

A JAPANESE BLOSSOM

mother. Me? I goin' *leave* my husband."

"What's all this talk of husbands?" queried a cheerful voice.

Mr. Kurukawa seated himself among the children. Plum Blossom and Iris found a seat, one on each of his knees. Between them Juji nestled against his father's shoulder. The hand which had rested so contentedly in Gozo's a moment since had become a bit restless. Marion, the fond, showed an inclination again to desert; but Gozo maliciously held her small hand tightly so that she could not escape.

"I want to say something to father," she said.

"Say it to me," said Gozo.

"Yes, but—"

"Hah! Did I not say so? Very well, you love me only sometimes. Tha's not kind love."

She was contrite in a moment, es-