

back, ye kin have him, rint-free ; an' it's much obloiged I am to ye, sir, fur dressin' him so foine."

I made no encouraging remarks as to future transactions in this line, and drove slowly home.

Euphemia met me at the door. She had Pomona's baby in her arms. We walked together into the parlour.

"And so you have given up the little fellow that you were going to do so much for?" she said.

"Yes, I have given him up," I answered.

"It must have been a dreadful trial to you," she continued.

"Oh, dreadful !" I replied.

"I suppose you thought he would take up so much of your time and thoughts, that we couldn't be to each other what we used to be, didn't you?" she said.

"Not exactly," I replied. "I only thought that things promised to be twice as bad as they were before."

She made no answer to this, but going to the back door of the parlour she opened it and called Pomona. When that young woman appeared, Euphemia stepped toward her and said : "Here, Pomona, take your baby."

They were simple words, but they were spoken in such a way that they meant a good deal. Pomona knew what they meant. Her eyes