

"Well, we've come for the invalid," said Tom, cheerily. "She has been out long enough."

"I have enjoyed my visit," she told them, simply. "And Numè," she turned to her, "Numè, will you kiss me?"

"Ess;" she paused a moment, bashfully, throwing a charming glance at Sinclair. "I *kin* kees—Mr. Sinka tich me."

They all laughed at this.

"An' now," she continued, "I inviting you to visit with me agin." She included them all with a bewitching little sweep of her hands, but her eyes were on the American girl's face. "An' also I lig' you to know thad Mr. Sinka promising to me thad he goin' tek me thad grade big United States. Now, thad *will* be nize. I egspeg you lig' me visite with you also. Yaes?"

"Of course; you would stay *with* us," Tom said, cordially.

"Thad *is* perlite," she breathed, ecstatically.

"Not polite, Numè," Sinclair corrected, smiling, "but, well—'nize,' as you would call it."

"Ah, yaes, of course. I beg pardons, egsfuse. I mean thad liddle word 'nize.' Tha's foolish say 'perlite.'" She laughed at what she thought her own foolishness, and she was so pretty when she laughed.

Cleo turned to Sinclair. "I understand," she said, softly, "why you—you loved her. If I were a man I would too."

"Ah! thad is a regret," sighed Numè, who had overheard her and half understood. "Thad you