

fessor or a doctor or something like that," said his mother, thoughtfully.

"'Tain't what a man's got in hisself that counts, it's what he gits out o' hisself. Ye see, ma'am, he's got the perseverance of a puppy at a root."

Mrs. Gilbert nodded.

"That's the Scotch in him," she remarked proudly.

"'It's well for a Scotchman to be right,' my mother used to say, 'for if he's wrong he's ever and eternally wrong.'"

"Thar's a lot o' things thet ain't right in this country," nodded the Colonel soberly, "but it ain't the'ries thet're goin' to make 'em right. It's men with level heads like his, an' level consciences like his. An' one man like him does more good'n the long run, than a dozen the'ries does harm."

She was sitting on the low bench under the old apple tree when she heard the crunch of his cane in the late afternoon silence. She saw him, the next instant, emerge from behind the bushes and come laboriously down the pathway toward her. Pulling her long coat about her, she rose to her feet quickly, suddenly breathless and feeling an instinctive desire to run away. He had seen her, however, and he was hurrying pitifully. A great wave of tenderness swept her heart as she stood still, watching him; him, her great man among men, the master of her world, stumping along with a cane, his clothes hanging loose on the great frame which illness had left gaunt and spare. Instinctively she looked for the scar, and she saw the jagged red line of it across the broad