

fathers. My mother didn't have to learn to be a mother. Did I have to learn to be a boy?"

"You had to learn to be a brave boy who could ride a horse."

"I haven't a horse. I have a pony," he said gravely. "Can I have a horse when I'm big?"

"You may, not can, my son." Harry smiled up at him mischievously. "See, here come Miss Bland and Mr. Moncrieff. You run in to Miss Gordon now."

"Alone, Henry?" Moncrieff said. "Where's Mrs. Murphy? Thank the Lord there's something I can decently call her at last."

"She never notices what *you* call her, Philip," Katherine remarked.

"I know she doesn't," he said with simulated irritation. "And no more do you—when Murphy's around. I am beginning to think you're in love with him yourself."

"Beginning to think?" she cried. "I thought you prided yourself on your powers of observation. I've been desperately in love with him for years."

"Then, my dear Henry, I challenge you to a duel. This accounts for her having refused me again to-day."

"She did, did she?" Henry said, laughing. He