

and many and many a time, when Jeanie was wondering and wondering how he was, and where he was, and what he was doing, her mother felt fit to burst with her secret, and positively ached to tell the poor child all that she suspected and everything that she knew.

"I can't think why he should have left the service," was Jeanie's puzzled remark one afternoon when she was busy setting the table for tea and her mother was lying on the sofa watching her.

"We shall hear in good time," answered Mrs. Wade evasively.

"Oh, yes; but still I can't help wondering. And he was so fond of soldiering," Jeanie returned, "that somehow or other I cannot ever think of him as anything but a soldier."

Mrs. Wade got up off her sofa and walked to the window, repressing the words which came rushing to her lips with an effort. "Once a soldier, always a soldier," she said at last. "And here is your father."

The sergeant came in, he was hot and tired, but he kissed his wife and spoke gently and tenderly to Jeanie. He seemed, poor man, as if he was always trying to make amends to the girl for the trouble he had put upon her, and in return Jeanie never paraded