

"I did not know if you cared to have me stay with you," she spoke hesitatingly. "Besides I have other duties to perform."

"Do not let us speak of duty just now. It has parted us so long. Can't you think it a duty to remain at my side?"

"You will scarcely get a satisfactory breakfast if I do," she said, with a merry gleam such as he had not seen on her face for years.

"Never mind the breakfast! In the gladdest hour of my life I can accept any kind of a breakfast."

"You will find the kitchen the warmest room in the house. You may come with me and I will show you how biscuits are made and beef-steak broiled."

"You remind me now of the Mildred of long ago, only you are sweeter far than in those childish days," he said as they turned to go into the kitchen where Martha Brand was going around very much flurried and altogether consumed with curiosity. She was beginning to doubt if this unexpected presence in the house could be Mildred's brother since she had heard her say that she was older by several years than he.