

we saw in the *Intelligencer* about his being in Germany, and last week they said he had come home. We were talking about you only yesterday, and wondering whether you would come down to see us, and whether you would know us now you had grown such a fine gentleman, and being written about in Lord Peterborough's despatches, and accustomed to all sorts of grand-society."

"You knew I would," Jack said; "why, where should I go if not here? And Alice is quite well, I hope, and grown quite a woman?"

"Not quite a woman yet, Jack, but getting on." She opened the door and called Alice, and in a minute the girl ran down. Her mother saw that she had guessed who the caller was, for she had smoothed her hair and put on a bright ribbon which her mother had not seen for three years, and which Jack himself had given her. She paused a moment shyly at the door, for this young officer, in all the glories of the staff uniform, was a very grand figure in her eyes.

"How do you do, cousin Jack?" she said coming forward, with a bright colour and outstretched hand.

"How are you, cousin Alice?" Jack said, mimicking her tone; "why, you little goose," he exclaimed, catching her in his arms and kissing her, "you don't suppose I am going to be satisfied with shaking your hand after being nearly three years away."

"Oh, but you are so big, Jack, and so grand, it seems different altogether."

"You are bigger than you were, Alice, but it does not seem in the least different to me."