

"Aw!" grunted the superintendent. His vocabulary—at this juncture at least—seemed not to be extensive.

There had been a rising murmur in the street under the open windows for some minutes. Now the sudden crash of martial music broke upon their ears. Barton's countenance became vivid with interest, and he swung himself erect and strode to the nearest window.

"Here come the boys," he said, pride vibrating in his voice. He was very military looking. Nothing but the "setting up exercise" could ever have made his shoulders so very square and his splendidly muscled torso taper to so narrow a waist.

Mayberry rose and sauntered after him. "Mailsburg's heroes," he observed. "I suppose you're wishing you were marching away with them, Frank."

The other said nothing, but his eyes glowed. The marching column swung around the corner following the band—a column in khaki, a color already becoming familiar on the streets although war was not many months old.

Ethel had gone to the other window and was likewise looking out upon the quota of the National Guard, with packs and rifles, on their way to the railroad station. A little group of women, girls and children clung to the column and kept pace with it. The men spectators seemed rather ashamed to follow on, but stood, nevertheless, on the curb to watch the boys go by.