

and other loved ones. And to us soon returned my Buzz of great curiosity.

"There is no humbleness that I will not perform for their forgiveness, my Buzz and my Sue," I said to them. "Seek that they grant it to me."

"Oh, it will be so exciting and up-to-date with its spy and war flavor that everybody will forgive you. You are a lovely darling and they'll all be glad you are a girl—all the boys especially," said to me my Sue, with a defiance at my Buzz.

"Sure, Bobbyette, I'll see that you're no wallflower," he made answer to her in the person of me, with a return of that defiance. "Come on, Susan, let me take you home. Good night, old top—no, I mean *belle Marquise*," and it was a very funny thing to see that Buzz with a great awkwardness, bend and kiss my hand at a laugh from my Sue as they left me.

It was not for many moments that I stood alone in the hall after the departure of my Sue and my Buzz, before there entered my beloved Uncle, the General Robert, and also my beloved Gouverneur Faulkner, who came to stand, one