

hands; and as they passed up under the cedars, they saw Theodore make occasional halts to kiss her. When they came to the door, Theodore paused, and picking Virginia up in his arms, carried her up the steps and over the threshold. And then Aunt Chloe knew.

"Mah sweet chile!" she cried. "Mah deah honey! Ah knew 'twould come. Ah knew it!"

"Aunt Chloe," said Virginia, "I'm not to blame! He abducted me!"

"Ah'm powerful glad," said Captain Harrod. "You two sho belong togethe'. Ah wush you much joy."

"We're having that now!" cried Virginia. "And we're down here, Aunt Chloe, not to make you any trouble, but to live! To live a thousand years in a month, that won't seem but a minute! To be alone!"

"We don't want any one to know we're here," said Theodore. "This little girl is enough for me, and I for her. The rest of the world—it's lost!"

"But some one knows a'ready, suh," said the captain. "We've done got a heap of telegrams fo' you."

"Craighead, darling!" said Theodore.

"Open them, dearest," said Virginia. "I hope the dear fellow—oh, Mrs. Graybill likes him, I know. But open the telegrams!"

In their order, the messages were opened. The