

priate for her to have done so. She raised her face for the Colonel's gallant kiss.

"You are very late this morning, Richard," she remarked.

"There was much to attend to. You remember this is a very important day."

The Colonel sat across the table, but immediately arose to set aside a cut-glass bowl of magnificent red roses that had filled the centre of the table.

"I would rather see you, dear, than the most beautiful roses in the world," he answered Allie's murmured protest.

He attacked the sliced oranges before him. A door opened noiselessly to admit the soft-footed Chinaman, bearing a laden tray. He stood waiting. The Colonel dallied with his fruit, telling Allie interestedly his morning adventure, pausing often with his spoon between plate and mouth.

"You eat fruit," broke in the Chinaman finally. "You stop talkee talkee, eat blekfus."

"Well, I declare, Sing Toy!" cried the Colonel.

But Sing Toy, secure in the righteousness of his attitude, budged not one inch from it.

"Belly late," he pointed out without excitement. "You walkee walkee, no catch blekfus, you catch headache. I know." He spoke from the profound empirical wisdom of years of service, in this family; and therefore he spoke in confidence. The Colonel collapsed and meekly devoured his orange. Sing Toy changed the plates and served the food. His calm eye swept the dining room masterfully.

"You change your nightgown," he told Allie, and left the room.

"I swear that Chinaman will drive me beyond bounds!" cried the Colonel.

"He merely meant the laundry boy was going to begin the week's wash to-day," chuckled Allie, placidly. "I am only thankful that he did not say it before our guests. You know perfectly well, Richard, what a faithful dear old thing he is."

"I suppose so," muttered the Colonel. "still——"

Sing Toy thrust his pig-tailed head through the door.