

## PART OF ONE COLONEL'S LADY

"I am shedding them, Colonel Ganeau, I'd have you know, for those two young things we were, forty years ago, starting forth in that old carryall to face the world. Little Letitia Holliday is up-stairs wanting to be married to a cub-lieutenant and go to Manila!"

Mrs. Ganeau felt better about it when Henry and his uncle showed up a bit later. For one thing Uncle Peter's round comfortableness breathed reliability and backing, and it was reassuringly evident what *he* thought about Henry. His little, round, fat hand patted the boy's shoulder with that confidence which implies knowledge of the subject under hand, as he asked Mrs. Ganeau's ratification of the liberty he had taken in asking his old friend the Judge, and his chief clerk in the vinegar establishment to accompany them for the occasion.

And this Henry? Lean, tall, with an aquiline face, and with blue eyes which when they were older and less combative would come to look on the world a bit less bluntly, such was the Henry Mann on whose arm the imperial Mrs. Ganeau laid a hand, while she looked into his eyes to find what lay in the soul of him.