

"Dearest boy," she said, "I can't believe that you will ever forget how cruel I was to you, though I know that you forgave me long ago."

"The memory of it is buried somewhere in the Pernamba bush, with the body of Penthouse," he answered, gently.

"But tell me," she began, and paused.

"Anything," he laughed back.

"Did you ever care for Marion Tetson?"

"Not even in those days — when she was really charming."

Several months later, at the house of a mutual friend, Mrs. Travers met General Davidson. The general beamed upon her with marked cordiality.

"I am glad to know that some English people appreciate a good thing," he said.

The rest of the company turned to see what was going on, and the old lady stared.

"I am speaking of your distinguished son-in-law, Herbert Hemming," continued the general, in a dress-parade voice, "and I assure you, madam, that when he took command of the military district of Rio Janeiro, England lost a valuable man. It is a crying shame," he added, glaring around, "that the English government had not Mrs. Travers's discernment."