

the look of one who has put his accusers in the wrong, he rescued himself from his wife's emphatic embraces, held her off for a moment with a look of real fondness, and then brushed her with his lips, first on one cheek and then upon the other.

"Dad-dee!" clamored the children in chorus. "Dad-dee!" Yet it was noticeable that they did not presume to rush upon their father, but flung their voices before them, experimentally, as it were.

"Well, well, *las ninas*" (las ninas being the Spanish for children), the father exclaimed, his piercing dark eyes upon them with delight and displeasure mingling. "Aren't you going to give me a hug? Your mother nearly strangles me, and you stand off eyeing me as if I were a new species."

At the open arms of invitation, both of the children plunged unhesitatingly; but their reception was brief.

"Run away now, father is tired," the nervous-looking man proclaimed presently, straightening his shoulders, while he sniffed the atmosphere. "Dinner, eh? Gods and goats, but I am hungry!"

Rose led the little procession proudly back to the table, drawing out her husband's chair for him, hovering over him, smoothing his hair, unfolding his napkin, and stooping to place a fresh kiss upon his fine, high, but narrow brow.

"That will do now; that will do now," he cooed, with an air of having indulged a foolishly dotting woman long enough. "For goodness' sake, Rose, give me something to eat."

His wife, still upon her feet, carried him the platter from which the family had been served. Charles condemned it with a glance.

"Isn't there something fresh you could give me? Something that hasn't been — pawed over?"