

THE CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN

with good-nature. He had come at a moment when I most desired to see him, and I greeted him cordially.

"I see now," said the colonel, "why it is I can never catch you in your office in town; you do your work at home. Well, that's lots better than workin' where any and everybody can come in on you. I thought I'd find you out here enjoying your *otium cum digitalis*, as old Tuck Bonner used to say; but instead of that you're waist-deep in newspapers."

I assured the colonel that there were some people in the world whom I would be glad to see, no matter how busy I might be.

"I know the feeling," replied Colonel Blasen-game; "but you'll be cussing me as sure as the world, for I haven't a grain of business to see you about. But I hear Tumlin and old Aunt Minervy Ann talking about you so constantly that I thought I'd come out and say howdye, if no more."

"Well, you'll have to say more than that this time," I remarked; "I was just thinking, when you rang the door-bell, that I would give something pretty to see you."

"Now, is that reely so?" cried the colonel. "Then I'm twice glad—once because I took a no-