

Alden was a brave man. He had many times faced dangers that were natural and had never flinched. He braced himself to this war, but it was unnatural and therefore horrible to him. Something was jarred thereby in his well-strung organization, but he was young and strong and the old elasticity came back in time. They called him General like his father when the war was over but he returned to his profession as an engineer. He has never lost his eye for the first hints of spring, his ear for the first bird, the capacity of lift in his nature, his cheer or his quick sense of humor. His marriage had the promise of happiness in it and has fulfilled it. Freer by nature than his because less in danger from an inherent rigidity, Barbara's mind first accustomed itself to his higher plane and then reached far and wide in its intense enthusiasm for even the smallest details of this interesting life. They never merged their personal affection in the parental one as their four children made constantly new demands upon their hearts and brains, but called each other by the old names always. As long as she lived Mrs. Temple spent a part of every spring with the household. Added years perhaps, and the presence of the little grandchildren, cooled the restlessness in her blood.

All about Alden and Barbara live those who like them came out from the youth and strength of the east. Fierce party conflict, Indian fighting, held the place when first we met them, but these have swept