

You could have knocked the Mexican down with a straw. This time he was flabbergasted.

"You all too fine, too tender, too good to me," he said; and there was a softness in his speech that none of them had guessed could be there, save, perhaps, Gilbert.

"Oh, no," Jones said. "We wanted a little Mexican touch in our households. And we've never forgotten you, old friend. Tell me, where have you been all these months? We hoped to hear from you. But never a word or a sign from you. Aren't you just a little ashamed of yourself now, when you see how much we have been thinking of you?"

Lopez hung his head. "Yes, my frand, I *am* ashamed." Then he looked around at all of them. "I love you very much. I dream of you often, an' I say to myself. 'Some day I go back there, an' see my old frands which I make so 'appy.' But I bandit no more, an' travel I hate in trains. I reform. I settle down in Mexico City. I 'ave baby too, an' good wife, good mother. But I get 'omesick, 'ow you say, for you all, an' so I come down for what you call 'oliday, an'—'ere I am! You 'ave made me very 'appy to-night. I love you all even more seence I see