

"Charles," I exclaimed, with some anger, "stop that noise this instant! Do you hear me?"

"Yes—oo—oo—oo—ahoo—ahoo."

"Then stop it."

"Wants to shee—"

"Toddie, I've got some candy in my trunk, but I won't give you a bit if you don't stop that infernal noise."

"Well, I wants to shee whee! go wound. Ah—ah—h—h—h—h!"

"Toddie, dear, don't cry so. Here's some ladies coming in a carriage; you wouldn't let *them* see you crying, would you? You shall see the wheels go round as soon as we get home."

A carriage containing a couple of ladies was rapidly approaching, as Toddie again raised his voice.

"Ah—h—h—wants to shee wheels—"

Madly I snatched my watch from my pocket, opened the case, and exposed the works to view. The other carriage was meeting ours, and I dropped my head to avoid meeting the glance of the unknown occupants, for my few moments of contact with my dreadful nephews had made me feel inexpressibly unneat. Suddenly the carriage with the ladies stopped. I heard my own name spoken, and, raising my head quickly (encountering Budgie's bullet head, *en route*, to the serious disarrangement of my hat), I looked into the other carriage. There, erect, fresh, neat, composed, bright-eyed, fair-faced, smiling and observant,—she would have been all this, even if the angel of the resurrection had just sounded his dreadful trump,—sat Miss Alice Mayton, a lady who, for about a year, I had been adoring from afar.