

"Too much F. F. V.," said Gringo soberly.

"It does seem cold up here," said Beanie, "after that southern winter air."

"Have you been to see Mrs. Waverlee?" asked Gringo.

"Yes, she's fine," said Beanie enthusiastically, "and I love Patsie. Oh! dogs, we're going to stay here. I'm crazy with pleasure. I didn't want to go back to New York."

We both congratulated him, then Ellen called him to go upstairs, to have his sweater off.

Master and mistress went back to the topic of the looks of ladies and gentlemen.

"Claudia," master was saying, "if you were to tell me that I wasn't as handsome as Norman, I would understand you."

Mistress turned her back on him, and began to gether up her mail from the table.

"No one would look at me twice, if Norman were in the room," said master. "He's what I call a really handsome man."

"Look at Mrs. Granton's shoulders shaking," muttered Gringo. "She thinks that's a joke on my boss."

Mistress turned round—her face perfectly convulsed with amusement. "Rudolph," she said, "you old goose."

"Gander," corrected master. "Do the animal kingdom justice."

"Gander then," said mistress. "Norman Bonstone can't be compared with you. You are the handsomest man I ever saw."