

other young fellow would act when confronted with his own secret thoughts and desires, hardly acknowledged even to himself. To Cousin Rebecca T. all this was in the nature of a confession of guilt, and she congratulated herself on the promptness with which she had put an end to the whole miserable business. As a matter of fact, she did what many another hasty-tempered woman has done before her; she kindled into flame a spark that might have expired if let alone.

Young Mr. Pierson promptly took himself away from The Cedars, and it was not until after he was gone that the other guests discovered what an interesting companion he was at table and on the wide veranda. They began to talk about him and to discuss his good qualities. He was a clean, manly, bright, industrious, genial, generous young fellow. This was the verdict. The colonel, missing the cigars that Laban was in the habit of bringing him, and resenting the situation (inflamed, perhaps, by a little too much toddy), went further, and said that in the whole course of his career, sir, he had never seen a finer young man, sir. So that in spite of the fact that Laban sat at the table no longer, he was more in evidence than ever.