

have it otherwise? And now my excuses for ten minutes, till I glance over this precious document."

He bade the servant who waited at the table to take the orderly round to the housekeeper's room for refreshments, and then he went into the library, whence he emerged a few moments later with a countenance of the deepest gravity. He drew Mary aside into a shaded path, where often before the breaking out of this deplorable war they had been wont to walk, in careless exuberance of spirit, laughing at fortune and plucking her favors.

"I must ride forth at once," said the husband; "here are immediate orders."

"Where are you to go?"

"I may not tell you. My orders are secret."

Mary, who with all her lightness of heart was a woman of sense, did not question farther. She knew that the times were critical and that her husband was a soldier. She parted bravely from him, watching him ride away, a gallant figure, and kissing her finger-tips to him as she caught a last glimpse of him in the avenue below. He turned and waved his hat to her, bowing low, and then he was out of sight. She hummed a verse of a song they used to sing together, and went away up to the nursery to console herself with baby. Baby was a charming boy who had inhabited this world for barely six months, and not yet having learned its ways, believed that he could be absolute master of the universe if only he used his lungs sufficiently, with some additional force of hands and feet.

Mrs. Mary sat down with him on her knee at a latticed window, and pointed out to the nurse each of his separate attractions. The hair, already a rich shade, between amber and chestnut, so uncommon in babies, beginning to curl as his papa's did when