

Charlston and family were engaged in their respective duties, as described, the door bell was rung. George attended to the signal; and in a few seconds a young man entered the room, signalizing himself in a very familiar but somewhat uncouth manner.

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Charlston. How are you Eliza, Amelia, and Charlotte? and you Frederick, old lad? I didn't see you at work to-day. I thought something was out of joint with you, and I have come on purpose to see. Why what's the matter with your neck? You have it swaddled up as if you were determined to defy the hangman's rope from ever getting a hold of you," ejaculated Charles Holstrom.

"Oh, I have only caught a bit of a cold in my throat," replied Frederick; "come Charlie, take a seat by my side and give us your latest news about town."

The husky voice of Holstrom awoke the infant from its peaceful slumber, and the poor thing began to bawl loudly as if startled from either surprise or fear.

Mrs. Charlston lifted it to her knee, and having hushed it into quietness she began feeding it with some cordial food.

"Well, I declare, he has grown to be a big lump of a lad," exclaimed Holstrom. "I dare say, Frederick, you feel conceited enough now to think yourself a degree above such fellows as