

CHAPTER XXI.

JENNIE KEEPS STEP WITH THE WEDDING MARCH.

THEY had a smooth and speedy passage across from Calais to Dover, and the train drew in at Charing Station exactly on time. Lord Donal recognised his uncle's brougham waiting for him, and on handing the young lady out of the railway carriage he espied the old man himself closely scrutinising the passengers. Sir James, catching sight of him, came eagerly forward and clasped both his nephew's hands.

"Donal," he cried, "I am very glad indeed to see you. Is everything right?"

"As right as can be, uncle."

"Then I am glad of that, too, for we have had some very disquieting hints from the East."

"They were quite justified, as I shall tell you later on; but meanwhile, uncle, allow me to introduce to you Miss Baxter, who has done me the honour of promising to be my wife."

Jennie blushed in the searching rays of the electric light as the old man turned quickly towards her.