

"It is hopeless all to try and go," said Damaris ;
"let the little ones have the first kisses."

"There are limits to the powers of endurance even of brides," said Frank. "Olga has only got a dozen new brothers and sisters, not counting Bertha and Giles——"

"Who decidedly mean to be counted," said Mrs. Inglehurst, as Frank sometimes dubbed the bright-eyed Bertha ; "but I don't think that Olga will be daunted by numbers."

"Or she'd have been choked off long ago?—well, perhaps so. It's a wonder you either of you had the courage to take a header into such a family as this. Hallo, mum? So here you are again like a bad halfpenny! I did think, when we made all that outlay on rice and old shoes, that we had seen the last of you for some little time to come. Thank you, mum; the same to you, mum," and Frank returned Olga's warm sisterly kiss with a sounding smack that set the whole company off into a laugh.

"This is delightful; how nice and Christnassy you do look. Frank, I am sure you are responsible for all the mistletoe in the hall——"

"No I ain't; who cares about kissing nobody but his own sisters?—and who else will ever try to stick so much as the tip of a nose into a house so chock full of one family as this is now? It's an awful swindle belonging to such a family—it's