

yet for all practical purposes it is not a book." He laid the parcel carefully upon a shelf and placed his hat above it. Christine giggled.

"I suppose you mean 'no muffin, no book,' " she said. "In that case you can have your old muffin. Whom is it for?"

Tommy gravely removed his hat from the parcel. "Well, it's a kind of family book, I guess," he remarked. "First you said you wanted a new book, and then Celia said she had finished the one she was reading to Ada, and then Ada mentioned that she would like something of de Morgan's, and, of course, de Morgan wrote a new book at once, and——"

"And you felt it your duty to buy it!" snapped Celia. Her tone was so sharp and the irritation it expressed so uncalled for that the others looked at her in surprise. Even Tommy's equanimity was disturbed. His rather round blue eyes grew rounder. It was so odd of Celia to turn on a fellow like that! He knew of old how set she was against accepting any gift from him, but a book—he ran a bewildered hand through his hair, making it look more like a stubble field than ever.

"Don't do that, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed Celia. "It makes you look exactly like Tommy Traddles!" and with this she disappeared into the adjoining room and slammed the door.

"Well, that was a hard one," said Tommy cheerfully, and then, since every word could be heard over the partition, he asked in pantomime whatever was the matter with Celia?

Christine, also in pantomime, declared that Celia was feeling very tired, and Ada, who through it all had stood in quiet wonder, seemed to understand as well as