

should make a capital yarn; and if Sir James can be as entertaining with his pen as he has proved himself to be by wit and blade, I am sure the world of aquatics and all lovers of amateur sport and the open air, as well as of romance, if I may be permitted the freedom of that expression, would welcome his entry into the literary field."

A blush of proper embarrassment glowed through Jimmy's tan. "Brooks has rolled the nautical log of late, and should therefore be specially qualified to affect the open literary air," he said. "So that, while veracity is my predominant virtue, as well as his, I must resign the honour of the narratory task to him."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

And in Conclusion.

Late that night Jimmy, Andrews and Gannon secured the release of Potts on bail. And next day, by purchase and persuasion, they had all the charges against him withdrawn. Jimmy bought him a railway ticket, and furnished him 'the necessary' for an extended trip to the West, where Jimmy firmly believes Algernon Cholmondeley will make good. But few guessed, and fewer knew, that in collaboration with Jimmy's beneficence was the womanly tenderness of Bessie Moore—the future Lady Carew.

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You can't be a Government clerk at Otawa and an English baronet at the same time without putting Society or the Service on the rocks, as my friend Silas says. At least, Jimmy said he didn't know that it had ever been successfully worked, and he didn't feel like making the experiment, because he hadn't any special grudge against the Service. So he Long-distanced his resignation, and the Minister himself answered the phone, all the boys in the office being outside looking at a Labour parade, and said that if Sir James would stay he would give him a new typewriter and see what he could do in the way of a little raise, and he hoped Sir James would have lunch with him at the Club some time. The vision of a real live English baronet taking the cover off an Underwood every morning and picking the non-filling-ribbon ink out of the type with a pin, appealed to Jimmy, and had him going for a while. And he said he liked the idea of a "raise" just to see how it would feel to get one. But Duty called, he said, across the sea to manage a pretty nice little estate, and an old baronial hall, in leafy Devon, so he put temptation from him and declined. He said it hurt him to have to do that, because the Minister seemed to feel really bad about it. But he said to me that even if he could remain in the Service he didn't see how he could conscientiously accept a raise, because he figur-

ed out that as Sir James Carew he would be worth *at least* a hundred a year *less* as a clerk; though the title-loving wives of some of the Upper Class clerks in the Service who entertained mightn't look at it that way. Jimmy is very conscientious, except in the trifling matter of eggs; and *there* you had better be at breakfast on time. Don't count on Jimmy's conscience, or you won't get any eggs. I just throw you out this tip in a casual way, in case you may be visiting the Carew Castle at any time.

We fooled around Gannanock for a day or two, during which Sir James discovered, through the local knowledge of Mr. Gannon, that there was a very fair jewelry establishment in the town, Gannon proving his own faith in the superior quality of its gems by buying his ring for the Duchess there. The two engagements were now "out"; and they made a very pretty little shopping party together,—the beautiful Duchess and the blooming Bessie, with the clean-cut, tall figures of Gannon and Sir James—a mighty fine-looking "four," with Gannon as pilot—bow oar, Number One.

We took the big boat down the river after dark. All the stars in the velvet void were out to see and twinkle and wink at us. The band was playing "My Hero" softly, as we slipped swiftly and smoothly down the wide starlit river, with the myriad lights of the Islands to our right, and Big Stave Island large and dark on our port side. Mamma, thank Heaven, was knitting in the saloon, and I was at peace with the world, smoking a cigarette as I leaned over the after rail of the upper deck, looking back at the lights of the receding town and thinking over all the crowding events of the past hundred hours. And as I looked *forward* into the shadows of a corner of the deck where the future Lady Carew and His Nibs were leaning over the rail very close together, I thought with a smile how swift the wings of Love may be, for here were Rescue and Meeting, Courtship and Quarrel and Make-up and Marriage-to-be all crowded into four delightful days. And a little bird came flying over through the dusk and perched on my shoulder and chirruped to me:

"I've just got a new record. Put in a fresh needle, for I think you'll like to get this. It's a dialogue, short and sweet." And as the disc began to swing around I listened, and heard:

"Jim, wasn't I *really* in danger when you saved me from the water, that day at Rome?"

"Of course you were, Girlie,—in danger of my wanting to have the right to save you from any danger in all the years to come. And you haven't escaped from it."

"O, I know *that!* And it's just lovely to hear you say it. Say it all over again."

So he said it all over again.

"And don't you see," he went on, "that