

me such a question before! Don't you know there isn't a girl in Barbadoes who has been so thoroughly spoiled, and has found the spoiling so sweet? Do I look more than usually mournful to-day that you should think I am pining away with grief?" She looked up at him with a roguish laugh.

He smiled and laid his finger caressingly on the dimpled chin. "Dear little bird!" he said tenderly; "but when this dimple captivates the heart of some one, Vad, you will fly away and leave the poor father in the empty nest."

Her color glowed softly through the olive skin. She threw her arms around his neck and laid her face against his breast. "You know better!" she exclaimed passionately. "You know I wouldn't leave you for all the 'some ones' in the world!"

Her father caught her close. "Poor little lass!" he said with a sigh.

The girl lifted her head and looked at him anxiously. "Dearest, what *is* the matter? I am sure you are not well! You have been sitting too long at that tiresome writing."

"Yes, that is it, darling," he said with a sudden change of tone. "Writing always does give me the blues. I think the man who invented the art should have been put in a pil-