

had disappeared from the Colonel's eye—it got lost when he was forking hay, and he saw no reason to replace it. His temper had improved with the health induced by steady exercise and his interest in the life around him had grown by personal contact.

"By Jove!" he admitted to Donald one evening.

"I'm beginning to feel a new man. Is it the climate or the scenery or what?"

"It's yourself," said Donald. "You are working now instead of just giving orders. It's only when a man works that he is really human."

The ring arrived and thereby Donald's bank balance went down a thousand dollars. Kate was no expert in jewelry, but Mrs. Mackenzie was, and that ended her last "but" so far as Donald was concerned. If he could spend money like that, Scotch as he was, he could well afford a wife. In fact, the sooner he had a wife to look after his expenditures in jewelry, the better. Still, as Kate said, this ring was "an investment."

As for Kate herself, she was at last in her element, her family thoroughly tamed, and mistress of all she surveyed. Being of a methodical nature, she used to map out the day's work a week ahead for every member of the household, and what is more, she kept them to it. Donald had a typical vision of his enchantress one morning as he came along past the bungalow after a dip in the lake. Kate was standing in front with a pail in her hand—she had evidently been down to the creek for water. He saw her pick up a small stone and throw it at the