

her lazy big brother couldn't go back and forth to Hillcrest daily, if she were to want him as a boarder for the remainder of the season. Although I had for years inveighed against the folly of cultivated people leaving the city to find residences, Helen's argument was unanswerable and I submitted. I did even more; I purchased a lovely bit of ground (though the deed stands in Tom's name for the present), and Tom has brought up several plans of cottage-houses, and every evening they are spread on the dining-room table, and there gather round them four people, among whom are a white goods salesman, and a young lady with the brightest of eyes, and cheeks full of roses and lilies. This latter-named personage has her own opinions of the merits of all plans suggested, and insisted that whatever plan *is* adopted *must* have a lovely room to be set apart as the exclusive property of Helen's boys. Young as these gentlemen are, I find frequent occasions to be frightfully jealous of them, but they are unmoved by either my frowns or persuasions—artifice alone is able to prevent their monopolizing the time of an adorable being, of whose society I cannot possibly have too much. She insists that when the ceremony takes place in December, they shall officiate as groomsmen, and I have not the slightest doubt that she will carry her point. In fact, I confess to frequent affectionate advances toward them myself, and when I retire without first seeking their room and putting a grateful kiss upon their unconscious lips, my conscience upbraids me with base ingratitude. To think I might yet be a hopeless bachelor had it not been for them, is to overflow with thankfulness to the giver of HELEN'S BABIES.