

## THE PLEASURE OF THEIR COMPANY

And Henry, unconscious that the devotion of his friend was no less than the devotion of his bride, rapturously kissed Mrs. Chalmers, born Grosvenor, without recollecting that he had forgotten even to shake hands with the best man.

THE shades of Saturday afternoon were slowly beginning to lengthen when the Fast Mail roared over the trestle of the little river that marks the county line. On the observation platform of the last car Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chalmers, side by side in camp-chairs, watched the scenery flit past, and occasionally smiled a brave smile to indicate that courage was still high and hope rampant.

During their two weeks in the Adirondacks, exploring all the Lover's Leaps and Ausable Chasms, eating table d'hôtes, and picking confetti out of their wardrobes, they had found time to speculate much on Navarre, and of its probable attitude toward