

*MY LADY CAPRICE*

'pecky' kisses, perhaps, but very genuine kisses notwithstanding.

"Richard," she said, giving me her hand, "we shall come down to your wonderful house—all three of us next week, so be prepared—now be off—both of you."

"Then you forgive me, Aunt?" asked Lisbeth, hesitating.

"Well, I don't quite know yet, Lisbeth; but, my dear, I'll tell you something I have never mentioned to a living soul but you; if I had acted forty years ago as you did to-day, I should have been a very different creature to the cross-grained old woman you think me. There—there's a kiss, but as for forgiving you—that is quite another matter; I must have time to think it all over. Good-bye, my dear; and, Richard, fill her life with happiness, to make up for mine, if you can. Children, bid good-bye to your Auntie—and Uncle Dick!"