

IV



HEN husband and wife were left alone together in the library they gladly shared in common, Margaret took up a freshly arrived number of Dickens's last book and, seated beside the smoldering wood fire, continued to talk as she cut the leaves with careful respect for neatness. Presently she said to her husband, who was at his own table:

"Are you busy, Harry?"

"I—not if you want anything, Madge."

"Do you know what day it is?"

"Do I, indeed? Do you, Madge?"

"Yes. It reminds me of how young and foolish I was."

"And me of how clever I was to get my head in the way of a saber, in order to decide what answer I should get to a letter. It was rash, but it won the trick."

As he turned from his table she smiled, and met his seeking blue eyes with a look which somehow made a smile interpret love, respect, and thankfulness.

In 1862, at the close of a short leave, Captain Swanwick had returned to the Sixth Pennsylvania