

hand, his own feeling to them very large and strong. That he was hungry was quite clear, but he found time to press his guests to eat more and to twit them on their "ridiculous little appetites." After the meal was over and the table cleared he chanced to catch Trixy with her eyes fixed on his face. His own lighted up with amusement.

"Now I wonder what you think of me?" he said.

Trixy coloured, and Mrs. Guest whispered, "Don't, Herbert!" for she was afraid of upsetting the new arrival, who was not yet accustomed to her husband's ways. But Beatrix rose to the occasion, having observed the whimsical smile with which Mr. Guest accompanied his question. She scented fun, and that set her at ease. She could be funny herself if she liked. Her eyes sparkled as she said—

"I think you are a—a very unexpected sort of gentleman?"

He was not in the least offended, only amused.

"Now I wonder what you mean?" he said; "it sounds like a puzzle. You don't