

rejoiced at this happy reunion, before the day came when the dozen must finally split up into its component parts.

Giles and Damaris were married now, and Giles had taken up his position as master of the house, and elder brother of all its inmates. The double wedding was quite a recent event, and Oswald and his bride had not yet returned from their honeymoon trip ; but they were expected back this very evening—Christmas Eve—and Frank had got together all the reports published in the local papers of the imposing ceremony, and was employing the idle moments of the twilight in reciting the most flowery passages to Roly-Poly, and making the eager twins repeat them after him, so as to be able to retail them later on to Olga. When it came to the concluding passage, in which their own costumes of crimson and white were described, and they were spoken of as "a perfect picture of childish beauty," their giggles became irrepressible. Indeed, the whole room was by this time in fits of laughter, and Damaris in vain begged Frank to desist, as it was really too ridiculous for anything.

"Not at all, mum," he returned. "It's all in print—so it must be true, and Olga will appreciate the high falutin' of our aboriginal reporter, if you don't. It's right these 'perfect pictures' should