

For a few minutes Mark sat watching them with a very full heart. Keith was talking in his grave, quiet fashion, and Helen walked close beside him, listening—absorbed.

"Seems a shame to interrupt them," Mark said softly. "But I want her. She's had worry enough on my account, bless her! And this is going to atone for it all."

Then, at the top of his voice, he called out: "Hullo, Mother!—Mums! Come along and report yourself at head-quarters."

She stopped, turned and stood a moment smiling up at him. His voice, his face told her all she needed to know.

"Come on—quick," he repeated: and she came, as always, obedient to his summons.

FOUR OAKS, *May* 1916.

FOUR OAKS, *November* 1916.

THE END