

make a fine, manly boy out of that nephew of yours."

"We?" she echoed faintly.

"Yes, we! I said we, didn't I?" replied the Major ostentatiously. "The child shall have a pony to ride and every thing else that a boy ought to have. He is full of natural animal spirits and has to find some outlet for them; that is the reason he is always in mischief. Now, I think I understand children." He drew himself up proudly. "We shall be married to-morrow," he announced, "that I may assume at once my part of the responsibility of Billy's rearing."

Miss Minerva looked at him in fluttering consternation.

"Oh, no, not to-morrow," she protested; "possibly next year some time."

"To-morrow," reiterated the Major, his white moustache bristling with determination. Having at last asserted himself, he was enjoying the situation immensely and was not going to give way one inch.

"We will be married to-morrow and ——"

"Next month," she suggested timidly.

"To-morrow, I tell you!"

"Next week," she answered.