

tiptoed back again, and said to Colonel Cochran, "It's all right. She's crying."

The colonel smiled dryly. "If I make the women cry, what will the children do when they see me!"

The major laid his hand affectionately on Cochran's arm. "Don't you fret," he said. "Just wait."

And so wonderful are the ways of women, that when Miss Mary came out again, she greeted the colonel cordially, and was as gay as a lark. And nothing would do but he must fight his battles over again, which he did with great spirit when he saw her fine eyes kindling with enthusiasm, and her lips trembling from sheer sympathy.

Strange to say, nobody knew what it all meant but the old cook, who stood in the doorway leading from the dining-room to the kitchen and watched her young mistress. She went back in the kitchen and said to her husband: —

"Ef you want ter see how folks does when dey er in love, go ter de door dar an' look at dat ar chile er our'n."

The old man looked in, watched Miss Mary a moment, and then looked hard at Colonel Cochran.