

like to take the papers to your husband yourself?" he said. "There's a gunboat going down to-morrow."

"I just looked at him. I couldn't say a word, and he smiled. 'Reckon it would be a good thing,' he said, "and I don't know but that it would be the surest way of getting them there."

"He wrote a few words on a piece of paper, signed his name, and gave the paper to me. Then he held out his hand. I couldn't say anything but "God bless you!" but he seemed to understand. Mary piped up, "Good-bye, Mr. President!" He took her up in his arms and kissed her, and she put her arms round his neck, just as she does round pa's, and said, "I like you, Mr. President," and he laughed again.

"And I like you, Mary, so I reckon it's mutual." Then we came away.

That afternoon a messenger brought the papers, and the next morning Lieutenant Callahan came to take us to the boat. He was the one who came up with us this morning.

"That was Jerry," said Mary, gravely. "He told me to call him that."

"I can't tell you," went on Adelaide, "what a relief it was when I actually held that envelope in my hand. Then my only thought was to get to Fernandina. We made a quick trip, they said, but it seemed so long to me, for I didn't know—" She stopped, her gray eyes meeting Ransom's with ineffable tenderness.

When Ransom was carried down stairs that afternoon, all the household had gathered to bid him God-speed; but his last words and last glance were for Miss Eliot. As he bade her good-bye he placed in her hand the little carved wooden case. The tears were streaming down his cheeks. "I hope it will be made up to you," he said.

Mary departed, jubilantly perched on the shoulder of the gay young lieutenant, and Adelaide's face was wonderful in its new-found happiness.

On the porch the nurse stood long, watching the boat which was bearing Ransom toward home and health. At last, with a little smile, she went slowly into the house, and up into the east corner room.

## ALL THE TIME THERE IS

The sunlight of an April afternoon fell through the tender leaves of the grape-arbor. The little tendrils had begun to show their hyacinthian curves. Arthur Bowen took the cup of tea his wife offered him, and looked through the long arbor to the road. A little girl, very poorly dressed, was passing down the road.

Mrs. Bowen replaced her cup and saucer on the Sheffield tray, and followed the child with her eyes. The husband finished his cup of tea. He was thirsty; he and his wife had walked from Vespers in the church at Seagirt.

"Ah, my dear," he said, "this is comfort! No visitors expected, a lovely afternoon, and that bad, bold baby boy of our sound asleep—and quiet!"

"For shame!" said Mrs. Bowen, rather unattentively. "He is an angel even when he is naughty. That was little Clara Fallon. Did you notice how poorly she was dressed?"

"Rather!" said her husband, taking another piece of toast. "I fancy she feels it, too. I see that she always takes the last pew in church; and I noticed that, after Mass, she ran off as quickly as possible."

"It's too bad!" burst out Mrs. Bowen, her brown eyes flashing. "If I were John Wilson, with fifteen thousand a year, I'd learn something of the lives of these decent folk around us, and help them. But there he is with a new automobile every year. I'm sure, Arthur, that if you had fifteen thousand instead of two, if you could go up to the office every day in a white Mercedes instead of going in a cramped car seat as a "commuter," you'd do something for the people about us. Rich people are heartless. What a callous old bachelor John Wilson is! And yet there he is every Sunday, in the first pew, praying away, at the 9 o'clock Mass, and then rushing off somewhere in his white devil. He is heartless!"

"No, No!" answered Arthur Bowen, nibbling at a cake. "He doesn't think, because he hasn't time."

"Hasn't time!" exclaimed his wife, incredulously. "Hasn't time! he has all the time there is. Sarah Fallon, the elder sister, goes only to the 6 o'clock Mass now; her hat and old mourning dress are dreadful. Since her father died, she does plain sewing wherever she can get it. She did all baby's things; when she finished his last little frock, I noticed that her hat was awful. "There are some beautiful spring straws," I said, "at Price's for only seventy-five cents." "You don't know," she answered, with that soft glow in her face that makes her at times a very pretty girl, "how hard it is for some of us to earn seventy-five cents." She keeps Clara at school and pays off the interest on their house. Of course she can't afford to buy new clothes. Oh, these heartless rich people!"

"They haven't time," repeated her husband, seriously. "We haven't time."

"Certainly we haven't time. I haven't time. I'd help the Fallons if I could. I often think that I'll send Brigetta over to the Fallons to buy some of their early vegetables—Clara has actually raised some lettuce and things under glass—but she's always too busy. With one maid, it's really hard!" added Mrs. Bowen, with a sigh. "I must finish those napkins—I must embroider ten initials; and then I've got to make a hundred little sandwiches for the Sodality supper for Tuesday, each tied with light blue ribbon to match the candle shades."

"How tired you will be, my dear!" said Arthur, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Think of sandwiches without blue ribbons to match the candle shades!" And then he added, hastily: "I must remember to bring down a box of Henry Clays to-morrow. Do remind me!"

"I once thought that that stupid heartless John Wilson rather liked Sara Fallon; he used to see her at church on Sunday. Now he never sees her, because she has nothing to wear; and she and her little sister are very sensitive about it. A hat makes a great difference to a girl."

Arthur Bowen chuckled a moment; then, remembering the piteous little figure stealing shamefacedly from the church, he became serious. Unlike most men, he could, when it was carefully pointed out to him, understand a woman's point of view.

The shadows grew longer. The spring chorus from the salt marshes strengthened as twilight approached.

"Dear! dear!" said his wife. "I hate to think of to-morrow. Every Monday seems busier than every other Monday. I must try to tuck baby's dress, and the Villards are coming to dinner. I'll have to make the mayonnaise myself, and run everywhere for some spring flowers for the table. I don't think I can find enough violets—oh, dear! There's baby!" And she ran off.

Arthur Bowen sat contemplating the darkening landscape. He lit a cigar, and said to himself: "The rich—we're always blaming the rich; we never blame ourselves. And yet we have all the time there is, too. The rich make a thousand artificial cares for themselves, and we, too—" He drifted off into a reverie, for his cigar was good; and then he said: "We make useless cares for ourselves, and we have got into the habit of imagining luxuries to be necessities."

After a time Mrs. Bowen came down, and they went into the sitting-room—"the garden-room," they liked to call it, because the apple trees of the old orchard and the tall hollyhocks waved constant greetings to the windows.

"Do you know it quite went to my heart when Sara Fallon said that I had no idea what seventy-five cents meant to persons in her position? I wish we had something to give."

"We have," said the husband, throwing a bit of driftwood in the grate.

"Oh, my dear," answered his wife, "you mean that you could give up something! But you can't. Why nobody but an angel like you would wear that evening suit. It's almost green; you certainly need a new one. And I—" She made a little gesture of despair.

"No," he answered; "I mean that we could give time."