

you are gone. Oh, say! I'll tell you what I want — tell me you'll do what I ask — promise me! Say you will!"

"What is it?"

"I want you to be a real boarder, and eat with us! And when Papa's gone, I'll sit at the head of the table, smile and pour your tea. You'll do it, won't you? Say yes — of course you will!"

"But, my dear child, your father don't take boarders —"

"But he will if I ask him. I'll beg and tease him till he gives in."

"Oh, I couldn't think of letting you put him to all that trouble."

"But it wouldn't be any trouble. You see I'd keep house for you!"

"That would be very nice, dear, but I'm sure your father would draw the line at a real boarder. I'd never have gotten this beautiful room with that big old-fashioned open fireplace in your home if it hadn't happened that our fathers fought each other in the war, and became friends one day on a big battle-field. You see, my father took such a liking to yours that I came straight to find him when I reached this big town. It's been a second home to me."

"Be our boarder and I'll make it a real home for you, Jim!" she pleaded.

"Ah! — you'll be making a real home some day for one of those boys I saw at your birthday party — the tall dark one I think?"

"No. He doesn't measure up to my standard."

"What ails him?"

"He's a coward. My hero must be brave — for I'm timid."

"Then it will be that fat blond fellow with a jolly laugh?"