

"Papa, tate Tarley ! papa, tate Tarley !"

"Now do put down that stupid paper, Richmond, and take poor 'Tarley,'" says Georgia, looking up with her bright smile. "Bring him over, nurse."

"Well, I suppose I must," Richmond says, resigning himself as a man always must in such cases, and holding out his arms to "Tarley," who, with an exultant crow, leaps in and immediately buries two chubby little hands in papa's hair. "Where's Georgia?"

"Oh, down at the cottage, of course," says the lady, laughing; "when is Georgia ever to be found anywhere else? Dear Miss Jerusha! it does make her so happy to have her there; so while we live in Burnfield we may as well let her stay there."

"Oh, certainly—certainly," replies Richmond, with tears in his eyes as Master "Tarley" gives an unusually vigorous pull to his scalp-lock. "And by the way, my dear, guess from whom I heard to-day?"

"Who—Warren?" inquires Georgia eagerly.

"No—Curtis," says his excellency, laughing. "Poor Dick's done for at last. Miss Maggie What's-her-name Leonard, the one with the curls and always laughing, has finished him. As the king in the play says, 'I could have better spared a better man.'"

"Why, you don't mean to say he has married her?" says Georgia, in extreme surprise. Well, I *am* surprised. Where is he now?"

"Off in the South for a bridal tour, and then he will return and resume his duties as my secretary. There goes the tea-bell. Here, nurse, take Master 'Tarley.' Come, Georgia."

Look with me on another scene, reader. The beautiful