

CHAPTER XXVII

IT was November when the steamer came into Liverpool, and John came ashore to find Angeline on the quay. She felt herself folded in two strong arms.

Home again and Angeline in his arms. John knew then that the world was very good to him.

“Oh, John, that horrid scar on your head.”

“Merely a memento of Gettysburg, Angeline.”

“Have you enjoyed yourself in America, John?”

“Yes, but I missed you immensely.”

“John, I’ve something to tell you—quite nice and rather important. We’re going to have another baby, John.”

“Dear little mother.” He kissed her again, very tenderly

“We had a lovely show of roses in the garden this year, John. I’m sorry you were too late for the roses.”

“I saw some nice ones in Pennsylvania, Angeline.”

In February, 1864, there came a third son to John. At John’s request he was called Harry.

And in the following May there was a letter with a strange stamp, all the way from Pennsylvania, and inside a little blue slip of paper with the one word, “*Delilah*.”