

lieve I would give you the moon if you really wanted it!"

"Dearest," he answered, "you don't know what it is to me that you should say it. You'll guess when I tell you that I married Fen by special license to-day. Listen! Don't blame me or take back what you have said. It was the only right thing to do. She could not come back here in any other way, and after all she has done for my sake, I could not let her face the world alone. She is neither penniless nor a nobody, but a girl whom everyone would be proud to know, as Mr. Saxon said to-day."

"The millionaire?"

Laurie answered in the affirmative and told the story of the wedding present—also of Sallie's engagement.

"Why didn't you say all this before?" Mrs. Pridham asked. "Sallie being engaged makes a great difference, of course."

"It need make none," he said. "I wanted you to give your consent of your own free will and out of love for me. And you've done it, mother, praise the Lord! Now let us tell father. If he doesn't take very kindly to the suddenness of it, you can smooth it over for us—and I know you will."

They went together to the library where, after an interval, Fen and Theo and Agnes joined them.

Theo walked up to her father and put her arm around his neck.

"Father," she said, "Tubby Mauleverer has asked me to marry him and I have said 'Yes.' He has explained everything to me about poor Liz Bainton and I believe in him. So does the Inspector, and he says he doesn't think there will be any more trouble for Tubby and Fen."

"And what?" asked Mr. Pridham pinching her cheek, "are you and Tubby going to set up housekeeping on. Your dress allowance, with bread and cheese and kisses for the chinks?"

"No," she said soberly, "he is going to work. So am I. We are tired of being frivolous and useless, both of us."

Mr. and Mrs. Pridham looked at her with a lenient smile.

The prospect of their youngest daughter becoming Lady Brismain some day was soothing, and supplied the link with the old aristocracy which, in Laurie's case, had proved a missing one.

"If this wretched affair would get settled," Mr. Pridham said, "and give us a little peace of mind, I daresay mother and I"—he glanced at his wife—"could spare something to help you young people to jog along."

Then he went across to Fen and took her hand in both his.

"My dear," he said, "you have had more than your fair share of all this misery. You have fought a gallant fight and we must try and make it up to you. I think Laurie has chosen well and wisely, and we shall be proud of you as his wife."

He stooped and kissed her on the forehead and then, still holding her hand, led her to his wife. "Mother," he said, "give a welcome to our new daughter."

Agnes slipped quietly out of the room and up to her little Oratory. The way seemed clear to her now to her heart's dearest wish; in imagination she saw herself dedicated to the service she longed to enter.

But first she wanted to give thanks for the consummation devoutly hoped for, just attained, and to pray that the last shadow of dishonour over the path of those so dear to her might be dispelled.

As Fen and Laurie drove through the London streets, on their way back to the Cecil, some placards of the evening newspapers attracted their attention.

"CANAL MYSTERY SOLVED. EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY."

Laurie stopped the taxi and hailed a paper boy running past.

They turned to the late news column eagerly, and what they read there lifted them out of the shadows into the light.

(Concluded next week.)

War Stories, Old and New

By HUGH S. EAYRS

NEXT year, the people of the British Empire will be celebrating the victory of Waterloo. It will then be a memory of a century. June 18th, 1915, and the field of Waterloo are time and place memorable indeed. Will the British people be able to celebrate that time and place, reflecting that the great trio, France, Germany and Britain, are engaged in keeping the peace, or engaged once more in the tragedy of war, with all its pathos and bathos? No one can forecast.

Once more, Belgium is the prize-ring of the world. It may be that there will be another clash of arms on the very field of Waterloo itself. France, Germany and Britain make up the trio to-day, as they did a century ago. But this time the arrangement is different, France and Britain now unite against Germany. In 1815 Britain and Germany made common cause against France. Once more, the two countries are fighting, not so much a nation as a man. But this time the Napoleon is a German, not a Frenchman. Napoleon was the past mad dog of Europe. The Kaiser is the present one. Shades of Blucher and Wellington and Napoleon—the French sword flashes next to the British against the German.

In 1815 the Germans and the British sang a magnificent, and the French a miserere. Who will sing the song of praise, and who will moan the dirge after the next Waterloo?

There are several stories told of the great Waterloo. Napoleon was feeling in one of his periodically pessimistic moods the night before the historic 18th of June. The morrow came, and with it Blucher to support Wellington. The battle went against Napoleon, and when all hope of a victory for him had been crushed he cried to his officers: "Gentlemen,

all is lost. Let him save himself who can!"

