

"Oh!" he said — and was conscious of a dizzy relief. Then, "I wish you success."

"Thank you."

Again there was a brief silence, both standing and looking in constraint at one another.

"This celebration is very trying, isn't it?" she said. "I suppose we might sit down while we wait."

"Yes."

They each took the end of a different bench, and rather stiffly sat gazing into the shadowy severity of the big room. Sounding from the front of the Court House they heard rather vaguely the deep-chested, sonorous rhetoric of the Honourable Hiram.

But they heard it for but an instant. Suddenly the court room door flew open and Old Hosie marched straight up before them.

"You're the dad-blastedest pair of idiots I ever saw!" he burst out, with an exasperation that was not an entire success, for it was betrayed by a little quaver.

They stood up.

"What's the matter?" stammered Bruce.

"Matter?" cried Old Hosie. "What d'you suppose I left you two people here together for?"

"You said you had to start — "

"Well, couldn't I have another and a bigger reason? I've been listening outside the door