

Instead of resting, however, she wandered, from room to room of the beautiful suite, her heart swelling with love and thankfulness for all the tender care that surrounded her. Thus her husband found her when he came in softly, expecting to find her, if not actually sleeping at least making the attempt.

"Well, madam," he said, "is this the way that you obey orders? To punish your disobedience I think I had better keep this from you." This was another boquet which he held under her nose an instant and then tantalizingly held beyond her reach, with the words, "Take them if you can." Without a word she threw her arms around his neck, gave him a loving kiss and a delicious little hug while she whispered, "Give them to me, Harry."

"What would I not give you, dearest, for such sweet toll," he answered, as he clasped her fondly in his arms. Then leaning lightly against her husband she admired the superb flowers.

"Did you bring me those?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," he answered. "I brought them, but they were given me to bring by old Gregg, the head gardener. Will you honor the old fellow by wearing them this evening?"

"No; I will carry his boquet, but I am going to wear my little boy's flowers," she said.

"Are you going to send me down for some more? As I am the only little boy you own, it must be so."

Kathleen drew back and laughingly surveyed his six feet of broad shouldered, stalwart manhood, and then grew grave as she answered: "No, I mean the flowers given me by the little sick boy at the Lodge. It seems to me," she continued, "that when he threw those flowers to me a blessing came with them, for if there is anything on earth near akin to the angels it is a little, sweet, suffering child.