

Marcia." His voice trembled; he tried to smile; and I — I just threw my arms around his neck and gave him what he termed the surprise of his life: a hearty kiss. The Doctor, of course, claimed the same favor, and Delia Beaseley dissolved suddenly into tears — poor Delia, I am sure I read her thought at that moment! — only to laugh with the next breath, as did all the rest of us, for Cale spoke out his feelings with no uncertain sound.

"I guess I'll say goodby till I can see you again in the old manor, Mis' Ewart, an' I hope you'll be ter home soon as convenient. I ain't had a square meal fer the last six weeks. Angélique has filled the sugar bowl twice with salt by mistake, an' put a lot of celery salt inter her doughnuts three times runnin' — an' all on account of her bein' so taken up with Pete. An' he ain't much better even if he was a widower; he fed the hosses nine quarts of corn meal apiece for three days runnin' ter celebrate, an' the only thing thet saved 'em was, thet he had sense enough left not ter wet it."

My husband assured him that we should be at home soon — perhaps in a day or two.

The Doctor insisted that Cale and Delia should come home with him to dinner, in order that Cale might have one "square meal" before he left on the night train. They accepted promptly. It was an opportunity to talk matters over.

We bade them goodby at the entrance to the hospital; then my husband and I went down and into the great city, the heart of which had been shown to us because we had seen, at last, into our own.