

"My face, Mistress Deborah, is no doubt —"

But she turned her horse suddenly towards me and put her little gloved hand over my mouth.

"You stupid! Never tell me I cannot anger you! Dost not know, sir, that I shall have to spend all the time you have off duty teaching you some kind of a sense of humour? Why, Merton, my friend, I could make you so mad in two seconds that you would jump up and down and kick the furniture, and doubtless draw that huge sword of yours and brandish it over my head."

"Come here, madam, and I will chastise your disrespectful mouth now," and I turned towards her. But she sent her nag kiting ahead at a gallop, and I started hot in pursuit — angry, pleased, and above all, so happy with her for my companion that I forgot all else — forgot our present position, until I saw a British soldier step into the road ahead of us and call her to a halt. I was by her side in an instant; and, giving my passes to the picket, followed him into the guard-house of the Tarrytown outpost.

As we turned into the same room where I had had so narrow an escape but a few months before, a familiar voice cried out: "How de do, Captain Hazeltine" — and I turned with a start to see the officer called Majoribanks, who had been so muddled on that memorable day. He took the passes as a matter of course, and as he read said:

"You look ill, Captain; somewhat thinner than when I saw you —." Then his eye caught what he was reading, and he stopped. "Mistress Deborah