

deliberation drew out the little key and fitted it to the lock.

“Well, Ernest, here's one for you, and two for me, and a note for Constance, that's all.”

“And quite enough too,” said Ernest to himself, for he had caught a glance of Uncle Walter's handwriting on one of his father's; and his own letter was from Maurice Treverton, it ran as follows,—

“MY DEAR ERNEST,

“We arrived here quite safely an hour or two ago. Of course everybody arrives safe everywhere. I don't believe in railway accidents. We have had our dinners, and now to say what I've got to say. Papa is just writing to Uncle Leslie about you know what; and you *must* both come. I want to see Constance too, and so does Katharine; and you and I'll have such fun. I've told Barton that I won't shoot anything till you come, and there'll be first-rate skating if the weather keeps up, and there's to be a ball, and charades, and fun without end,—something to take away the taste of all that Greek and Latin, my boy.

Yours until you come,

MAURICE TREVERTON.”