* * *

But it is not generally known that Lord Acton authenticated another saying of the Emperor's on the field of Waterloo. Napoleon, when the allies could not be stayed, retreated, and turning to his aide, said: "Oh these English, these English—they are invincible!"

* * *

They are already telling a story of Kitchener, Britain's new Minister for War. On his appointment he went to the War Office. After looking round and observing things, he shot a question at his guide.

"Have you got a bed here?"

"No, my Lord."

"Then get one," said K. of K. Kitchener means to be on the job.

* * *

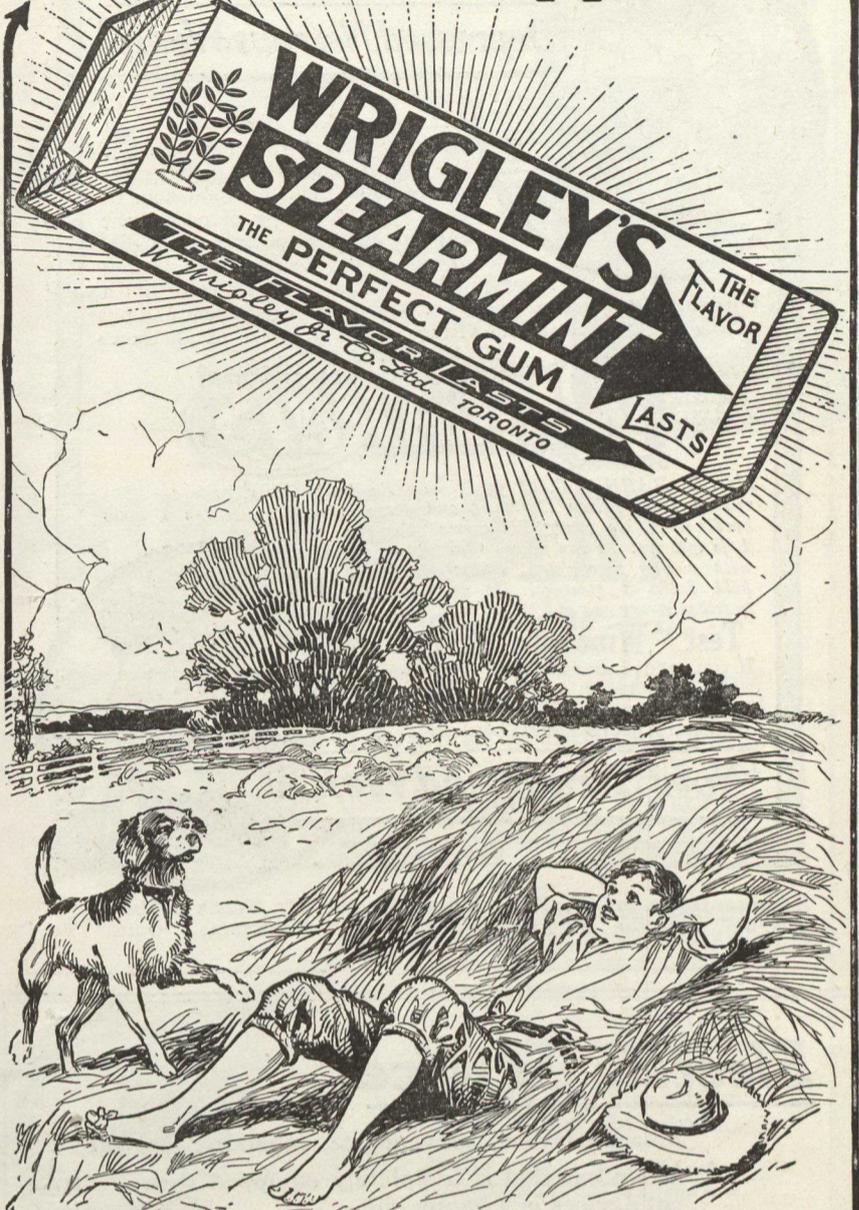
There are those who think it a significant thing that Winston Churchill, who has been such a successful sea-dog, was never made Minister for War. As A. G. Gardiner says of him he has seen more wars than any man of his age, and written more books than any soldier living.

A story is told of him when he had been made a prisoner of war in one campaign. A general of the opposing forces held up the train that bore "Winnie" and his fellow-prisoners. The general was struck by this young man with the near-red hair, who gave himself up.

"May I have special privileges? I am a war correspondent," said the young man, with the utmost sang froid.

"You fight too well to be treated as a civilian," came the general's retort. A Marlborough once won Blenheim for the English. And this present restless Marlborough knows very well how to be a brave soldier.

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