

ESMERALDA

people blame her, because, after all, he is Lord Castlewing's cousin, you know. But Mrs. DeWynt had decided; and, after all, a little criticism can never harm her! She has never seen her niece since. I have, however.

It was in town, a month after their marriage, and I was walking down the Avenue one sunny morning, when all at once I espied them coming toward me. They seemed radiantly happy; and the Jeff-dog was with them, his limp now hardly perceptible. Before I could speak, Esmeralda had rushed up to me and seized me by both hands.

"Why, Penny!" she exclaimed. "You're in khaki! You! How splendid!"

"It's only yeomanry," I answered, blushing under her earnest gaze. "I'm still a little underweight; so I'm doing what I can while striving to acquire the requisite avoirdupois for the Regular Army."

"But how did it happen?" she cried.

"Well," said I. "All the menses-