

"Wantsh my shoes made all nigger wif a bottle-bwush, too," said Toddie.

I looked appealingly at Budge, who answered :—

"He means he wants his shoes blacked, with the polish that's in a bottle, an' you rub it on with a brush."

"An' I wantsh a thath on," continued Toddie.

"Sash, he means," said Budge. "He's awful proud."

"An' Ize doin' to wear my takker-hat," said Toddie. "An my wed djuvs."

"That's his tassel-hat an' his red gloves," continued the interpreter.

"Toddie, you can't wear gloves such hot days as these," said I.

A look of inquiry was speedily followed by Toddie's own unmistakable preparations for weeping ; and as I did not want his eyes dimmed when his mother looked into them I hastily exclaimed :

"Put them on, then—put on the mantle of rude Boreas, if you choose ; but don't go to crying."

"Don't wan't no mantle-o'-wude-bawyusses," declared Toddie, following me phonetically, "wantsh my own pitty cozhesh, an' nobody eshesh."

"O Uncle Harry !" exclaimed Budge, "I want to bring mamma home in my goat-carriage !"

"The goat isn't strong enough, Budge to draw mamma and you."

"Well, then, let me drive down to the depot, just to *show* papa an mamma I've goat a goat-carriage—I'm sure mamma would be very unhappy when she found out I had one, and she had'nt seen it first thing."

"Well, I guess you may follow me down Budge ; but you must drive very carefully."

"Oh, yes—I wouldn't get us hurt when mamma was coming, for *anything*."