

But the situation was not nearly so bad as Aunt Sally thought it was, or as Major Goolsby expected it would be. The major himself sent her a little negro girl to keep her company, and the neighbors for miles around contended with one another in their efforts to make her comfortable. Not a day passed, except Sundays, that Miss Mary, the major's daughter, did n't drive out to Aunt Sally's little place and spend an hour or two with her. Miss Mary was eighteen, as pretty as a peach, and as full of fun as an egg is of meat. She was a brunette with blue eyes, and although they were laughing eyes, they could look very sad and tender when occasion called for it.

She made herself very useful to Aunt Sally. She read to her the letters that little Billy sent back from the camp of instruction at Loudersville, and answered them at Aunt Sally's dictation. In this way she came to feel that she knew little Billy better than any one else except his mother. She was surprised to find that, although little Billy had had few advantages in the way of schooling, he could write a beautiful letter. She took the fact home to her innocent bosom and