

"How naughty of you, Fred!" she pouted.

"Did I scare you, Gladys? So sorry!" he said jokingly.

She laughed.

"But you did not say what you were doing."

"Cooking supper, of course. Are you not hungry?"

"You bet, Gladys!" he said, smacking his lips.

"Have you ever found me not?"

Again she broke into a merry laugh.

His eyes followed hers. She was glancing at a few pounds of pork that was hanging up—the remnants of a three-hundred-pound pig killed only a short time before.

"Now say I have eaten it all." His eyes twinkled mischievously as he glanced at her.

"No, no; Will's as bad as you."

"Father and Gladys too," he added roguishly. Whereupon they both laughed.

From behind them their laugh was repeated, but in a gruffer key; and looking round they saw their brother, who had just come in from feeding up the team and cattle.

"Smells good, Gladys, old girl!" he exclaimed.

"And I'm as hungry as a hawk too."

"Just a minute, Will," she said, pouring the boiling water into the teapot, "and all will be ready to satisfy such hungry monsters."

The boys had a remarkable resemblance to each