

that has had a ten mile trot ;" then he seated himself at the table and asked a question. "What have you been doing all the afternoon? You look tired."

"I am a little tired," said his wife, as she handed his cup. "I've been writing to Jeanie."

"Ah!" The sergeant had nothing to say to this apparently, and he stirred his tea round and round with a solemn face.

"I couldn't miss the post, you know, Frank," his wife went on, "though I was so tired I was just pining to lie down all the time. But I know she would be disappointed if there was no letter to-morrow, poor child."

"H'm," muttered the sergeant, paying quite unusual attention to the condition of a sprig of water cress.

"I am sure she might come back now, Frank," Mrs. Wade went on, "she suffers so from the heat, and she's pining to be at home again. It isn't as if the child had done anything wrong, Frank."

"No, that is true," the sergeant admitted.

"And it will be very much worse if she is attracted by some foreigner, who makes up to her because she has a little money," Mrs. Wade went on in a dreamy tone.