

She did not meet his steady regard.

"I did not run," she said.

He let that pass for the little it was worth.

"You were sorry when I went away. I thought you would be glad when I got back," he said gravely.

"I am glad!" she cried. "You know I am glad!"

"It is not for me to presume to deny what you say, dear; but you do not behave as if you were very glad," he returned gently. "You are changed, little girl. I did not expect to find you changed in any way. I have always thought that you would be as glad to see me home again as you were sorry to see me go away."

"When did you think about it?" she asked, mock incredulity in her voice. "Do you expect me to believe that you, a full-fledged soldier of Virginia, gave any time to such foolish reflections? Be honest, Frank, and tell me when you thought about whether I should be glad or sorry to see you home again. I am sure it was not when you were fighting with the savages, or eating in their lodges, or riding through the forest with your comrades."

The young man gazed at her in undisguised amazement.

"Why do you ask me such idiotic questions, Isobel?" he complained. "But I shall answer them, though I