

because he was afraid of irritating his wife, and Cousin Rebecca T. because she was afraid of exhibiting any weakness before her husband. Each, unknown to the other, had set on foot inquiries in regard to the whereabouts of Mary, and the fact that the inquiries elicited no response and no information gave the two old people a more valid excuse for misery than they had ever known.

The trouble was that their inquiries had begun too late. For a few months after her marriage the colonel had kept himself informed about his daughter. He expected her to write to him. He had a vague and unformed notion that in due season Mary would return and ask her mother's forgiveness, and then, if Cousin Rebecca T. showed any hardness of heart, he proposed to put his foot down, and show her that he was not a cipher in the family. The mother, for her part, fully expected that some day when she was going about the house, neither doing nor thinking of anything in particular, her daughter would rush suddenly in upon her and tell her between laughter and tears that there was no happiness away from home. Cousin Rebecca T. had her part all pre-