

"Can't I stay and have some?" the child asked, pleading a little. "I dreamed you were having some good things without me, and I thought you would miss me; and—and—so—I came down."

Barbara hesitated and looked over at the father. Ralph's lip trembled suspiciously, but he said quite gently, but firmly: "No, Carl, you must go right back to bed. It is too late for little boys to be up. We are very much obliged for your call, but we cannot ask you to stay."

"All right," said Carl sturdily. He raised his face to his mother's, and kissed her, and marched sturdily out of the room. At the door he fired a parting shot.

"If there's anything left, save Martha and me some"

He vanished up the stairs amid a general laugh, and Mrs. Ward wiped her eyes. It was more than laughter that had brought tears to them.

"I think you have the most beautiful children, Barbara. I never saw any that minded like your Carl."

"I'm afraid they obey their father better than me," Barbara answered slowly. "But they are lovely children. Did you ever see anything more funny than the look on his face as he said, 'Why don't I have some of this?' And as for Martha—" Barbara's eyes