

We'll have to be getting back. I don't want to be getting into Mrs. T's bad books again," he added, grinning. "She gave me order . . . very peremptory orders . . . but I think I can report that I've carried 'em out! Now give that kiss!"

What a wonderful change — spiritually and physically — a little love can effect! Gone were all poor Mary's dark shadows, pallor, and weary despondency. Once again her laughing long-lashed hazel eyes shone with the happy lights of yore. Locked in each other's arms, for the time being, in a rose-tinted world of their own and completely oblivious to their surroundings, they happened to sway up against Johnny who, turning his head, with a mildly inquiring eye, tucked up his nigh fetlock and nibbled at them for sugar, nickering softly the while.

And Mary's horse, down on the flat below, whinnied back a responsive "All's Well."