, and surveying him from head to foot.

"Well, you'll know me again," said