

"P. S.—You should have seen the concern that was waiting for that dolt Forrester at Willingham Station, it certainly was in keeping with his general appearance. I *hope* he'll have a merry Christmas, but what a wet blanket he would be on any fun!"

Ernest looked anxiously over to his father, who was intent on his own two letters.

"Well, papa," said the boy, after watching him for a few minutes.

"Well, my dear Ernest?"

"You've heard from Uncle Walter, haven't you?"

"Yes, my boy," and Mr. Leslie folded up the letter, and put it back in the envelope.

"And mayn't we go, papa?"

Mr. Leslie did not answer, but looking over to his wife, said, "My old friend Mr. Barnett is coming to spend Christmas with us."

"Is he, poor old gentleman, I'm glad of it," said Mrs. Leslie.